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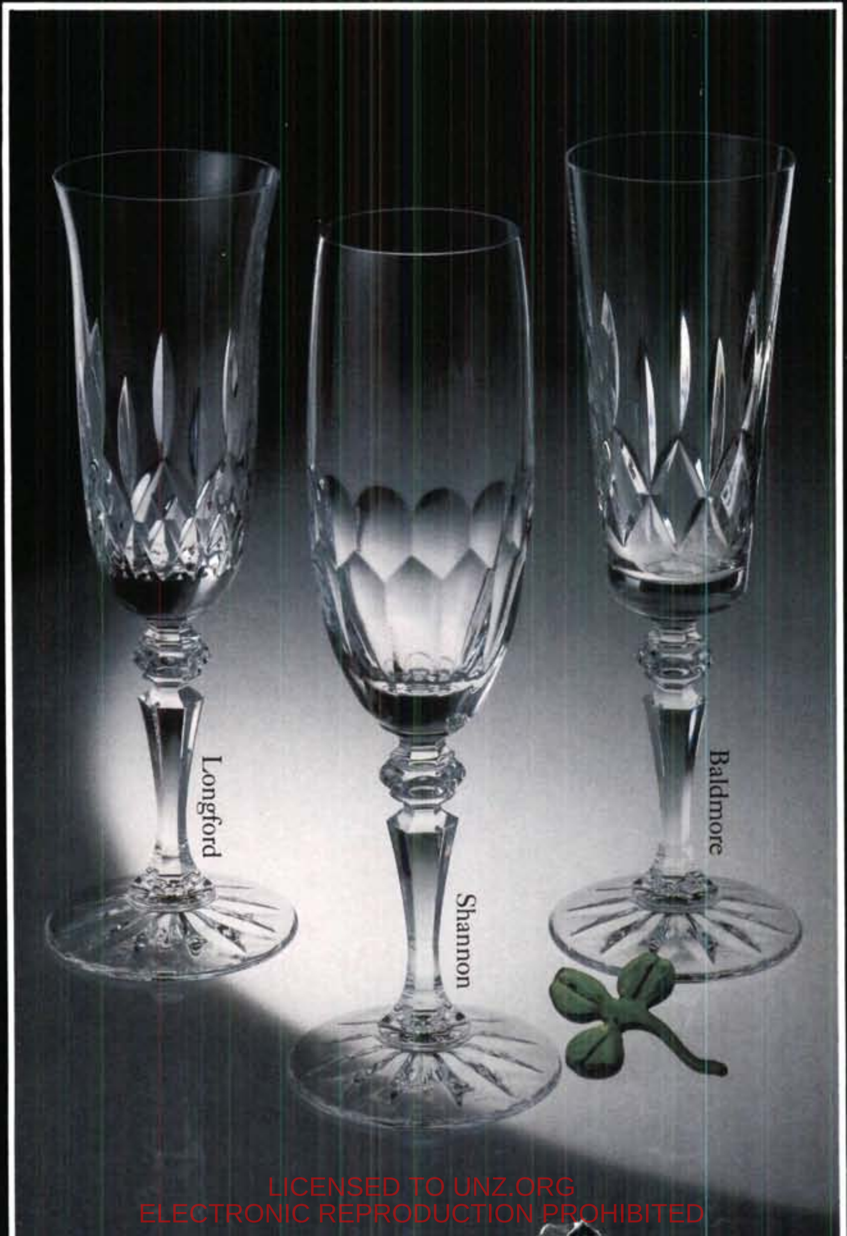
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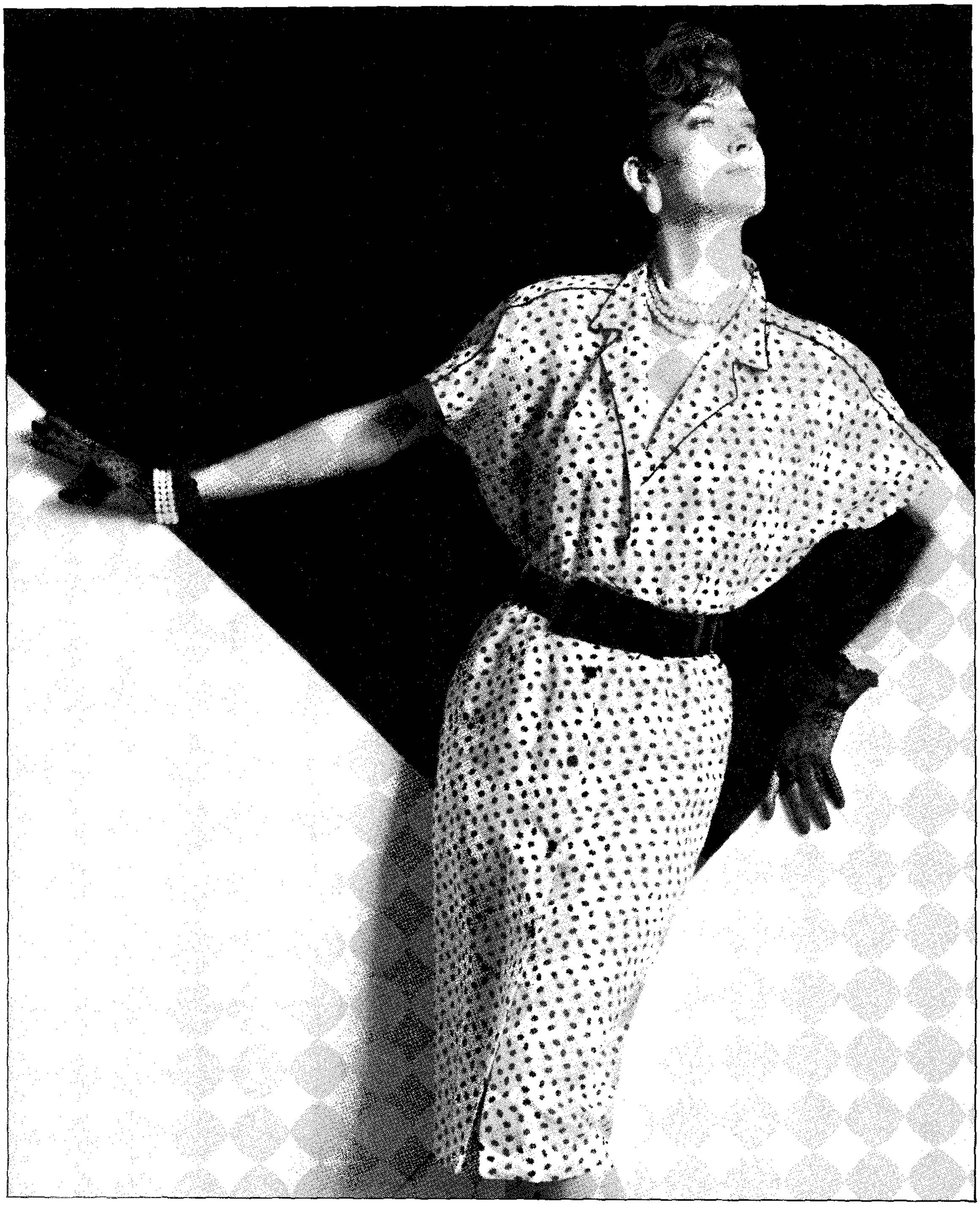

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**American Buffalo**—A superb production of David Mamet's classic comedy about three inept practitioners of petty crime in the lower depths of Chicago. With Al Pacino and J. J. Johnston. Directed by Arvin Brown. *(Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/83.)* (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

**And a Nightingale Sang . . .**—A charming little play, unabashed in its sentimentality, about an English family gallantly surviving the rigors of the Second World War. The author is C. P. Taylor. (12/12/83) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Baby**—Everything you may not have wanted to ask about having a baby—a pleasant musical for doctors, if not for lay people. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Baby with the Bathwater**—Christopher Durang is, line by line, one of the funniest satirists around. The target, this time, is parents. They are played by Christine Estabrook and W. H. Macy; Keith Reddin is their put-upon offspring; and Mary Louise Wilson and Leslie Geraci appear in multiple roles. All of them perform to perfection under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks. (11/21/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 15.)

**Beckett Plays**—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Brighton Beach Memoirs**—A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**La Cage aux Folles**—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—A play by Conrad Bishop and Elizabeth Fuller, **full hookup**. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

**Do Lord Remember Me**—A revival of James de Jongh's dramatic play, made from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. With Frances Foster, Gian Carlo Esposito, Ebony Jo-Ann, Lou Myers, and Roger Robinson. Staged by Regge Life. Previews Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 11-13; opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 14, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 19. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Doonesbury**—A sunny, sometimes silly, but always beguiling musical about Garry Trudeau's celebrated comic-strip hero and his friends. Music by Elizabeth Swados, lyrics by Mr. Trudeau, and delightful performances by, among others, Ralph Bruneau, Kate Burton, Gary Beach, and Reathel Bean. (12/5/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of Cole Porter's **red hot and blue**, with a book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, is the fourth in this season's series of eight plays. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**An Evening with Quentin Crisp**—A one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

**Fool for Love**—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Friends**—A play by Lee Kalcheim, with Ron Silver and Craig T. Nelson. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

**The Glass Menagerie**—Jessica Tandy in a highly intelligent reading of Amanda Wingfield as a holy terror. (12/12/83) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Heartbreak House**—Rex Harrison is crowning his career with a superb enactment of Captain Shotover—perhaps the figure that Shaw at sixty imagined he would be at eighty-eight. Also in the cast are Rosemary Harris, Amy Irving, Dana Ivey, and Philip Bosco. (12/19/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St., west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Human Comedy**—This oratorio, based on William Saroyan's novel about a family in California during the Second World War, has an enchanting, witty score by Galt MacDermot, and it is extremely well performed by

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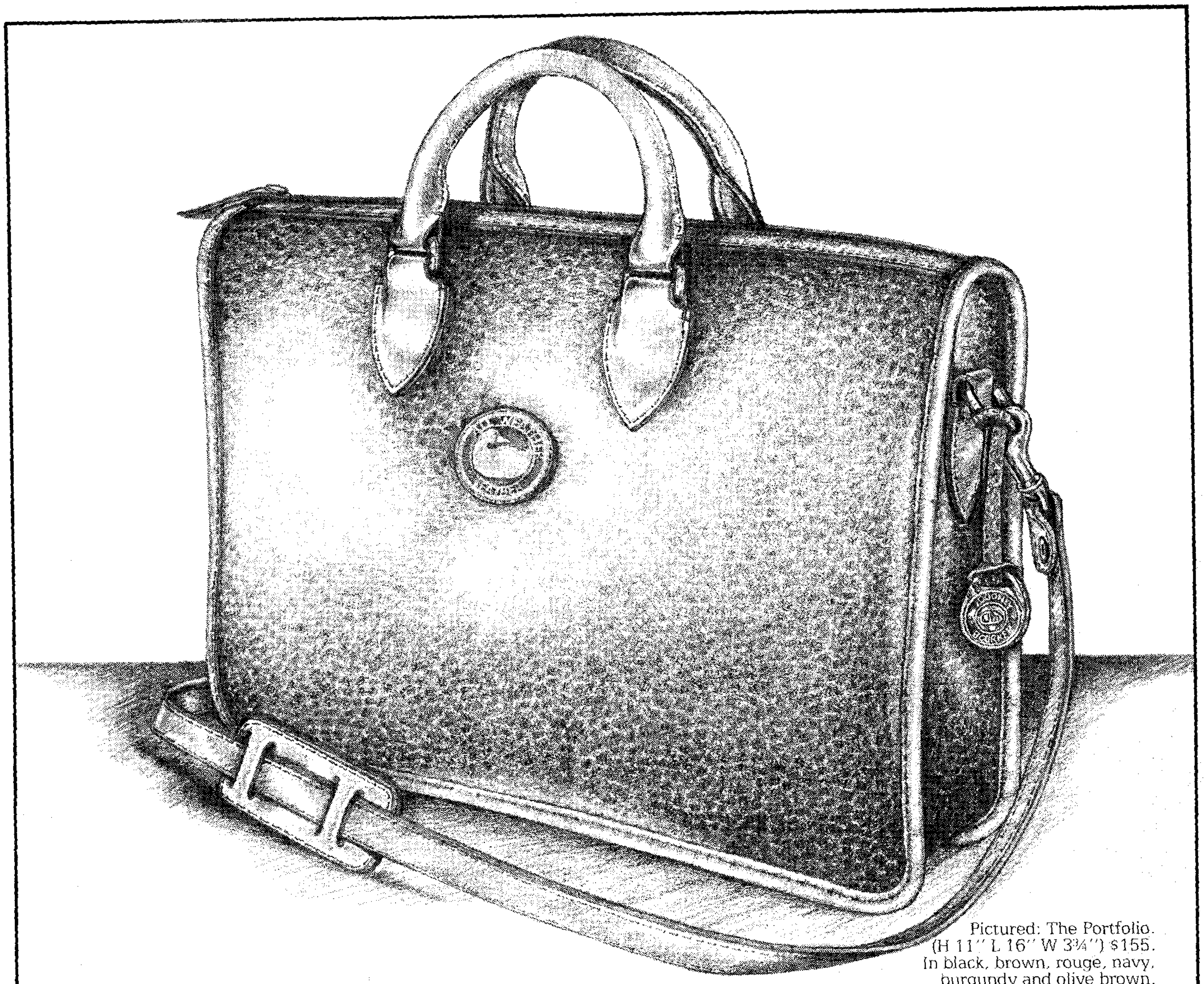

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the singers under Wilford Leach's direction. Mr. Saroyan's unabashed sweetness of spirit, which is engaging in the first act, becomes troublesome in the second, which deals, in large part, with military life and death. With Delores Hall, Stephen Geoffreys, Rex Smith, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Josh Blake, David Johnson, and Bonnie Koloc. (1/9/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Ian McKellen Acting Shakespeare**—A one-man show devised and performed by Mr. McKellen. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 17-18. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 19, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 19. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Isn't It Romantic**—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Jo Henderson, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Christine Rose, Chip Zien, and with Betty Comden as Mother. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Killing of Sister George**—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, Jan. 15: Franz Lehár's THE MERRY WIDOW. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jan. 18: Gilbert and Sullivan's THE GONDOLIERS. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

**Mirror Theatre Company**—Two revivals opening a season of alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's INHERITORS, and Clifford Odets' PARADISE LOST, starring Geraldine Page. (Mirror Theatre, 320 W. 46th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 279-4200.)

**My One and Only**—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**'Night, Mother**—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Noises Off**—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Old Times**—Jane Alexander, Anthony Hopkins, and Marsha Mason in a revival of the Harold Pinter play. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 12, and will run through Sunday, March 4. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**On Your Toes**—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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**Painting Churches**—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A Private View**—Three sharp satiric comedies by the brave Czech dissident Vaclav Havel. Stephen Keep (a ringer for Joseph Papp) is very good in the leading role of each of them, and everybody else does well, too. Vera Blackwell was the impeccable translator; Lee Grant directed. (12/5/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 15.)

**The Real Thing**—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The fine cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Ridiculous Theatrical Company**—Presenting Charles Ludlam's GALAS. (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

**The Tap Dance Kid**—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**La Tragédie de Carmen**—Peter Brook has picked up Bizet's gorgeous opera and given it a good shaking, with the result that it now lasts but eighty minutes and is assuredly more Brook than Bizet. With several casts, uneven in quality. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Zorba**—Anthony Quinn and Vivian Blaine star in this revival of the 1968 musical. A curiously woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,864 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 12, at 2.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**Forbidden Broadway '84**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

**Serious Bizness**—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holz-

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man, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11. Matinées Wednesdays at 5:30.)

**Manteo Sicilian Marionette Theatre**—The life-size marionettes will appear in an episode from Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," in Italian, with piano accompaniment and an English introduction. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 19-20, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 21-22, at 3 and 7:30.)

## DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Wednesday evening, Jan. 11: "*Mozartiana*," "*In G Major*," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 12: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 13: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 14: "Agon" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 14: "Harlequinade" and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 15: "Raymonda Variations," "Agon," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 15: "In G Major," "Episodes," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 17: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 18: "Agon" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 19: "Serenade" and an unnamed ballet (preview). A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 20: "Rossini Quartets," "Piano Pieces," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 21: "Rossini Quartets," "In G Major," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 21: "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Agon." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

**Ruby Shang & Company, Dancers**—A program of modern dance. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 12-14, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. *15, at 3.)*

**Ohad Naharin & Dancers**—A program of new and repertory works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 19-21, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 3.)

**Daniel Lewis Dance Repertory Company**—Two programs of new and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Program I: Thursday, Jan. 19, and Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Friday, Jan. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 2.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Algonquin Hotel,** 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at a piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The weekend jazz crew: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** *and his hard-bop trio, and on Friday and* Saturday, Jan. 20-21, showboating bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist **HILTON RUIZ.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

**Ballroom,** 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE,** in a small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice, sings from a repertoire that includes such tunes as "When in Rome (I Do as the Romans Do)," "Peel Me a Grape," and "I'm Hip"—which all convey, with help from Miss Dearie's detached delivery, what used to seem in the fifties and early sixties like cool hepness (or hipness) and what now seems more like innocence. Concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Percussionist-composer **MONGO SANTAMARIA** heads his band through Sunday, Jan. 15; on Monday, Jan. 16, the Carol Wardach trio and the Stephanie Crawford trio will be present; and on Tuesday, Jan. 17, singer **ESTHER PHILLIPS** will arrive with her bluesy *backing crew. Music from nine-thirty.* Every night but Monday, trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, **KEN PAGE** and **THE SHIRELLES;** Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 19-21, songs by Ellie Greenwich performed by Karla DeVito, Rory Dodd, Ula Hedwig, Bobby Jay, Darlene Love, Hank Martin and Miss Greenwich. *Sundays through Thursdays at eight*-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

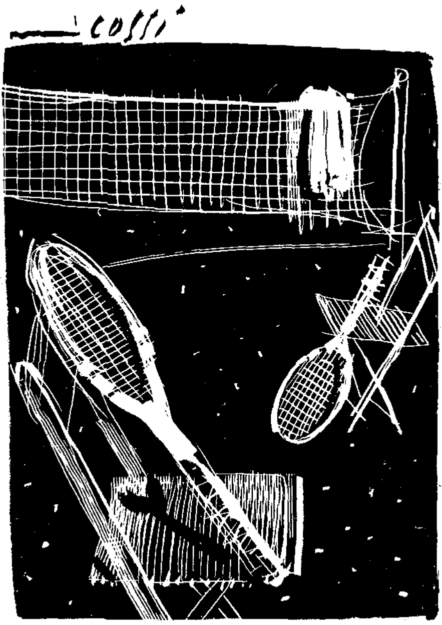
**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Pianist-singer **BOB DOROUGH** is here with bassist **BILL TAKAS** through Saturday, Jan. 14; on Monday, Jan. 16, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** will begin six nights of piano-bass duets. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**Broadway Joe's,** 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist and composer **GEORGE SHEARING,** sometimes a breathy vocalist and always a generous melodist—he agreeably doles out at least one portion of his "Lullaby of Birdland" per night—has settled in at the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Bebop pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the delicate, elegant, reclusive pianist, is the star here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Jan. 11, the Dancing Hoods, the Boogles, and Buddy Love; Friday, Jan. 13, Soviet Sex, the Grownups, the Baxters, and Trigger & the Thrill Kings; and Saturday, Jan. 14, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** an R. & B. outfit, and Hi Fi Tie. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.



**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Currently a singer's room: **CARRIE SMITH** owns it Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Laura Theodore goes on Sundays through Tuesdays. Shows begin at nine and eleven. Dining.

**Eagle Tavern,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the *Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare,* along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Jan. 11, the Haydown Treaders; Saturday, Jan. 14, Out to Lunch; Wednesday, Jan. 18, Midnight Court; and Saturday, Jan. 21, Sandy Bradley & the Small Wonder String Band. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, *Jan. 15, will belong to the Wayne André* trombone septet. Mondays are claimed by Ed Polcer's quintet; the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays Danny D'Imperio's trio performs from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

**Folk City,** 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Jan. 11, the Ben Vaughn combo at nine and midnight *plus a B horror movie;* Sunday, Jan. 15, Jane Brucker Comedy Night; Tuesday, Jan. 17, John Kelly, Steve & Mark, and George Osterman's Live Radio Show, from nine; Wednesday, Jan. 18, the Last Roundup at *nine* and midnight plus a B movie; Friday, Jan. 20, at eight and eleven, Rick Roberts; and Saturday, Jan. 21, at eight and eleven, **LIVINGSTON TAYLOR.** Thursdays from nine are comedy nights, and Mondays from nine to ten are the property of performance artist Beth Lapides.

***Greene Street,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St.* (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: bassist Stafford James and pianist Mulgrew Miller through Thursday, Jan. 12; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** Sunday and Monday, Jan. 15-16, guitarist Martin Aubert; and Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 17-21, pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with the Matt McErlean trio Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays pianist Baba Motta performs with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups perform from ten. Mondays through Fridays, pianist Don Golson plays from five until ten.

**Hanratty's,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a stride-piano specialist extraordinaire, goes to town Tuesdays through Saturdays. **DICK HYMAN** drops in on Mondays, and Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard on Sundays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

**Jasmine,** 168 W. 96th Street (662-6665)—Contemporary, up-to-date, downtown-quality jazz uptown. Ted Ross sings here through Saturday, Jan. 14; on Tuesday, Jan. 17, tenor saxophonist **LEW TABAKIN** will bring in his trio. Mondays are the property of Darryl Foster's quartet, which features singer Alyson Williams. Music from about ten until about two-thirty. Dining.

**Knickerbocker Saloon,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good lis-

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teners listening to piano-bass teams. Peter Howard performs here through Saturday, Jan. 14; pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and super bassist **RON CARTER** will take over on Tuesday, Jan. 17; and the Sunday and Monday men are, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 11-12, **RICK DANKO & LEVON HELM** and Rick Roberts; Sunday, Jan. 15, veteran folkie **RICHIE HAVENS;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 17-18, Sly & the Family Stone and Loup Gurou; and Thursday, Jan. 19, Roy Buchanan and Buddy Cage & Bad Dog. Dining.

**LUSH LIFE,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Open-minded Thelonious Sphere Monk lovers be on alert: **SPHERE,** a quartet composed of **CHARLIE ROUSE** (Monk's tenor saxophonist for more than ten years), **BEN RILEY** (Monk's drummer for a bit in the sixties), bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and pianist **KENNY BARRON,** lovingly performs Monk tunes (in addition to Benny Carter tunes and originals of their own) through Sunday, Jan. 15. If you're open-minded enough, you won't be disconcerted by the familiar phrasing of Charlie Rouse coupled with the un-Monk-like smooth piano of Kenny Barron—nobody's as rough around the edges as Monk was. Monday, Jan. 16, will be devoted to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABAKIN BIG BAND;** and beginning Tuesday, Jan. 17, vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** will head up a quartet. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing performer, sings Cole Porter tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. *On Monday nights from nine to midnight,* the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 11, Gary Brown; Thursday, Jan. 12, Mark Suozzo; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his macho Latin-jazz quintet; Tuesday, Jan. 17, Right Combination; Wednesday, Jan. 18, Mark Morganelli & the Jazz Forum All-Stars; Thursday, Jan. 19, singer Alyson Williams; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

**OTHER END,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Jan. 11, Diana Yates' band, the Pinch, and Rock Shift; Thursday, Jan. 12, Bouncing Balls, the Whirling Dervishes, and Animation; Friday, Jan. 13, Spellbound, the Minx, and the Bandits; Saturday, Jan. 14, Grape Jam, Majesty, and the Igloos; and Thursday, Jan. 19, at eight, Tony Bird. Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

**PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**PEPPERMINT LOUNGE,** 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Wednesday, Jan. 11, the Invaders; Friday, Jan. 13, Pretty Poison and Tav Falco & Panther Burns; Saturday, Jan. 14, Lou Miami; and Saturday, Jan. 21, the Violent Femmes. Live music from way past your bedtime.

**RAINBOW ROOM,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER,** trumpeter, arranger, and Professor of the Bounce, guides his septet Mondays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

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**RED BLAZER TOO,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

**RITZ,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, Jan. 19, Monyaka; Friday, Jan. 20, Tommy Tutone. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

**SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, Jan. 11, Ray Blue; Thursday, Jan. 12, singer **GRACE TESTANI;** Fridays and Saturdays, **BOSS,** an R. & B. band with **ERIC GALE, RICHARD TEE, GEORGE YOUNG, IDRIS MUHAMMED,** and **GARY KING;** Sunday, Jan. 15, R. Myron; Monday, Jan. 16, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA;** Tuesday, Jan. 17, Julie Coryell; and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 18-19, tenor saxophonist **BENNIE WALLACE** and guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD.** Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty.

**SOUNDS OF BRAZIL,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Jan. 11, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Thursday, Jan. 12, Obara Wali Rahman Indigo Drum & Spirit; Friday, Jan. 13, the African Connection; Saturday, Jan. 14, and Friday, Jan. 20, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Jan. 17, singer **ANGELA SUAREZ;** Wednesday, Jan. 18, La Troupe Makandal; Thursday, Jan. 19, Mikata; and Saturday, Jan. 21, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**SWEET BASIL,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**PHAROAH SANDERS,** who still gets a wonderfully gritty and warm wail out of his tenor sax whether he's playing spiritual-enlightenment music or good old regular hard bop, leads his quartet through Saturday, Jan. 14. Sunday through Saturday, Jan. 15-21, **AMIRI BARAKA'S** "Primitive World," an anti-nuclear jazz musical, will be presented. Shows from about nine-thirty. Dining.

**TRAMPS,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Thursdays are now rock-and-roll nights with singer-guitarist-songwriter **ELLIOTT MURPHY.** Music after nine.

**VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on Jan. 16, **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** band, **CHARANGA CASINO,** and guest jazz soloist, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN,** will all be present. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** will be onstage at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, you can hear pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Sunday, Jan. 15; pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** from Wednesday, Jan. 18; and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** who still holds forth on Tuesdays.

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**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND,** *the Monday-night institution,* is here all week, too, until Jan. 16. On Tuesday, Jan. 17, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET,** which features pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and tenor saxophonist/flutist **FRANK WESS,** will descend the stairs. Music after ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. The musicians: Wednesday, Jan. 11, Esther Blue; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 16-18, Ted Chavis; and Thursdays through Sundays Joel Forrester. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

**WEST END,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Saxophonist Haywood Henry performs through Saturday, Jan. 14; on Sunday, Jan. 15, altoist **LEE KONITZ** will gig with pianist **DICK KATZ;** Monday, Jan. 16, will belong to bassist Tommy Palmer; and on Tuesday, Jan. 17, trombonist-composer **JIMMY KNEPPER** will bring in a combo for a six-night visit. Music from about nine.

**ZINNO,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** works with **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, Jan. 14; Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 17-21, will belong to Jane Jarvis and **MILT HINTON;** and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANAGAN** are here on Sundays. Music from about eight every night but Monday.

## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**JACK WILKINS GROUP**—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.

**POINTER SISTERS**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.

**BLUE OYSTER CULT**—With Zebra. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, at 8.)

**JON HENDRICKS & COMPANY** and the **L. SHARON FREEMAN TRIO**—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.

**JOHN WUNSCH, MATT BALITSARIS, AND JEFF BERMAN**—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.

**DEWEY REDMAN**—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.

**JAZZ CULTURAL THEATRE**—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Frank Foster and his Non-Electric Company. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 20, at 10 and midnight, and Saturday, Jan. 21, at 9 and 11: Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997.)

**BENEFIT CONCERT**—Thirty-two songwriters, among them Otis Blackwell, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Sheldon Harnick, and Jule Styne, singing their own songs, as well as such guest artists as Gene Barry, Cab Calloway, George Shearing, and Margaret Whiting. The beneficiary is the Songwriters Guild. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 7:45. For tickets, call 944-9300.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**BILLY AL BENGSTON**—Three-dimensional watercolor collages, plus five small wood tables. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

**DAN CHRISTENSEN**—Color-field acrylics on canvas

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and paper. Through Jan. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**Joseph Cornell** (1903-72)—A selection of boxes and collages inspired by ballerinas, past and present. Through Friday, Jan. 20. (Feigen, 113 E. 79th St.)

**Friedl Dzubas**—Oils dating from the early to mid-sixties, by a color-field painter. Through Feb. 9. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Walter Hatke**—Realist landscapes on canvas and paper. Through Jan. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Fernand Léger** (1881-1955)—Watercolors from a sketchbook executed in 1934, on a Mediterranean cruise aboard the yacht of Sara and Gerald Murphy. Through Feb. 11. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

**Avner Moriah / Joseph Bartscherer**—War's intrusion upon domestic tranquility, as seen by an Israeli veteran who paints armored vehicles and drying laundry with equal objectivity. / Photographs of farm scenes and farm equipment in Washington State. Through Jan. 28. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

**Robert Ohnigian and Leonard Stokes**—Collages by both. Through Feb. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

**Bill Spira**—Recent freestanding, table, or wall sculptures combining stoneware and wood. Through Feb. 11. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

**Boaz Vaadia**—New freestanding sculptures involving slate and wood, including some featuring large, gemlike sections fashioned from the slate; the artist calls them his "precious stones." Through Jan. 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **aca,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by twentieth-century Americans Thomas Hart Benton, John Sloan, Roy Carruthers, Fritz Scholder, and a host of others. Through Jan. 31. . . . **ericson,** 23 E. 74th St.: Abstract paintings and works on paper by gallery artists Hans Hinterreiter, Robert Quijada, Christopher White, Stan Gregory, Nanette Carter, and Edith Newhall. Through Jan. 28. . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St.: Bacon, Balthus, and Baselitz are the first three (alphabetically) of the nineteen artists in the current show, which is dedicated to Willem de Kooning, who, of course, is also represented. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Realist paintings, primarily by Americans (Robert Cottingham, William Wilkins, Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe); two dozen artists in all. Through Feb. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **knoedler,** 19 E. 70th St.: Works on paper and a few paintings by Austrians Gustav Klimt, Alfred Kubin, and Egon Schiele, and by the Belgian artist James Ensor. Through Jan. 26. . . . **lefebre,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by a half-dozen Cobra artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . **mathes,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works on paper by Léger, Matisse, Dubuffet, Picasso, et al. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . **prakapas,** 19 E. 71st St.: A small sample of works integrating the written or printed word by the pioneers of this now much-practiced approach, including Georges Braque (1910 etching), Sonia Delaunay (1917 gouache), and Herbert Bayer (1943 photograph). Through Feb. 25. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

## GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

**Milton Avery** (1893-1965)—Paintings and works on paper executed between 1933 and 1963. Through Feb. 1. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Luis Cruz Azaceta**—Recent paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**Charles Clough**—Sixty small art-reproduction photographs painted over with enamel. Through Feb. 4. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

**Marcia Dalby**—More than a hundred wire-mesh sculptures of popular-hero types (football players, deep-sea divers, astronauts), plus appropriate properties (shoulder pads, starfish, flying saucers). Through Feb. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Willem de Kooning**—A show of paintings from 1969 to the present which coincides with his retrospective at the Whitney. Through Jan. 27. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

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**Emlen Etting**—A half-century of paintings and drawings by an artist whose styles have ranged from realism to abstractionism and whose subjects include people and still-lifes. Through Feb. 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Robert Goodnough**—*Paintings*, primarily early works, by a New York School artist. Through Feb. 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Abstract paintings by Thomas Nozkowski, Jonathan Lasker, and Gary Stephan have been hung on the walls of another room at this gallery.

**Josep Grau-Garriga**—Drawings and collages by a Spanish artist known chiefly for his tapestries, two of which are on view. Through Jan. 31. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

**John Hardy**—Paintings and drawings by a realist. Through Feb. 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Grace Hartigan**—Recent oils. Through Feb. 4. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Wassily Kandinsky** (1866-1944)—Paintings and drawings in a small show that complements the big exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Feb. 11. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Alex Katz / Marsden Hartley** (1877-1943)—Small paintings from 1950 to the present. / Paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Minoru Kawabata / Dike Blair**—Abstract paintings by an artist who frequently takes his cues from origami. / Constructions. Through Feb. 4. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Paul Linfante**—Realist still-lifes done in pastels. Through Jan. 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Ronald Markman / Donald Sandstrom**—Paintings. / Painted-aluminum wall sculptures of houses and other buildings in rural settings. Through Feb. 2. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Frank Metz**—Plein-air oils of coastal Maine and Long Island. Also, drawings. Through Feb. 4. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Alice Neel and Elaine de Kooning**—Portraits by both, plus a selection of paintings by the latter from her series based on a public statue of Bacchus, located in Paris. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

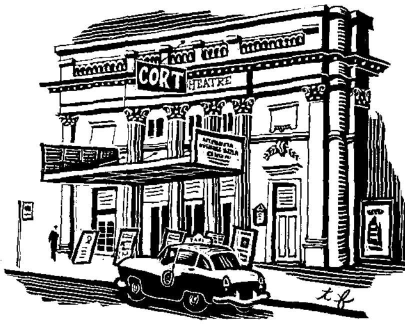
**Jules Olitski / Hans Hofmann** (1880-1966)—Large new abstractions. Through Jan. 28. / Works on paper from the forties. Through Feb. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Lincoln Perry**—Revelry, seduction, and marriage are themes in some of these paintings, in which figures are arranged in classical groups, nude or in modern dress. Through Jan. 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Bruce Robbins**—New paintings. Through Feb. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Chaim Soutine** (1893-1943)—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by this School of Paris painter. Through Jan. 28. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Richard Stankiewicz** (1922-83)—Early constructions (of wire, plaster, and twine) and late welded-steel sculptures (these seen in public for the first time) bracket a memorial exhibition of twenty-five works. Through Feb. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)



**Bill Sullivan**—Landscape paintings of Ecuador, which the artist visited last spring. Through Jan. 28. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Altoon Sultan / Jay Phillips**—Landscapes of upstate and Long Island, featuring the suburban architectural subjects fancied by this realist, as well as still-lifes from her Manhattan studio. / Abstract paintings and sculptures. Through Feb. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Joaquín Torres-García** (1874-1949)—Late paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Marguerite Zorach** (1887-1968)—Landscapes from her travels, which took her to Antigua, Maine, Paris, Jerusalem, etc. Through Feb. 4. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **markel,** 50 W. 57th St.: A huge pastel of a boy's face by Susan Moore and a street scene painted with documentary realism by Robert Birmelin are among works by seven artists. Through Jan. 28. . . . **oscarsson hood,** 41 W. 57th St.: Among the twelve who have been invited to show their paintings here are Forrest Bess and James Bohary. Through Feb. 4. . . . **siegel,** 24 W. 57th St.: A droll sculpture of Peter Lorre by Lester Van Winkle and an apocalyptic landscape by Chihung Yang are included in this show of works by eight relative unknowns. Through Saturday, Jan. 14.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Gene Davis**—A survey of his stripe paintings from the past twenty-five years. Through Jan. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

**Frank Faulkner / Edward Larson**—New pattern paintings and works on paper. / Quilts and wood carvings, based on American folklore. Through Feb. 4. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

**Mike Glier**—Big new oils. Through Feb. 2. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

**Nancy Holt**—A room-size installation entitled "Hot Water Heat," so named because the plumbing hardware assembled here has become a temporary adjunct of the gallery's hot-water system. Through Jan. 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

**Stanley Kearl**—Small bronze sculptures in which the figures are suggested rather than detailed; many of the works are elongated in the manner of Giacometti. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**Komar & Melamid**—Paintings by this team of Russians in which Old Master history subjects have been parlayed into the Socialist Realism style. Through Feb. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

**Roy Lichtenstein**—Two dozen new paintings are on exhibition in the Castelli gallery at 420 West Broadway, and many of them are duplicated, more or less, in an enormous mural, eighteen feet tall and ninety-six feet long, in the Castelli gallery at 142 Greene St. Through Saturday, Jan. 14.

**Tom Nozkowski / Tim Spelios**—Singular abstract shapes are set against flat backgrounds in most of these small new paintings. Note: This artist is also represented in current group shows at De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St., and Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St. / Matte-black wood sculptures. Through Jan. 28. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

**A. R. Penck**—Paintings from the past two decades. Through Jan. 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

**Richard Rappaport**—Large, competent figure paintings that look as if they had been dashed off in a hurry. They are done on unstretched linen canvas. Through Wednesday, Jan. 18. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

**Mark Saltz**—Abstract paintings incorporating organic forms set off in high relief. Through Jan. 28. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

**Paul Sisko**—Small-scale abstract metal sculptures—maquettes, actually—of works designed for public spaces. Through Jan. 29. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

**The New Museum,** 583 Broadway, between Hous-

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ton and Prince Sts.: Nuclear war, the aftermath of nuclear war, natural disasters, doomsday, and just impending doom are the subjects for a large group of works by a great many contemporary artists. Through Jan. 22. (Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

**Group Shows**—At the **bowery,** 121 Wooster St.: Works by artists who were members of the gallery when it was really on the Bowery, among them Lynda Caspe and David Campbell. Through Wednesday, Jan. 18. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **condeso-lawler,** 76 Greene St.: Drawings, some in rich colors, by Loretta Barnett, Jackie Lipton, Cynthia Knott, and Matthew Schley. Through Jan. 28. . . . **eno,** 101 Wooster St.: This ten-year-old coöperative gallery is showing all kinds of works by its members. Through Jan. 28. (Opens at noon.) . . . **kind,** 136 Greene St.: Paintings and constructions meant to convey, in the curator's words, "the raw sting of the city" (New York, that is); Robert Birmelin, Archie Rand, others. Through Feb. 8.

**Sculpture**—"Varieties of Sculptural Ideas," a show of sixty artists, both contemporary (Bourgeois, Aycock, di Suvero) and from earlier days (Giacometti, Lachaise). Through Jan. 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Michael Tracy**—Textured sculptural works centered on religious symbols and intended by the artist as commentary on Latin-American political events. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

**Alison Wilding**—Sculptures made of rubber, copper, brass, slate, lead, and other elements by this British artist. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

**Children's Book Illustrations**—Paintings and drawings by roughly a hundred and fifty illustrators, including Lonni Sue Johnson, Lee Lorenz, Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson. Through Jan. 27. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

**Group Shows**—At the **bromm,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: Keiko Bonk, Kiki Smith, and Kim Keever are three of the twenty-five so-called emerging artists exhibiting paintings and sculptures. Through Feb. 4. . . . **stoler,** 13 White St.: Paintings and sculptures brought together as a tribute to, of all things, the machine. Works by Dennis Oppenheim (two enormous wire-mesh clapping hands) and R. M. Fischer (a sculpture incorporating found mechanical parts) are included. Through Feb. 4.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Langdon Clay**—Views, mostly interiors, of Jefferson's Monticello, plus other photographs, including a striking panorama of the West 42nd Street sin belt at night. Through Jan. 28. (Twining, 33 Bleecker St., between Bowery and Lafayette St.)

**André Kertész**—Twenty-two recently printed color photographs; some of the original transparencies reach back into the early fifties. Through Jan. 28. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

**Doug Prince**—Photographic works (some surreal, some just straight prints) from the past dozen years. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**Aaron Siskind**—An eightieth-birthday show of photographs completed in the past four years, plus a few earlier prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Roman Vishniac**—About fifty prints by a photographer who, at risk to himself, recorded life in Jewish communities of Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939. Through Jan. 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Starts Thursday, Jan. 12. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. A complementary show of drawings for ballet, theatre, and film costumes is at the French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**—The museum will be closed for renovations for a few months.

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915-1933," a show of paintings and other works by the artist which is supplemented by works by Russian avant-garde artists and Kandinsky's Bauhaus colleagues. Through Feb. 12. A smaller, complementary offering is at the Marisa del Re Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Two concurrent shows of the works of Willem de Kooning: Drawings (close to a hundred and thirty) from the past six decades have been mounted on the second floor. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and sculptures from the past fifty years occupies the fourth-floor galleries. Through Feb. 26. A complementary show of recent paintings is at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

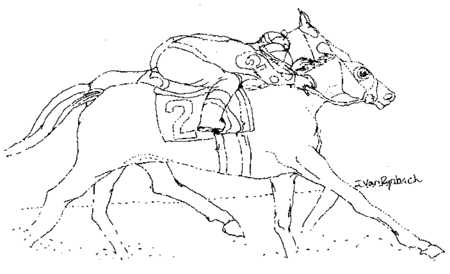
**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A show of prints from the past two years by American artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderson, Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Through Jan. 22. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Asia Society,** 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of Korean folk art. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan show, from Paris, of paintings representing sixty-six years of the Grand Prix de Rome competition at the École des Beaux-Arts. The award-winning canvases, which date from 1797, include Ingres's 1801 "Achilles Receiving the Envoys of Agamemnon." Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and others. Through March 16. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)



### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

**Artists Space,** 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Artists who have shown works here in the past are doing so again in an all-out display of about three hundred and fifty drawings and objects. Through Saturday, Jan. 14.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

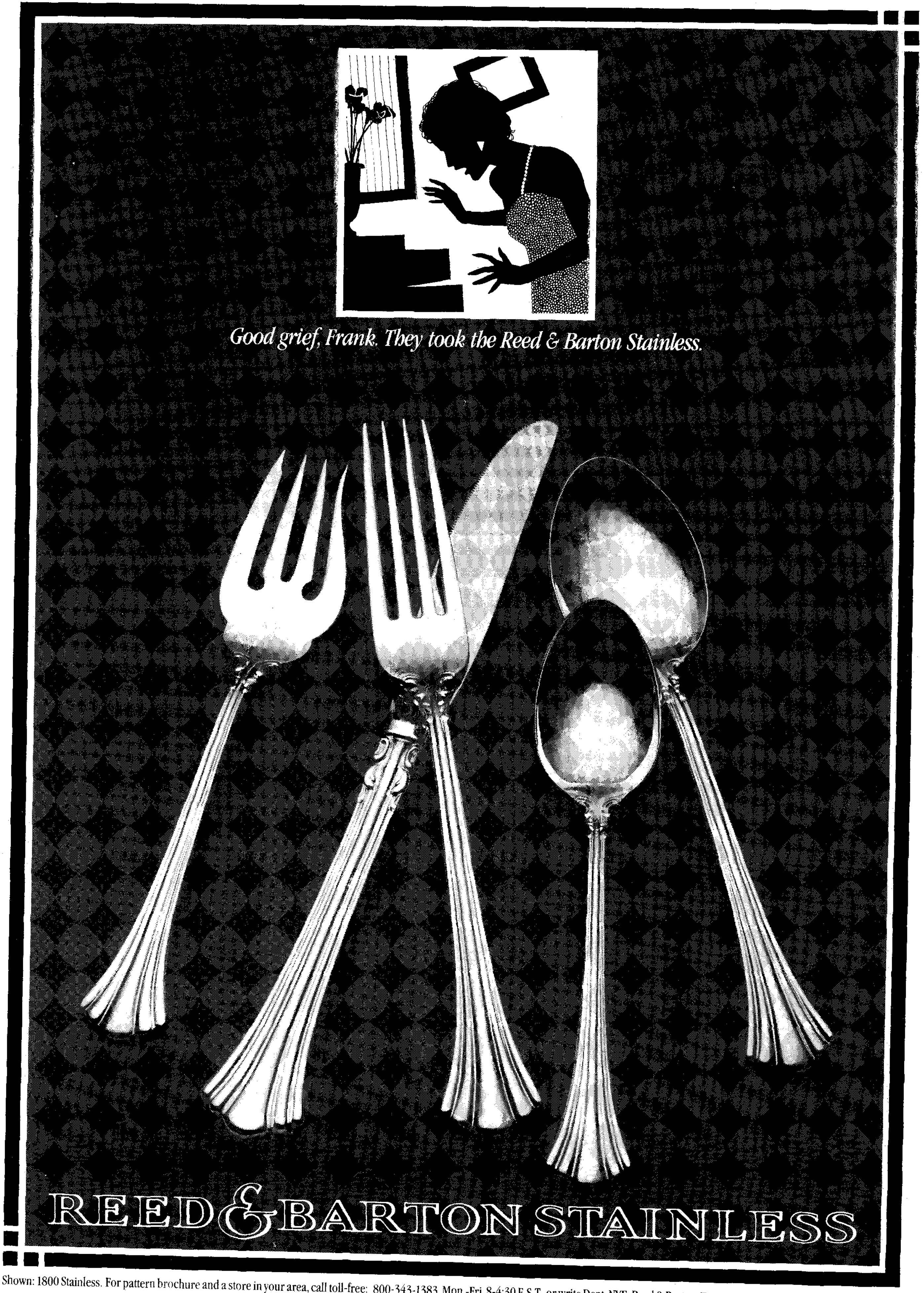
**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Johanna Meier, Lorna Myers, Manfred Jung, and Anthony Raffell; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," with Patricia Craig, Lili Chookasian, William Lewis, and Cornell MacNeil; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 1:30: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Johanna Meier, Lorna Myers, Manfred Jung, and Anthony Raffell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," with Patricia Craig, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, and Ragnar Ulfung; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 19, at 7:30: The Metropolitan's première of Handel's "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Dano Raffanti; Mario Bernardi. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," with Patricia Craig, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, and Ragnar Ulfung; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. (A nonsubscription performance.)

**Amato Opera Company**—Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2:30.)

**Bronx Opera Company**—Two performances of Smetana's "The Two Widows," in English, staged by Albert Sherman, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1356.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall—Leonard Bernstein directing Mahler's Second Symphony on Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8; Friday, Jan. 13, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); and Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 7:30 (all with Barbara Hendricks and Jessye Norman, sopranos; the Choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and the New Amsterdam Singers). . . . ¶ Kurt Sanderling conducting Mahler's Tenth Symphony on Friday, Jan. 20, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 7:30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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(*no soloists*); and a varied program on Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8 (with Young-Uck Kim, violin).

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Prokofieff-Mendelssohn-Sibelius program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonic**—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one called "Music: Mystic and Meditative," with the Harmonic Choir. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8. For information about tickets call 636-4120.)

**New York Pops**—Skitch Henderson conducting the first in a series of four concerts, this one with Roberta Peters, soprano, and Robert Merrill, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

**Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra**—With Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

**Y Chamber Symphony**—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting a Beethoven–Gunther Schuller–Mendelssohn program, with Stephen Burns, trumpet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Dylana Jensen, violin; Ruth Negri, harp; Harriet Wingreen, piano; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

**Orpheus**—With Richard Goode, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

**New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra**—Raffael Adler conducting, with jazz pianist Marian McPartland and her trio. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 19, at 7:30.)

**Gregg Smith Singers**—Gregg Smith directing a program called "A Festival of Psalms." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

**Clarion Concerts Chorus and Orchestra**—Newell Jenkins directing, with Mary Ann Hart, mezzo-soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

**Collegiate Chorale**—Robert Bass directing a concert version of Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," as well as a performance of Beethoven's Mass in C. With Sarah Reese, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Mark Bleeke, tenor; and Benjamin Matthews, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**Robert Mann and Nicholas Mann**—Playing *music for two violins, two violas and for violin and viola.* (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

**Gérard Causse**—Viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

**Sofia Steffan**—Mezzo-soprano, in a program of French songs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

**Waverly Consort**—A program called "The World of Guillaume de Machaut." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 12, and Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

**Musical Elements**—Daniel Asia and Robert Beaser conducting a program of music by Toru Takemitsu and Yehudi Wyner, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Beethoven Chamber Series**—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one with Yefim Bronfman and Cipa Dichter, *piano;* Lucy Shelton, soprano; Laurence Lesser, cello; Masuko Ushioda, violin; the Colorado String Quartet; and the Aspen Wind Quintet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

**Rosalind Rees**—Soprano, in a one-hour recital, with Wayne Rapier, oboe, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

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**Chamber Music**—Scott Nickrenz, viola, and the Emerson String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2.)

**Harvey Phillips**—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2.)

**Yehudi Menuhin**—Violin, with assisting artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

**Music Before 1800**—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Paul O'Dette, lute. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**National Association of Composers, USA**—Max Lifchitz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Irwin Bazelon, Ted Kitzis, Joseph Pehrson, Richard Brooks, and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**Katsurako Mikami**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 4.)

**Sharon Isbin and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg**—*Classical guitarist and violinist.* (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

**Francis Veri and Michael Jamanis**—Duo piano, in an all-Gershwin program (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

**Chamber Music at the Y**—A Haydn-Brahms-Schoenberg program, performed by Felix Galimir, violin; Jaime Laredo, viola; Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Sharon Robinson, cello; Lucy Shelton, soprano; Michael Webster, clarinet; and Carol Wincenc, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 17-18, at 8.)

**Bowery Ensemble**—The second in a series of three concerts. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**North/South Consonance**—A program of music by Robert Starer, Stravinsky, Juan Carlos Paz, Max Lifchitz, and Jerold Ordansky, performed by Rick Dolan, violin; Raymond Wheeler, clarinet; Mr. Lifchitz, piano; and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Janina Fialkowska**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

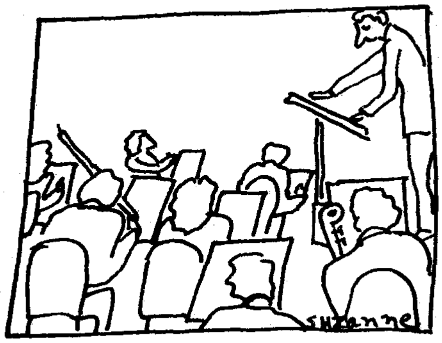
**John van Buskirk**—Fortepiano, with Grayson Hirst, tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

**David Singer**—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

**Cecile Licad**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

**Ensemble for Early Music**—A program featuring bawdy Elizabethan airs. With the Gleemen. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—An all-Dvořák program, with Ilana Vered, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8.)



**Annapolis Brass Quintet**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

## MISCELLANY

**A Musical Tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr.**—Performed by Janis-Rozena Peri, soprano; the Triad Chorale; the Lon Gar Ensemble; and the Downtown Chamber Players. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

**Richard Tucker Memorial Gala**—Among those taking part in a benefit concert will be Hildegard Behrens, Jessye Norman, Tony Bennett, Leonard Bernstein, and Sherrill Milnes. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

**Elie Siegmeister Seventy-Fifth Birthday Tribute**—Participants will include Alan Mandel, the Colorado String Quartet, and members of the Washington Music Ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Knicks vs. Nets, Tuesday, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Thursday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Jan. 21. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Friday, Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Saturday, Jan. 21. (Games begin at 7:35.)

**Hockey**—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Monday, Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Jan. 20. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Jan. 14, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Sunday, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Friday, Jan. 20. (Games begin at 7:35.)

**Racing**—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Assault Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 14, and the Affectionately Handicap, *Saturday, Jan. 21.* . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 13.

**Tennis**—Volvo Masters: Jimmy Connors, Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Mats Wilander, Yannick Noah, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 12-13, at 1 and 7; Saturday, Jan. 14, at 12:30; and Sunday, Jan. 15 [finals], at 12:30.)

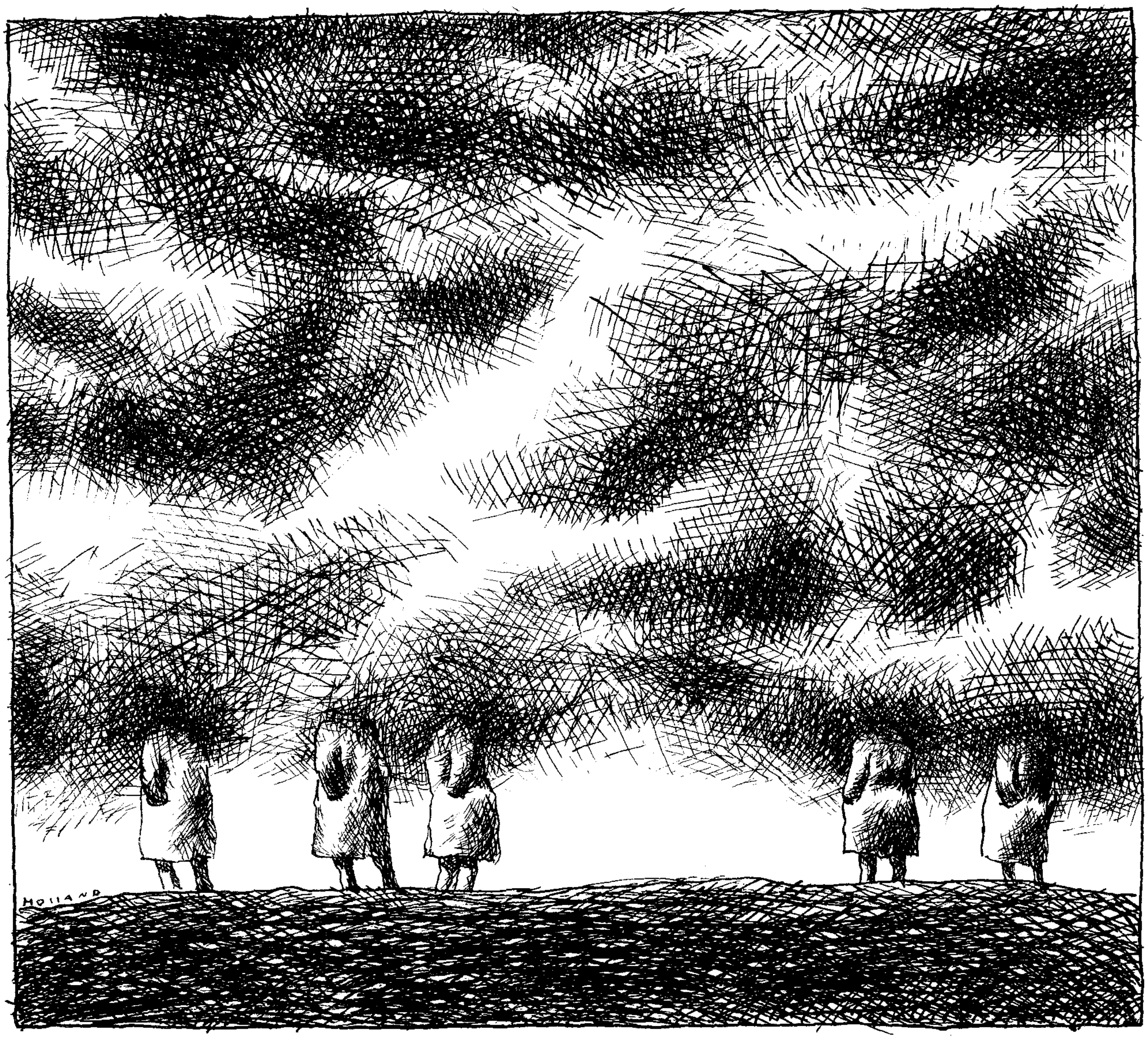
**Trotting**—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Jan. 16, through Saturday, March 31. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

## ET ALIA

**National Boat Show**—Cruisers, sailboats, inboards, outboards, dinghies, and canoes, as well as all sorts of nautical fittings and trappings. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 14 and 21, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 15 and 22, from 11 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 16-20, from noon to 10.)

**Auctions**—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 10:15: Old Master drawings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 2: Musical instruments. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 19, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 2: Still-life paintings, from the collection of Paul Mellon. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 18, at approximately 2:15: Old Master paintings, as well as two paintings by J. M. W. Turner. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 12.

# WHOSE NEWS IS IT?



## INSIDE STORY: WITH HODDING CARTER. ON PBS. FRIDAY, JAN. 20, AT 9 P.M.*

The U.S. government kept newsmen in the dark about Grenada. And brought to light a press battle that's still raging.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

CINEMA
ALL STAR CAST
2 BIG SHOWS
TODAY

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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|  |  |  | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Wuthering Heights" (1954; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

**R.K.O. Century Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Jan. 12: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
From Jan. 13: To be announced.

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 12: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery; and "The Road Warrior" (†).
Jan. 13-19: "Pauline at the Beach" (†) and "My Favorite Year" (†).
From Jan. 20: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Educating Rita" (†).

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Riddle of the Sands" (Tony Maylam), with Michael York and Simon MacCorkindale.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews. From Jan. 13: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Theatre 3: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 12: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.
From Jan. 13: "The Riddle of the Sands" (Tony Maylam), with Michael York and Simon MacCorkindale.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

**Manhattan 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin. From Jan. 18: "Deep in the Heart."

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "El Norte" (Gregory Nava; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Star 80" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay.

**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "The Riddle of the Sands" (Tony Maylam), with Michael York and Simon MacCorkindale. From Jan. 13: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

**Loews New York Twin 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 18: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews. Jan. 19: Theatre closed. From Jan. 20: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?" (Henry Jaglom), with Karen Black and Michael Emil.

**Loews-Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silkwood" (†).

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 19: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
From Jan. 20: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

**U. A. 85th St. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 12: "Mortuary."
From Jan. 13: "Warriors of the Wasteland."

**Loews Orpheum 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon. From Jan. 13: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "The Keep" (Michael Mann), with Ian McKellen and Jürgen Prochnow. From Jan. 13: "The Big Chill" (†).

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scarface" (†).

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John. From Jan. 13: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum 1 and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "The Horse" (1982; directed by Ali Ozgentürk; in Turkish). From Jan. 18: "When the Mountains Tremble" (Pamela Yates and Thomas Sigel; in Spanish); and "Nicaragua: Report from the Front" (Deborah Shaffer and Thomas Sigel).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "The Steel Helmet" (1951; Samuel Fuller), with Robert Hutton and James Edwards; and "Fixed Bayonets" (1951; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Basehart, Gene Evans, and Michael O'Shea. Jan. 13-14: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Weekend" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mireille Darc. Jan. 15-16: "Lolita" (†) and "Baby Doll" (†). Jan. 17: "In Cold Blood" (†); and "Nightfall" (1957; Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft. Jan. 18-19: "Park Row" (1952; Samuel Fuller), with Mary Welch and Gene Evans; and "I Shot Jesse James" (1949; Samuel Fuller), with Preston Foster and Barbara Britton. Jan. 20-21: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

**Waverly 1 and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 19: "The Big Chill" (†). From Jan. 20: "The Loveless" (Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery).

**Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).
Theatre 2: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 3: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 4: "Vertigo."

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Jan. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Jan. 17: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 18: "Backstage at the Kirov" (Derek Hart), a documentary.

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Yentl" (†).

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Educating Rita" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Gospel" (David Leivick and Frederick A. Ritzenberg), a concert film.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Jan. 19: "La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.
From Jan. 20: "Confidentially Yours."

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

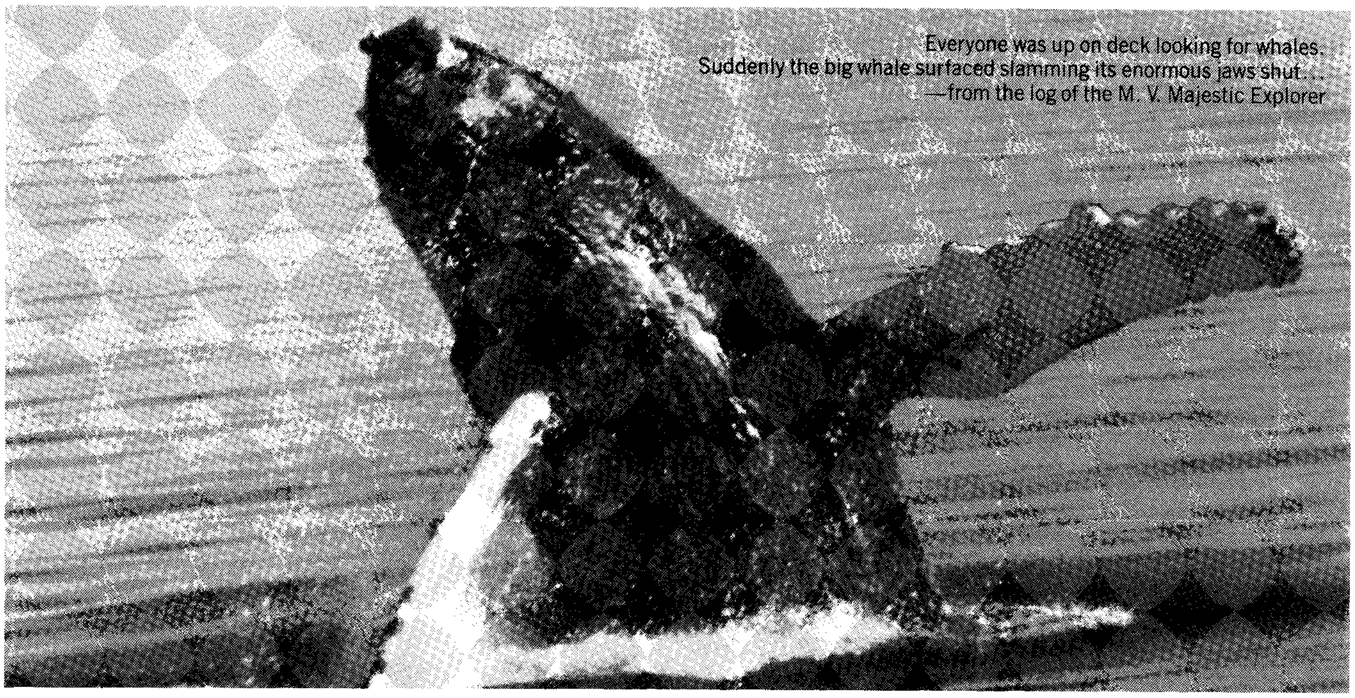
**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Basileus Quartet" (Fabio Carpi; in Italian and French).
Theatre 2: "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 12: "Pauline at the Beach" (†). From Jan. 13: "Kamilla" (Vibeke Lokkeberg; in Norwegian).

**Cinema Studio 1 and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 2: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

**Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "Malou" (Jeanine Meerapfel; in German). From Jan. 18: "Corrupt" (Roberto Faenza), with Harvey Keitel and John Lydon.
Theatre 2: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 3: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 4: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

**New Yorker 1 and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)



Everyone was up on deck looking for whales. Suddenly the big whale surfaced slamming its enormous jaws shut . . .
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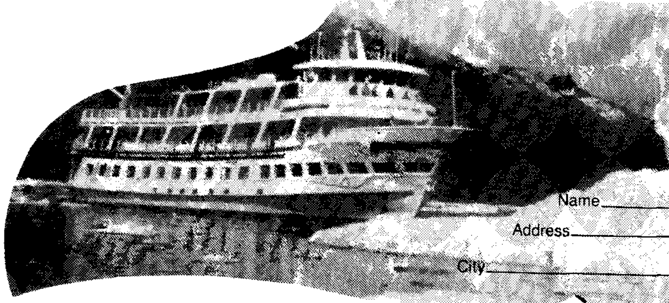

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios. From Jan. 13: "Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars" (D. A. Pennebaker), a film of a 1973 concert, with David Bowie.
Theatre 2: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Diner" (†).

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "Return of the Jedi" (†). From Jan. 13: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton.
Theatre 3: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 12: "Educating Rita" (†). From Jan. 13: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).
Theatre 3: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 4: "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 12: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. From Jan. 13: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.
Theatre 6: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Keep" (Michael Mann), with Ian McKellen and Jürgen Prochnow.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon. From Jan. 13: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Jan. 12: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
From Jan. 13: "Make Them Die Slowly."

**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature film from the Disney Studios.

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin. From Jan. 13: "Warriors of the Wasteland."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 19: "Mortuary." From Jan. 20: "The Power."

**R.K.O. Century National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

**R.K.O. Century Warner Twin,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 12: "Return of the Jedi" (†). From Jan. 13: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton.
Theatre 2: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Agee Room,** 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

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**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
To be announced.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 12: "La Strada" (1954; directed by Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
Jan. 13-14: "Carrie" (1976; Brian De Palma), with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.
Jan. 15-17: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Stardust Memories" (†).
Jan. 18-19: "The Virgin Spring" (1960; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.
Jan. 20-21: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars" (1983; D. A. Pennebaker), a film of a 1973 concert, with David Bowie.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Jan. 11: "Melvin and Howard" (1980; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Jason Robards, and Mary Steenburgen; and "Resurrection" (1980; Daniel Petrie), with Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, Sam Shepard, and Robert Farnsworth.
Jan. 12-14: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.
Jan. 15-16: "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras; and "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey.
Jan. 17-18: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.
Jan. 19-21: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.

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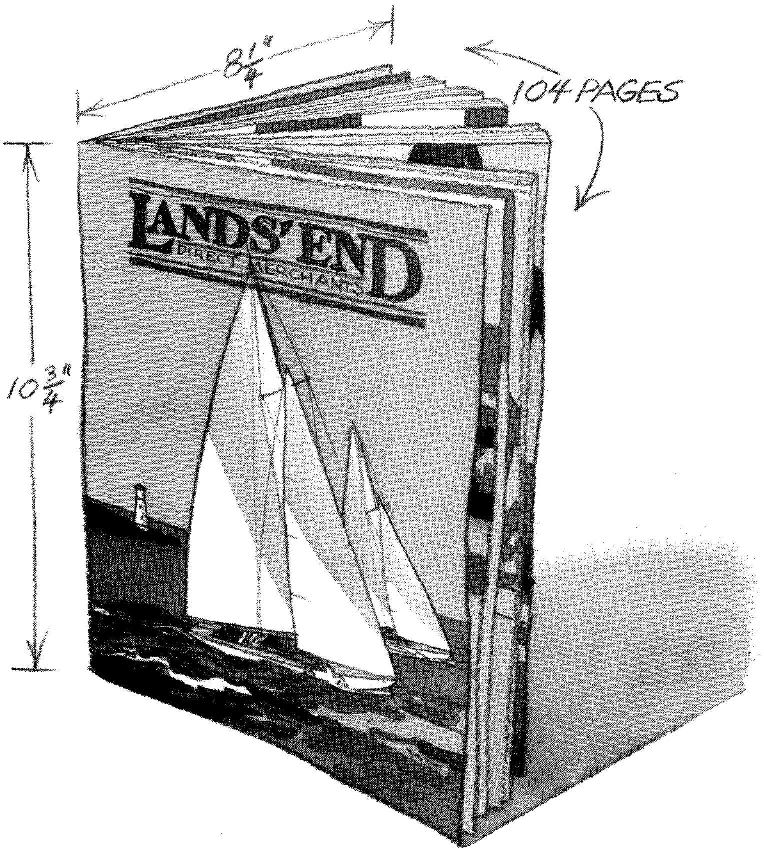
**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Jan. 12: "The Devil's Playground" (1976; Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate; and "Puberty Blues" (1981; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja.
Jan. 13-14: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).
Jan. 15: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938; Michael Curtiz and William Keighley), with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; "The Three Musketeers" (1948 †); and "Ivanhoe" (†).
Jan. 16-17: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Music Lovers" (1971; Ken Russell), with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.
Jan. 18-19: "Creepshow" (1982; George A. Romero), a five-episode film; and "Knightriders" (†).
Jan. 20-21: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Third Man" (†).

**Metro Cinema,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Jan. 11: "The Man Who Left His Will on Film" (1970; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and "Death by Hanging" (1968; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Jan. 12: "Blood of the Condor" (1969; Jorge Sanjines; a Bolivian film, in Spanish and Quechua); and "The Last Supper" (1978; Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish).
Jan. 13: "Flashdance" (1983; Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals; and "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony, and Paul McCrane.
Jan. 14: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
Jan. 15: "The Petrified Forest" (†) and "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (†).
Jan. 16: "Kwaidan" (1965; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), a four-part film.
Jan. 17: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.
Jan. 18: "Ordet" (†) and "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (†).
Jan. 19: "The Hour of the Furnaces" (†).
Jan. 20: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966; Alain Resnais; in French), with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté.
Jan. 21: "Lolita" (†); and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 12: "The Chosen" (1982; Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell, Rod Steiger, and Robby Benson; and "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch.
Jan. 13-14: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and



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Deborah Kerr; and "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

Jan. 15-17: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Jan. 18-19: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Jan. 20-21: "Arthur" (†); and "My Favorite Year" (†).

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 11: "Sword of Vengeance #6: White Heaven in Hell" (1974; Yoshiyuki Kuroda; in Japanese); and "Rise Against the Sword" (1966; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese).

Jan. 12: "The Conversation" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman; and "Blow Out" (1981; Brian De Palma), with John Travolta, Nancy Allen, and John Lithgow.

Jan. 13-14: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.

Jan. 15: "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (1926; Frank Tuttle; a silent film), with Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, and Osgood Perkins; and "Prix de Beauté" (1930; Augusto Genina; in French), with Louise Brooks.

Jan. 16: "Laura" (†) and "Murder, My Sweet" (†).

Jan. 17: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès; and "Lovers and Thieves" (†).

Jan. 18: "Ninja, a Band of Assassins: The Three Enemies" (1965; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese); and "100 Ghost Stories" (1968; Kimiyoshi Yasuda; in Japanese).

Jan. 19: "Beyond the Law" (1968; Norman Mailer); "Maidstone" (†); and "A Sanction to Write" (1981; Jeff Van Davis), with Norman Mailer.

Jan. 20-21: "Dear Inspector" (†); and "Jupiter's Thigh" (1980; Philippe de Broca; in French), with Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 11: "College Holiday" (1937; Frank Tuttle), with Jack Benny and Burns and Allen; and "The Meanest Man in the World" (1943; Sidney Landfield), with Jack Benny and Priscilla Lane.

Jan. 12: "Le Million" (1931; René Clair; in French), with Annabella; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean.

Jan. 13: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine; and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.

Jan. 14: "Jamaica Inn" (1939; Alfred Hitchcock), with Charles Laughton, Emlyn Williams, and Maureen O'Hara; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.

Jan. 15: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles, and Elizabeth Taylor.

Jan. 16: "Le Jour se Lève" ("Daybreak;" 1939; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, Michel Simon, and Jean-Pierre Aumont.

Jan. 17: "Monsieur Verdoux" (†) and "Limelight" (†).

Jan. 18: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case" (†).

Jan. 19: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

Jan. 20-21: "The Meeting at Midnight" (1944; Phil Rosen), and "Jade Mask" (1945; Phil Rosen), both films with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Seesaw" (1983; Alvin Lucier), a sound installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

**Note**—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Arthur** (1981)—John Gielgud can steal a scene by simply wearing a hat; it's so crisply angled that you can't take your eyes off him—you want to applaud that perfect hat. As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, he may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. There's always something bubbling inside Arthur—the booze just adds to his natural fizz. This was the only film directed by the late Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he was a long way from being able to do with images what he could do with words, but there are some inspired bits and his work has a friendly spirit, and with Moore and Gielgud bouncing off each other like Bertie Wooster and Jeeves, the first part is fairly lively. But Gordon's attempt to reactivate the romantic mechanisms of the screwball comedies of the thirties doesn't work with the women characters—particularly with Liza Minnelli and Geraldine Fitzgerald. As the poor-girl heroine, Minnelli doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. With Barney Martin, Anne De Salvo as Gloria, Jill Eikenberry, Thomas Barbour, Ted Ross, Stephen Elliott, Peter Evans, Lou Jacobi, and, in a bit, Lawrence Tierney. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Regency; Jan. 20-21.)

**Baby Doll** (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set low down in Mississippi. The infantile, flirtatious heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her balding, middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile, her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) Carroll Baker as the lazy girl who couldn't get through long division and Malden as a grotesque simp (lust makes him helpless) are all-out funny—it's unlikely that either of them ever gave another performance this good or had such wonderful material again, either. And when the mustachioed Wallach—his beady eyes shining with lechery—makes his move on Baby Doll, pushing her in a swing until she's sweetly dizzy, he seems a master of barnyard seduction. (This must be the only movie ever made in which the heroine invites a man into her crib.) With Mildred Dunnock as Baby Doll's half-crazed old aunt, the young Rip Torn as the dentist, and Madeleine Sherwood, Lonny Chapman, and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, and although the film doesn't have a musical score (the music of Williams' dialogue is all you need), there's a scene inside the house that plays too slow and a little music is brought in to cover the dead spot, and music is brought in again when Malden is running around with a gun. Williams doesn't seem sure how to resolve the movie, but it's wonderfully entertaining. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited," with "Priapean detail that might well have embarrassed Boccaccio." It's not quite all that, but it is a delight. The look of the film is amazing—the black-and-white cinematography by Boris Kaufman is unusually sunny and bright; the images seem free and natural yet stylized, like a cartoon. Kazan does some of his finest work here—not just with the principal actors but also with the hired hands, and the townspeople who laugh at Malden, and the happy gawkers at a fire. At one point—almost out of nowhere—we hear a black woman singing "I shall not be moved" in a harsh, plain, strong voice. Kazan's choices seem miraculously right. Art direction by Richard Sylbert, working with Paul Sylbert. Williams' script is based on two of his one-act plays—"27 Wagons Full of Cotton" and "The Unsatisfactory Supper." (Film Forum; Jan. 15-16.)

**The Big Chill**—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Orpheum; starting Jan. 13.)

**Chariots of Fire** (1981)—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, represented here, rather grandly, by Lindsay Anderson and John Gielgud, as a pair of gargoyles—masters at Cambridge. The devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure," and the film is structured so that its big crisis comes when Liddell's qualifying heat is scheduled for a Sunday and he refuses to take part. The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. One good scene: a charming flirtation between Abrahams and a young D'Oyly Carte singer-actress, played by Alice Krige, whose cooing, artificial style is a little reminiscent of Joan Greenwood's purring. Produced by David Puttnam; directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film); cinematography by David Watkin. With Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Original Screenplay (Colin Welland), Score (Vangelis), Costume Design. (Regency; Jan. 15-17.)

**Dear Inspector** (1978)—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 20-21.)

**Diner** (1982)—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Conversations may roll on all night, and they can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke (who was the jailed arsonist in "Body Heat"), Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (New Yorker.)

**Educating Rita**—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Gramercy, and Festival.... ¶ Olympia Quad; through Jan. 12.)

**The Hour of the Furnaces** (1968)—An attempt to use film as a revolutionary weapon. A didactic, explosive, semi-documentary on Peronism and the necessity to create national consciousness in Argentina and other Latin-American countries. By the Argentine director Fernando Solanas; this is the full four-hour-and-twenty-minute version. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 19.)

**I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang** (1932)—One of the best social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. And there is one of the great closing scenes in the history of film: the hero is asked how he lives and he answers, "I steal." Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warners and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Helen Vinson, Preston Foster, Edward Ellis, Allen Jenkins, and Berton Churchill. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy, from an autobiographical story by Robert E. Burns. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 15.)

**In Cold Blood** (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted by Richard Brooks from the Capote original. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Film Forum; Jan. 17.)

**Ivanhoe** (1952)—What a ruckus! Everybody in twelfth-century England is fighting everybody else—lunging at one another with long lances while on horseback, or throwing rocks off the parapets of keeps, or raising and lowering drawbridges over moats and plunging shouting, screaming men into the water below. In between, barbecue pits are made ready for human roasts and stakes are erected for the purpose of burning beautiful young women. The Normans, who have pledged their allegiance to Prince John (Guy Rolfe), are at war with the Saxons, who are committed to Richard the Lion-Hearted (Norman Wooland), and the Saxon hero Wilfred of Ivanhoe (Robert Taylor) is trying to raise the ransom money to free Richard from his foreign captors. Ivanhoe is also attentive to the beautiful blond Rowena (Joan Fontaine) and to the dark, sensitive Jewish outcast Rebecca (Elizabeth Taylor). Elizabeth Taylor, just turned twenty, is so improbably beautiful

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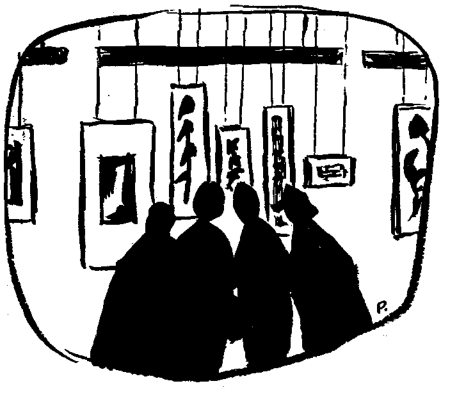
that Fontaine, ordinarily a great beauty in her own right, seems pallid and smarmy. The big clash between Ivanhoe and the villain (George Sanders) is unaccountably brutal—they go at each other with axes and heavy spiked balls attached to chains. No one could say this isn't a rousing movie. It's also romantic, big, commercial, and slick, in the M-G-M Technicolor grand manner. Directed by Richard Thorpe and made in England, it was shot by Fred A. Young (who was later to do "Lawrence of Arabia"). With Emlyn Williams, Finlay Currie, Felix Aylmer, Basil Sydney, Robert Douglas, Harold Warrender, Sebastian Cabot, and Valentine Dysall. Screenplay by Noel Langley; score by Miklos Rosza. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 15.)

**Knightriders** (1981)—George A. Romero wrote and directed this Arthurian wheeler: the motorcyclists wear medieval-looking helmets with plumes, and they joust on their bikes at the Renaissance tournaments that they stage. They're a travelling Camelot, with a king, Billy (Ed Harris), who administers a code that is supposed to keep them safe from the hucksterism of the outside world. Possibly, Romero had in mind both the big M-G-M "Ivanhoe" (see above) and Tom Laughlin's "Billy Jack" (1971), with its mystical man-of-action hero. The picture isn't offensive; it's simpleminded, though, inept, and long (2 hours and 26 minutes). Romero keeps his stunt men whirring by, crashing, flying through the air, but there's no kinetic drama in the hurtling bodies. Most of the time, we don't even see the weapons hit the riders and unseat them, and the way that the contests are photographed there's no physical grace in the bikers' athleticism. With Tom Savini as Morgan, Brother Blue as Merlin, Ken Hixon as Steve the lawyer, Warner Shook as Pippin, Amy Ingersoll as the queen, Gary Lahti as Alan (the Lancelot figure), Christine Forrest as the grease monkey, Patricia Tallman as the teen-age groupie, and the horror novelist Stephen King as a beer-swilling rube. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 18-19.)

**Laura** (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors; Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective; and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. (Speaking of Price, she says, "He's no good, but he's what I want. I'm not a nice person, neither is he. . . . We're both weak and can't seem to help it.") Produced and directed by Otto Preminger; adapted from the novel by Vera Caspary; script credited to Jay Dratler, Samuel Hoffenstein, and Betty Reinhardt—but it was Hoffenstein's work that saved it. With Dorothy Adams as Bessie. Music by David Raksin. (Thalia; Jan. 16.)

**Limelight** (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero, the old, impoverished English clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. The mediocrity of Calvero's stage routines may be the result of Chaplin's aiming at greatness. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden). In the darkened theatre after she has performed, he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. And is it because Chaplin didn't talk on screen until late in his career that he doesn't seem to have a dramatic instinct for language? (He talks high-mindedly and incessantly.) With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

**Lolita** (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy, adapted from Nabokov's novel. James Mason is the smiling, obsequious phony, Humbert Humbert, lover of little girls; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed. (Film Forum; Jan. 15-16. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; Jan. 21.)



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**Lovers and Thieves** (1957; "Assassins et Voleurs")—In the year he died, Sacha Guitry, who was seventy-two, made a couple of films. This sly detective comedy, which he wrote and then directed from a wheelchair, is one of them. The old master of casual, ironic wit had intended to play the leading role himself, but old age had at last caught up with him, and he appeared only in a bit part. In 1936, in Guitry's "The Story of a Cheat," the narrator provided a cynical and witty counterpoint to the action. (The technique was to become familiar to a later generation through the English comedy "Kind Hearts and Coronets.") This approach, to which Guitry returned in "Lovers and Thieves," permitted him to treat the film medium with nonchalant intimacy—there are freakish interruptions, changes of subject and pace. He teases the classic unities as well as the classic virtues: in his offhand way, he seems to say, "Look how easy it is to make a movie—one just begins and then improvises." He directed an extended romantic sequence that is one of the most impudent ever filmed: Magali Noel, the enchanting, stylish murder victim, loathes her husband so much that she and her lover make love all over Paris, so that everyone will know the husband is a cuckold. The lover, who is also the narrator (Jean Poiret), inadvertently commits a murder for which an innocent thief (Michel Serrault) is sent to prison. Conscience-stricken, the lover takes over the occupation of the thief. But all this is only the loose framework; Guitry makes a sortie into a great loony bin, provides an audacious painting theft, and stops everything while a mad beatnik (Darry Cowl) addresses a courtroom. It's a fresh, lovely movie. Clément Duhour helped on the directing. (Jean Poiret later wrote the play "La Cage aux Folles" and Michel Serrault appeared in it as the female impersonator, on the stage and in the movie.) In French. (Thalia; Jan. 17.)

**Maidstone** (1971)—As a movie director, Norman Mailer didn't have much to retrogress from, but he managed. To the degree that there is any hero involved in this sad enterprise, it is Rip Torn, who, perceiving that there was no movie unless *something* happened, attacked the star (and director) with a small hammer. (Thalia; Jan. 19.)

**Monsieur Verdoux** (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies. This private entrepreneur who charms rich widows and murders them for their money feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented in his pantomime bits than in the talky, antiwar passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as dubious, and even rather lame-brained. There are also static sentimental interludes about Verdoux's devotion to his virtuous wife (Mady Correll). The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. With Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, with Robert Florey and Wheeler Dryden as his assistant directors. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

**Murder, My Sweet** (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed, in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (The 1945 version is, however, much livelier than a 1975 remake that returned to Chandler's title, "Farewell, My Lovely;" it was directed by Dick Richards and stars Robert Mitchum as a Marlowe who keeps telling us what's going on, using embarrassingly ornate tough-guy phrases concocted by the scenarist, David Z. Goodman.) (Thalia; Jan. 16.)

**My Favorite Year** (1982)—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. Ravaged and liquefied as Swann is, he still has his feelers out—he's always aware of the impression he's making; even when Swann is drunk, he's acting a great actor drunk. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit; Benjamin is crazy about actors—not a bad start for a director. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne DeSalvo all have a crack at fresh material. In the tricky role of the youngest of the gag writers, Mark Linn-Baker is button-eyed and skinny—a snookums; it's an inventive performance but borderline ghastly. And Jessica Harper's scenes don't pan out. But over all it's a very funny picture. Also with Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Benedito, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 13-19. . . . ¶ Regency; Jan. 20-21.)

**Ordet** (1955)—Carl Dreyer made two emotionally overpowering great films—"The Passion of Joan of Arc" (see below) and "Day of Wrath"—and he also made the visually and conceptually daring "Vampyr." But "Ordet," which the world press greeted as his masterpiece, may be considered less than that. Kaj Munk, author of the play, was a Danish pastor, famed for such statements as "It is better that Denmark's relations with Germany should suffer than that her relations with Jesus Christ should suffer." In 1944, the Nazis shot him through the head and tossed him in a ditch. His play, written on the text "O ye of little faith," deals with a modern Resurrection, and Dreyer treats it with extreme literalness. Some of us may find it difficult to accept the holy-madman protagonist (driven insane by too close study of Kierkegaard!), and even more difficult to accept Dreyer's use of the protagonist's home as a stage set for numerous entrances and exits, and altogether impossible to get involved in the factional strife between bright, happy Christianity and dark, gloomy Christianity—represented as they are by people sitting around drinking vast quantities of coffee. In Danish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 18.)

**The Paradine Case** (1947)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Talky and stiff, the film never finds the passionate tone that it needs. The story (taken from a Robert Hichens novel) is about a barrister (Gregory Peck) who louses up a murder case because he falls in love with the defendant, his mysterious client Mrs. Paradine (Alida Valli). The judge is played by Charles Laughton, and Ethel Barrymore (looking very elegant) is the judge's sensitive, mistreated wife. Also with Ann Todd, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, Isabel Elsom, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. The script was pinned on Alma Reville, but probably her husband (Hitchcock) and James Bridie and Selznick himself also struggled with it. Cinematography by Lee Garmes; music by Franz Waxman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18.)

**The Passion of Joan of Arc** (1928)—One of the greatest of all movies. The director, Carl Dreyer, based the script on the trial records, and the testimony appears to be given for the first time. (Cocteau wrote that this film "seems like an historical document from an era in which the cinema didn't exist.") As the five gruelling cross-examinations follow each other, Dreyer turns the camera on the faces of Joan and the judges, and in giant closeups he reveals his interpretation of their emotions. In this enlargement, Joan and her persecutors are shockingly fleshly—isolated with their sweat, warts, spittle, and tears, and (as no one used makeup) with startlingly individual contours, features, and skin. No other film has so subtly linked eroticism with religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Silvain as Cauchon, Michel Simon, André Berley, Maurice Schutz, and the young Antonin Artaud—as Massieu he's the image of passionate idealism. The staging, and the cinematography by Rudolph Maté, are in a style that suggests the Stations of the Cross. The film is silent but as you often see the (French) words forming you may have the illusion that you've heard them. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 18.)

**Pauline at the Beach**—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 13-19.)

**The Petrified Forest** (1936)—Leslie Howard is all forehead as a world-weary, desiccated intellectual who arrives on foot at a gas station and Bar-B-Q in the Arizona desert; Bette Davis is an ardent, fresh American girl, eager for experience, who lives there with her grandfather (Charley Grapewin). For a guy who's supposed to be burnt out, Howard sure has a lot of talk in him, and it's fancy and poetic as all getout. ("All this evening I've had the feeling of destiny closing in," and so on.) There's no way to say this stuff without sounding affected, and every now and then Howard hits really embarrassing false notes—but who else could embody this Robert E. Sherwood literary conceit and do it as well? Davis, surprisingly, plays her part very simply and doesn't overdo it. In a jumper with a white blouse, wearing bobbysox and a ribbon in her hair, she's very appealing, and she says her lines as if for the first time—she's almost the only one in the cast (except for Grapewin) who does. The movie is famous for Humphrey Bogart's "dangerous" performance as Duke Mantee, the gangster who is using the Bar-B-Q to rendezvous with his moll and the members of his mob, and who, out of mercy, gives the exhausted, idealistic intellectual the peace of death that he seeks. Bogart does look great, but you feel that his performance was worked out for the stage (he had played the part on Broadway). His moves are almost stylized from repetition, and he gives some of his lines overstated, overscaled readings—particularly his laugh lines, when this public enemy expresses conventional moral sentiments by reprimanding the intellectual for talking to an old man without sufficient respect. As moviemaking, this is a pedestrian piece of work; the director, Archie Mayo, gives you the feeling that he has even retained the stage blocking. Every move seems rehearsed, and the Sherwood play loses its stage vitality without losing its talkiness. But the actors in minor roles are a considerable asset, and there's a tense exchange between a black mobster and a black chauffeur. The cast includes Genevieve Tobin, Joe Sawyer, Porter Hall, Dick Foran, Slim Thompson, Eddie Acuff, Paul Harvey, John Alexander, Adrian Morris, and Nina Campana. Adapted by Charles Kenyon and Delmer Daves. This melodrama spawned a whole genre of imitations (such as "When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder") and was also remade in 1945 as "Escape in the Desert." (Metro Cinema; Jan. 15.)

**Return of the Jedi**—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Jan. 12.)

**The Right Stuff**—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Beekman, and Criterion Theatres.)

**Risky Business**—At seventeen, the high-schoolboy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous softcore porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materalistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

**The Road Warrior** (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max" and known as "Mad Max 2" in other countries, is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres: George Miller, who directed, may have been content to make an openly sophomoric bash in "Mad Max"—it was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon—but this time he's in the mythmaking business. The film is one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. There are perhaps ten minutes of spectacular imagery, and if you think of George Miller as one of the kinetic moviemakers, such as John Carpenter and George A. Romero, he's a giant, but he's pushing for more and he apparently doesn't see the limitations of the kind of material he's working with. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence as the stork-legged aviator and Vernon Wells as Wez; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, and Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 12.)

**Scarface**—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Gemini, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

**Silkwood**—An absorbing but cloudy and un-

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focussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film raises suspicions of many kinds of nuclear-age foul play; it's permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep tousles her shag-cut brown hair, chews gum, and talks with an unusual twang; she eyes a man, her head at an angle. She has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but something is not quite right. She has no natural vitality; she's like a replicant—all shtick. Her performance is muted, and Nichols, whose work here is erratic, soft-pedals everything around her. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. It's a wan, weak role. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gives the movie some inside, vulgar life; she gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. Some scenes appear to relate to passages that have been cut, and the end is chopped short. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

**Stardust Memories** (1980)—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white, that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust, a resort on the New Jersey seashore, to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't feel like it, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsized thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good, either. Everything in it turns uncomfortable, morose, icky. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, Jessica Harper, and, as Sandy's sister, Anne DeSalvo. (Cinema Village; Jan. 15-17.)

**Star 80**—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Cinema I.)

**Tender Mercies**—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptised at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director, Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel–gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Cinema 3.)

**Terms of Endearment**—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**The Third Man** (1950)—The most famous collaboration of the director Carol Reed and the screenwriter Graham Greene has the structure of a good suspense thriller and an atmosphere of baroque, macabre decadence. The simple American, Joseph Cotten, arrives in postwar Vienna to meet an old friend, only to be told that the friend has been killed in an accident. In trying to discover the facts, Cotten learns so much about his friend that when he finally finds him alive, he wants him dead. Orson Welles' portrait of the friend, Harry Lime, is a study of corruption—evil, witty, unreachable—balanced against Trevor Howard's quietly elegant underplaying of the Army officer who teaches the American some of the uglier facts of life. There is an ambiguity about our relation to the Cotten character; he is alone against the forces of the city and, in a final devastating stroke, he is even robbed of the illusion that the girl (Alida Valli) is interested in him, yet his illusions are so commonplace that his disillusion does not strike us deeply. Greene has made him a shallow, ineffectual, well-meaning American. Robert Krasker's cinematography won the Academy Award. The zither music is by Anton Karas. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 20-21.)

**The Three Musketeers** (1948)—In grinning, leaping homage to Douglas Fairbanks, Gene Kelly plunges his sword into dozens of extras, vaults onto more horses than there are in a rodeo, swings from assorted drapes and chandeliers, and hops about seventeenth-century rooftops. His D'Artagnan veers between romance and burlesque, but is always enjoyable. However, the lavish M-G-M production is a heavy, roughhousing mess. As Lady de Winter, Lana Turner sounds like a drive-in waitress exchanging quips with hot-rodders, and, as Richelieu, Vincent Price might be an especially crooked used-car dealer. (The studio didn't want to offend anyone, so this Richelieu doesn't wear clerical trappings, and is never addressed by his ecclesiastical title.) Angela Lansbury wears the crown of France as if she'd won it in a milking contest at a county fair, and, as Lady Constance, June Allyson looks like a little girl done up in Mama's clothes. Kelly's amorous grapplings don't seem as strenuous as they actually were: he threw Lana Turner on her bed so hard that she fell off it and broke her elbow. He should have thrown the director, George Sidney, and the costume designer, Walter Plunkett, who swaddled the performers. Among them are Van Heflin, Gig Young, Frank Morgan, Keenan Wynn, John Sutton, Ian Keith, Patricia Medina, Robert Coote, and Reginald Owen. Produced by Pandro S. Berman, from Robert Ardrey's script. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 15.)

**To Be or Not to Be**—This remake of Ernst Lubitsch's 1942 picture about a Polish theatre troupe that outwits Nazi officialdom is a mild farce—benign but not really very funny. The roles once played by Jack Benny and Carole Lombard—the husband and wife who run the theatre and are its stars—are now filled by Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft. With her thick, dark curly hair cut short, pencil-line thirties eyebrows, a broad, lascivious smile, and her body jiggling in silver lamé, she's friendly and sexy, and she seems more at ease in the general silliness than Brooks does. He rushes around in one disguise after another, pretending to be a whole series of Nazis; he never cuts loose. The tall, dazed Christopher Lloyd has a good moment or two, and Charles Durning (as a Nazi colonel) keeps his energy up high enough to give the picture a boost. Others in the cast include José Ferrer, Jack Riley, Tim Matheson, George Gaynes, and, in a new subplot, James Haake as a fey homosexual. Directed by Alan Johnson, who doesn't seize his opportunities to work up a head of steam; the film's high spot is its opening number—"Sweet Georgia Brown," sung in Polish. The semi-new script is by Thomas Meehan and Ronny Graham. (1/9/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

**Yentl**—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld.)

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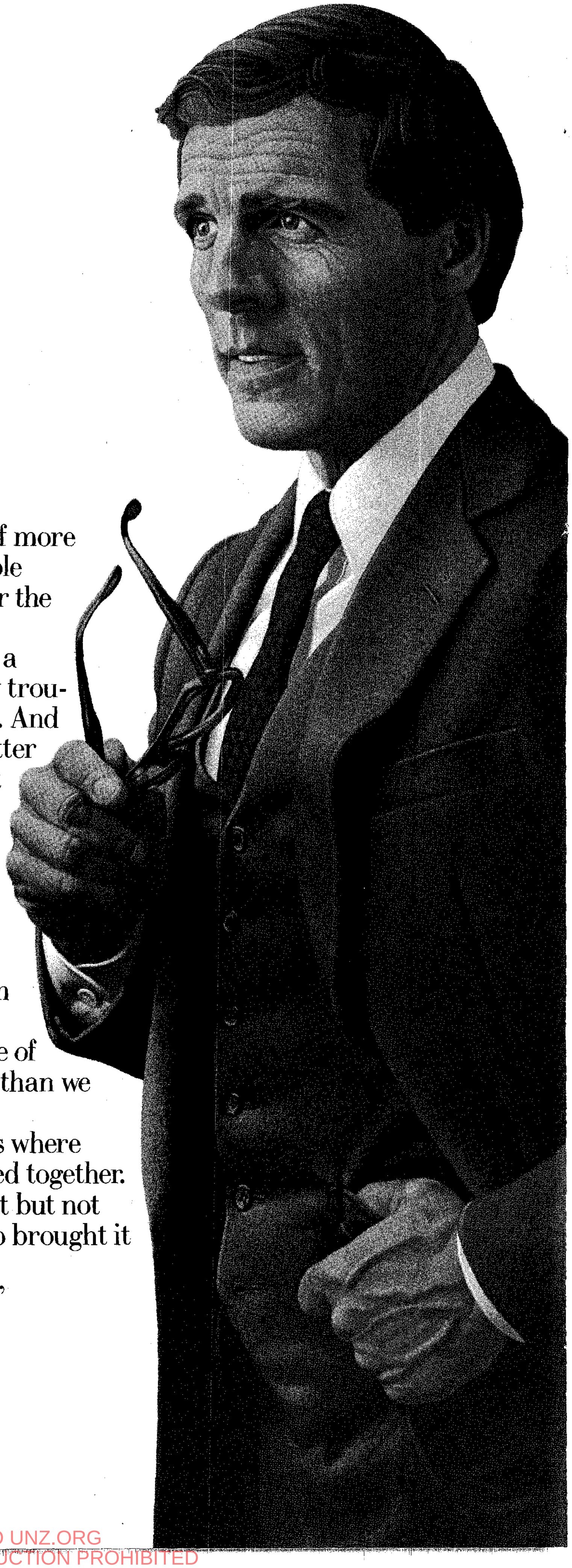

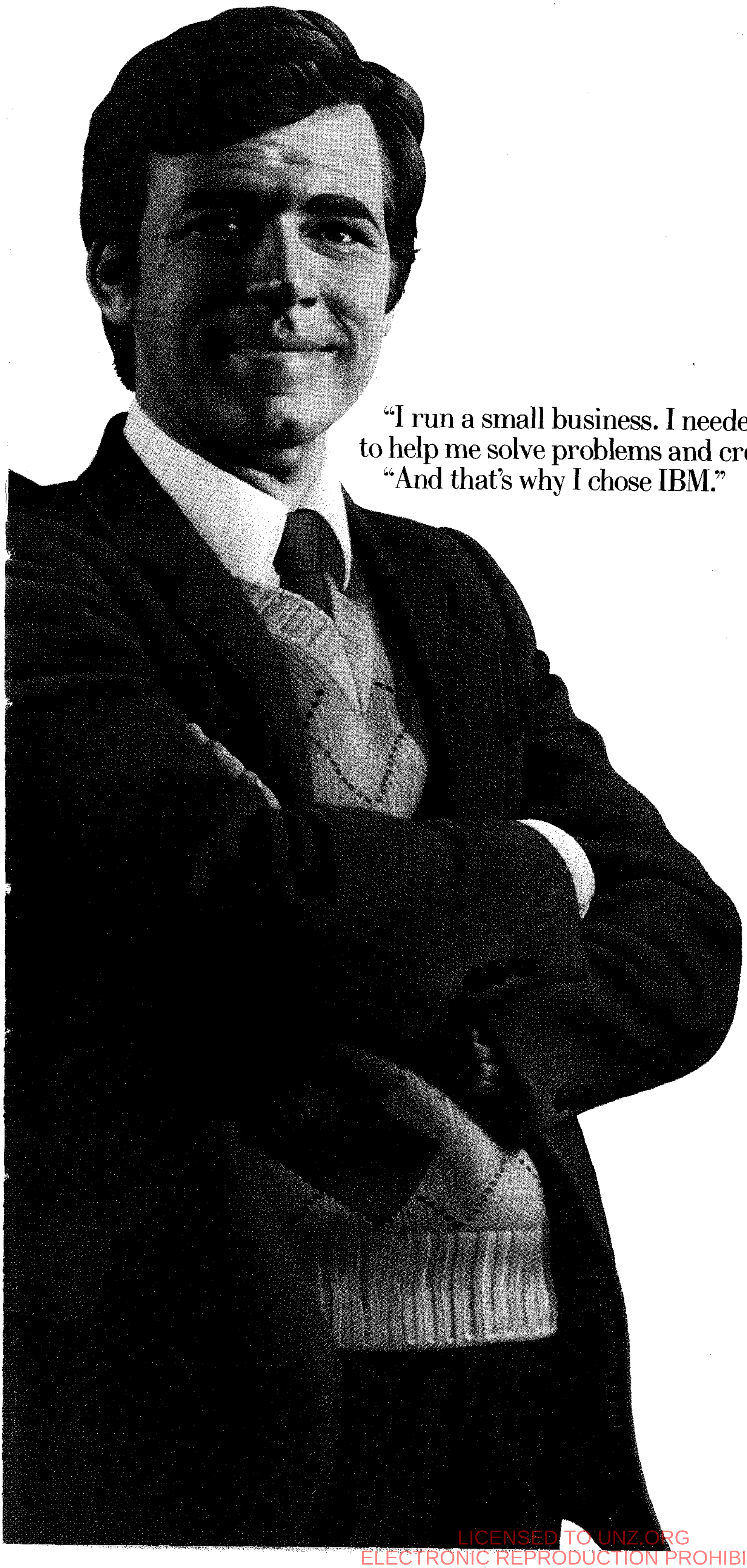

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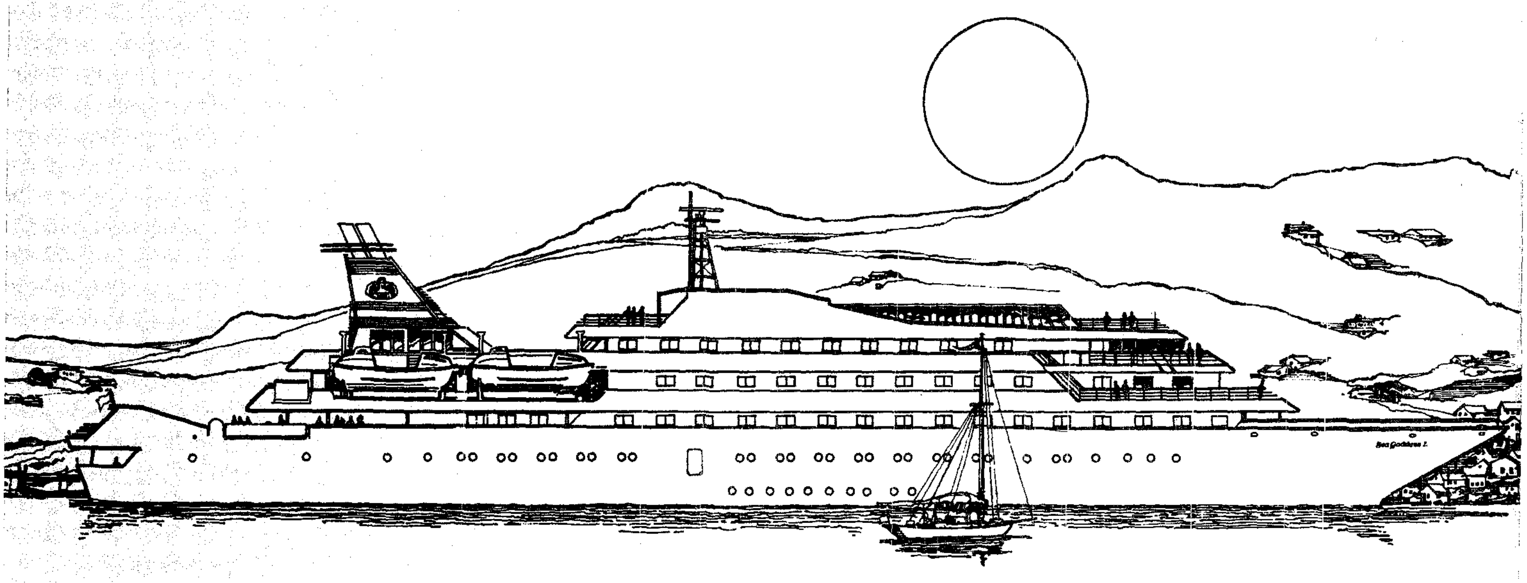

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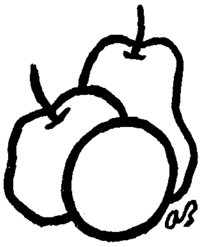
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

ONE can watch TV day and night for an entire year (one can but one shouldn't) and never see anything else as naked and revealing as the Academy Awards ceremony. The producers of that telecast, commanding, as they do, the ripest fruits of our technological revolution, can show simultaneously the faces of all five nominees for each statuette as the envelope is being opened and the victor announced. The winner, predictably, explodes in the ecstasies so familiar to devotees of the late lamented "Let's Make a Deal." True voyeurs, though, should stare at the faces of the losers, who struggle to hold their unflinching grins, all the while applauding as if possessed. And then they turn to their escorts (if it's the award for Best Actress) and nod vigorously, as if to say, "Meryl really deserved it. I knew she would get it. She was wonderful." When Jesse Jackson was bringing home the Navy flier he helped free from Syria, the happy reactions of White House officials had a little of that flavor. Even a President who himself attended the Academy Awards in the years before the split screen was devised knew that it would not do to pout. And certainly everyone in the Administration was sincerely, humanly happy to see Lieutenant Goodman get safely home. But Jackson *had* succeeded where Reagan, and the State Department, failed.



Worse for the Administration than Jackson's success was his method. Taking advantage of his freedom to ignore the channels of diplomacy, and taking advantage also of Reagan's, and the State Department's, choosing not to stand in his way, he just went and talked to somebody. Even allowing for all the differences in responsibility, accountability, and formal encumbrance, or lack of encumbrance—allowing for the difference between a personal mission and "diplomacy"—the action pointed up the curious strategy pursued by our government for the last three years. We seem not to want to talk seriously to anybody. It is often remarked that politics is the art of compromise; ideological fierceness, by contrast, is the art of never compromising. One can commend this second art for its innate boldness and stylish simplicity, but it is not very pretty—especially since in place of red paint it daubs on blood. The Administration's approach to Nicaragua, for instance, is a masterpiece of this school. Even if one accepts the thesis that the Sandinista government is bad news, a Latin gulag busy exporting revolution, there are still two ways of dealing with it. One is to talk, to dicker. This is not a wimpy, left-wing notion; it is what was once called diplomacy, and our government has engaged in it, with mixed results, since the birth of the Republic, and often with foes far nastier than the Sandinistas. The other way is to threaten to train all our military and economic force on the country, hoping that that will prove pressure enough to reshape it more to our liking. This is what we have done with Nicaragua—this and more. Our government has created and armed a military machine that kills Nicaraguans every day, sabotages their coffee crop and their oil reserves, and undercuts their government. This is also a tried-and-true method. The novel contribution of the Reagan Administration is to take what was a tactic and make it into an ideological crusade without diplomatic goals. When Nicaragua, perhaps because of the Reagan pressure or perhaps because of a commitment to democracy, announced a series of reforms this fall, Reagan and his men announced themselves mildly encouraged but not nearly pleased enough to cease encouraging the contras. They adopted a "wait and see" attitude, and said they were watching for evidence of genuine and sincere penitence; indeed, they seemed to say, now was hardly the time to call off the dogs, just when the pressure was working. That sort of approach has no logical boundary; the next set of reforms will doubtless be met with demands for yet more changes. And Nicaragua is not the only example: in Grenada and El Salvador, and, by implication, in all other potentially troubled spots, we have announced that there will be no compromise. When Lieutenant Goodman was safely on the plane and the initial round of congratulations was out of the way, "a senior White House official" told reporters, "Nobody is overly optimistic about the Syrians' being willing to play the good guys." Reagan's press spokesman termed the release a "gesture" and added that if it were sincere "a gesture of peace would be backed up by deeds"—in this case, by Syria's agreeing to toe the American line in Lebanon. Perhaps the President will follow Jackson's lead; a few days after Goodman's release the President did send a note to President Hafez Assad, of Syria, indicating a willingness to talk peace, and some shifting of positions seems to be taking place. If this proves to be the case, it will be a happy day, for in the last three years, with one country after another, Reagan has behaved like the tourist in the foreign bazaar who insists on haggling down the price of his trinkets. And Reagan is not just haggling till he's cut the price in half—he wants his souvenirs *free*. At some point, the friendly native tells him to get lost, and then Reagan feels compelled to resort to a well-known method of obtaining goods and services at no cost, which is to wave a revolver. If the threat doesn't work, the trigger will.

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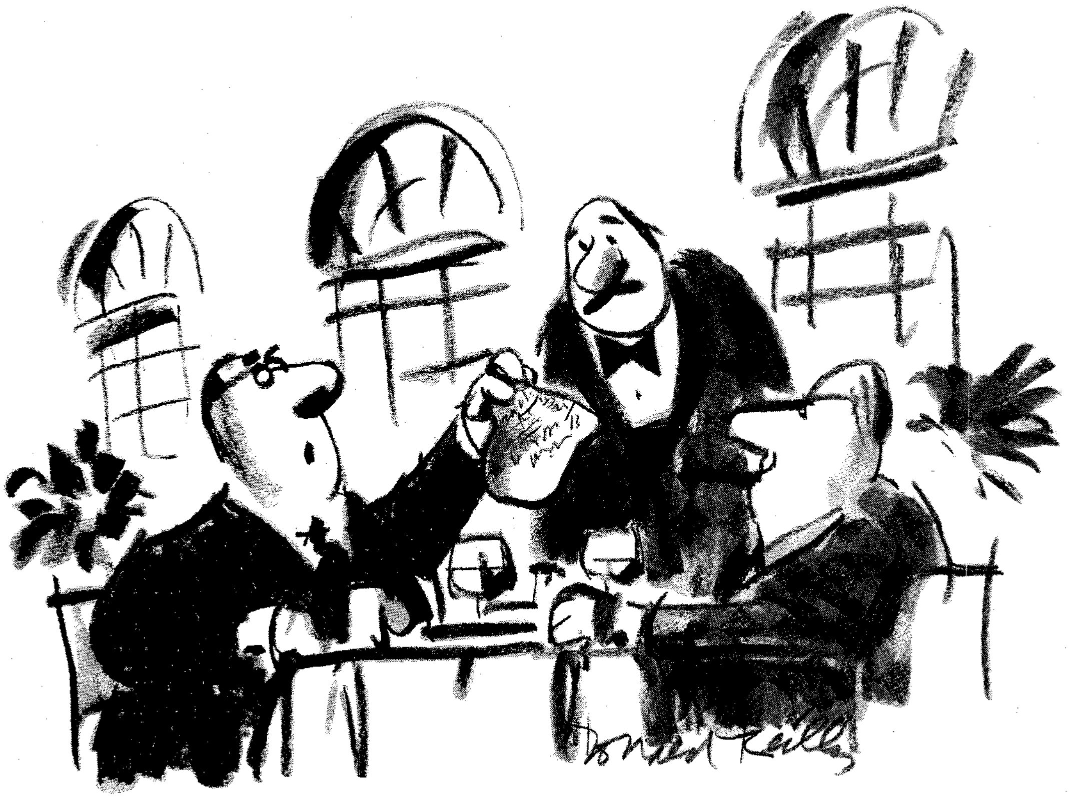
WHEN human beings are in a contemplative mood, they generally seek out a quiet place, where a newborn idea can get up on its feet and take a few trial steps without fear of being run over by a taxi. But there we were in the middle of Times Square the other night, with hundreds of thousands of other people, contemplating. We were contemplating the past, the future, and an apple that would soon be sliding down a pole to announce the arrival of the new year. We stared at the apple for the longest time, wondering what it contained. All the events, personages, and trends of 1984, perhaps, scrunched up in chronological order, waiting to march forth and do the duty allotted them by destiny? Or a mere tangle of wires and filaments? We wondered, also, what resolution we could possibly make that would be adequate to the perils and temptations of the New Year but within our ability to keep. Then our eyes—and our thoughts—wandered over some of the marquees, billboards, and neon signs that make Times Square Times Square: the most changeable of urban places, subject like no other to the influence of the passing fancy and the quick buck. And lately the changes have been coming faster than ever. None of the mighty billboards that look down this season on the concrete clearing where Broadway and Seventh Avenue meet have been around for anything like as long as the now vanished Camel sign, which puffed its way into our affections years ago. But as we scanned the rooftops we could not help noticing a certain pattern in the names we saw there: Minolta, Fuji, Canon, Aiwa, Sony, Panasonic, Ricoh, Toshiba. Except for the choice of alphabet, we might have been in downtown Tokyo. The Japanese have taken over Times Square, and their conquest is proclaimed in such colossal letters and glaring colors—the Fuji people have installed a hypnotic, on-again, off-again wall of brilliant green to command our attention to the "official film of 1984 Olympic Games"—that even the most xenophilous among us may feel a twinge of alarm. Where was Kodak, we'd like to know, when Fuji got that Olympic gig?

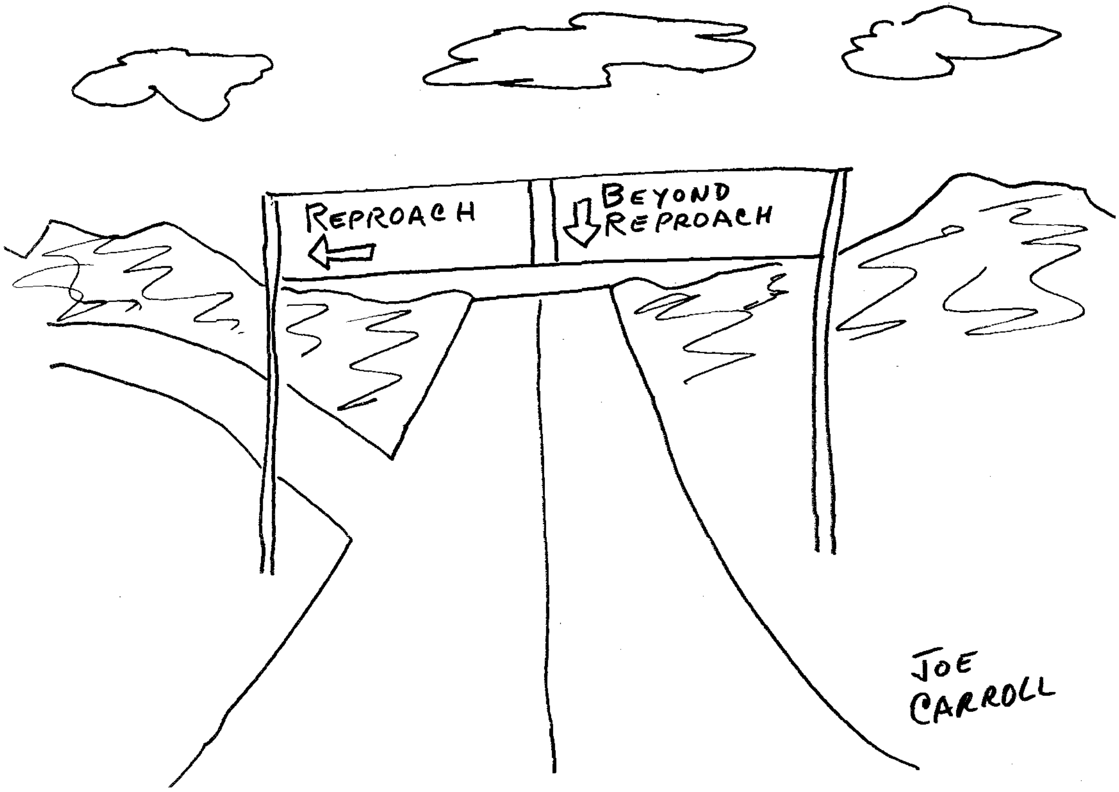
Visions of laid-off auto workers and steel workers filled our head, and we began preparing a resolution to "buy American." But the apple had yet to begin its descent, and while we waited we had second thoughts. It would be a tricky business. Brand names certainly couldn't be counted on—not with R.C.A. and General Electric commissioning products from Hitachi and Matsushita. And should we enforce our vow retroactively, combing the closet and the desk for every foreign-made sock or ballpoint pen, and casting it out of the house? Anyway, we reflected, by what right do we place a higher value on the livelihood of those who speak the same language and sing the same national anthem we do than on the livelihood of the Japanese, the Koreans, the Brazilians, and all the other peoples who have lately begun to send their finished goods across the oceans? We Americans can hardly have expected to enjoy forever the extraordinary position in which we found ourselves after the Second World War. If we have to yield up some of our privileges, shouldn't we do so gracefully rather than grudgingly? And if we are to become a less conspicuous and less dominant member of the world community, won't some countries, inevitably, wind up selling us more than we sell them? And, if so, why not Japan?

The Japanese, like Manhattanites, are islanders, who use up far more in the way of energy than they produce, but they have found a way to stay afloat. We—the United States, that is—helped them find that way. We gave them money, a constitution, and a number of very good ideas. Most important, perhaps, we relieved them of their weapons and, to a great extent, of the burden of making weapons—surely one of the biggest favors that any nation has ever done another in the history of the world. If you now stand anywhere on the archipelago of traffic islands which stretches from Forty-third Street to Forty-seventh Street and gaze upward, you will see powerful evidence that the Japanese have not forgotten the source of all this largesse. It is only because they know us so well that they can supply us so well, and although their slavish study of American culture can be dismissed as a calculated business policy we suspect that it has also been an affair of the heart. If the Commerce Department kept balance-of-trade sta-



*"Waiter, please have this napkin Xeroxed and notarized."*

tistics for intangible things like sports and ways of dressing, we suspect that the United States would emerge, even now, with an overwhelming surplus in its dealings with almost every country on the planet, and that Japan would rank among the most overwhelmed countries of all. There has been a lot of talk in the last few years about the need for American businesses to try the techniques of Japan's success—coöperative management, better quality control, more attention to the long term, more emphasis on education, and so forth. We ourself don't dispute the wisdom of any of this advice, but it struck us, standing in Times Square on New Year's Eve, that the Japanese may have another lesson to offer—a lesson that is far more timely. Losing a war and being an island nation seem to have encouraged in them a certain humility and curiosity about the rest of the world which have proved to be as advantageous as they are admirable.



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## *Incident at the Thalia*

WE slipped out of the office at lunchtime the other day and made our way to the Thalia Theatre, on West Ninety-fifth Street, for the opening of the Thalia's Katsu retrospective. This event had been described in the theatre's fall program as being "a mini-series within our weekly Japanese series" and as featuring "eleven films starring Shintaro Katsu—in his best-known role as the scruffy blind super-samurai Zatoichi and other action-packed movies that have made him one of Japan's most popular stars."

The film that opened the series, "The Devil's Temple," was certainly action-packed. It had been made in 1969 and was set in ancient times, during a period when rival emperors in separate capitals struggled for control of the country, causing people to flee from the fighting in the cities. "The Devil's Temple" has only four characters: a warrior turned bandit, who is an incredibly fierce fellow—played, of course, by Katsu—and has taken refuge in an abandoned temple; his girlfriend, a stunningly attractive and self-assured former dancer, who is there with him; his long-suffering wife, who comes to the temple in the hope of taking her husband back to Kyoto; and a high priest from a temple on the mountain. From the moment the wife arrives, she is rebuffed by her husband and ridiculed by the former dancer, but she stays on. They are cruel to her, but she perseveres. She is heartened by the appearance of the high priest, thinking that he will help her husband to see the light. But he, it seems, is a former nobleman who, years before, discovered earthly desires in the company of this same former dancer. The warrior is fearful of the priest's supernatural powers, but his girlfriend tells him not to worry—she knows how to keep the priest in his place. And then, as the wife serves her husband his favorite meal in another room of the temple (he is in a rage, as usual), the former dancer tempts the priest. She is supremely confident, and beads of sweat break out on the tormented priest's brow.

Suddenly, the film stopped and the houselights went on. Had the film broken? Were the reels being changed? Two young theatre employees, each wearing a Thalia T-shirt, walked slowly through the audience, as if looking for someone they knew. Then one of the employees said in a loud voice, "Folks, I'm sorry. We don't have the last ten minutes of the film. This is all the distributor sent us."

A man in the third row stood up and said, as if he were beginning a speech, "Sir, am I given to understand that your distributor did not check the film before sending it to you? And that you, too, failed to—"

The theatre employee interrupted. "I'm terribly sorry, sir. This movie hasn't been shown in this country for at least two years, and there is no other print available. However, I have located someone in the audience who once saw the film and will tell us how it ends." He nodded to a young man in the smoking section, who seemed a trifle embarrassed at being the center of attention.

"I haven't seen it in a long time," the young man said, without standing, "but I remember that it has a happy ending."

"For *whom*, may I ask?" demanded the man in the third row. "For the wife, perhaps, or for the dancer?"

"For the wife," the young man said. "She gets him back."

Someone else shouted, "What about the priest? What happens to him?"

The young man said, "I am afraid he is a priest no more."

As the next feature, "Gate of Hell,"

began, the two theatre employees made their way through the audience again, handing out passes to a future performance. When they offered one to us, we said, "No, thanks. It's all right," and left to catch the subway downtown.

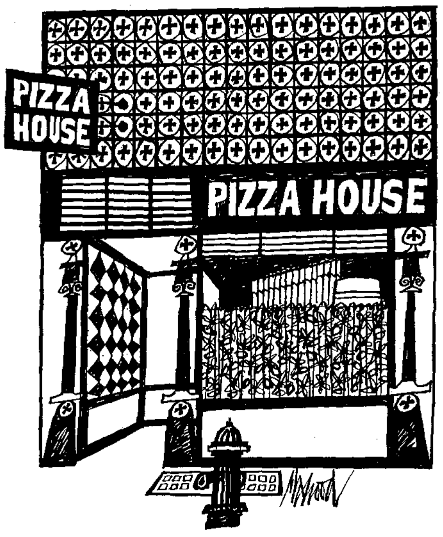
## *A Different Time*

HAVING been put off by the total crush of the Manet show at the Met, where one could hardly get enough oxygen to breathe, let alone room to see the pictures, we didn't get to the Wildenstein Gallery's loan exhibition concerned with *La Revue Blanche* until shortly before it closed, at the end of the year. We would like to have gone again and again. *La Revue Blanche* was an art and literary magazine published in Paris between 1891 and 1903 by three brothers—Alfred, Thadée, and Alexandre Natanson. They were young, they were adventurous, they had money, and they had taste. *La Revue Blanche* was not a luxury periodical; its illustrations consisted mainly of drawings. Thadée was married at the time to a young Polish woman, a talented pianist, who had studied with the composer Gabriel Fauré: Misia Godebska, better remembered today as Misia Sert. (José-Maria Sert, the painter of gigantic murals, became her third husband. Her second was the financier Alfred Edwards.) She was known simply as Misia. The painters painted her and the writers wrote about her. She became the muse of *La Revue Blanche*.

In 1893, the flighty young Proust, the "little Marcel" of the salons, who nobody thought would amount to much, and who had started a small review with several friends, merged it with *La Revue Blanche*. He contributed a critique of obscurantism, and also fragments and what he called *études*, which were later incorporated into his first book, "The Pleasures and the Days." The brilliant young Léon Blum (who in 1936 became France's first Socialist Premier) was the literary critic for *La Revue Blanche* from 1896 until 1900, when the novelist André Gide replaced him. At about the same time, and for almost a year, Claude Debussy wrote about music for the review. He was a gifted critic—frank, independent, and very funny. He wrote under the pseudonym Monsieur Croche (Mr. Quaver). The poet Stéphane Mallarmé, who wrote with great difficulty, gave the review a poem as early as 1892, and followed it with other poems and some prose pieces. Guillaume Apollinaire, the poet who later became a champion of Cubism, published several stories there. The review was a success throughout its lifetime, but, little by little, the Natansons' interest in it waned; its finances had always been casually handled, and the brothers lost money steadily until, all of a sudden, they decided to liquidate it.

The four artists most closely associated with *La Revue Blanche* were Bonnard, Toulouse-Lautrec, the Swiss Vallotton, and Vuillard. Others, such as Renoir, were involved through friendship with the Natansons. Still others were strongly defended in its pages: Pissarro, Gauguin (his "Noa-Noa," a Tahitian memoir in the form of a journal, was originally published in the review), Cézanne, Redon, Sérusier, and Picasso. The Wildenstein exhibit showed them all (except Renoir), and several others who painted during the time of *La Revue Blanche*. We saw an exquisite Cézanne still-life of an apple, a lemon, a pear, and a pomegranate. We saw visionary Redons ("La Pensée" as a black-winged female nude perched on a rock against a crimson sky). We saw lovely Seurats and a solitary Pissarro, warmly lit interiors by Vuillard, Toulouse-Lautrec's "Tristan Bernard au Vélodrôme Buffalo," and four early Picassos. The exhibition was conceived, organized, and catalogued by Georges Bernier. Joyce Hartke, who is the coördinator of exhibits at Wildenstein's, joined us for a moment in front of a four-panel screen by Bonnard.

"It's a lithograph," Mrs. Hartke said. "It was the only screen we could find that was still in good condition. Isn't this a lovely show? People come in asking, 'What is *La Revue Blanche*?' They've never heard of it. Such a pity."



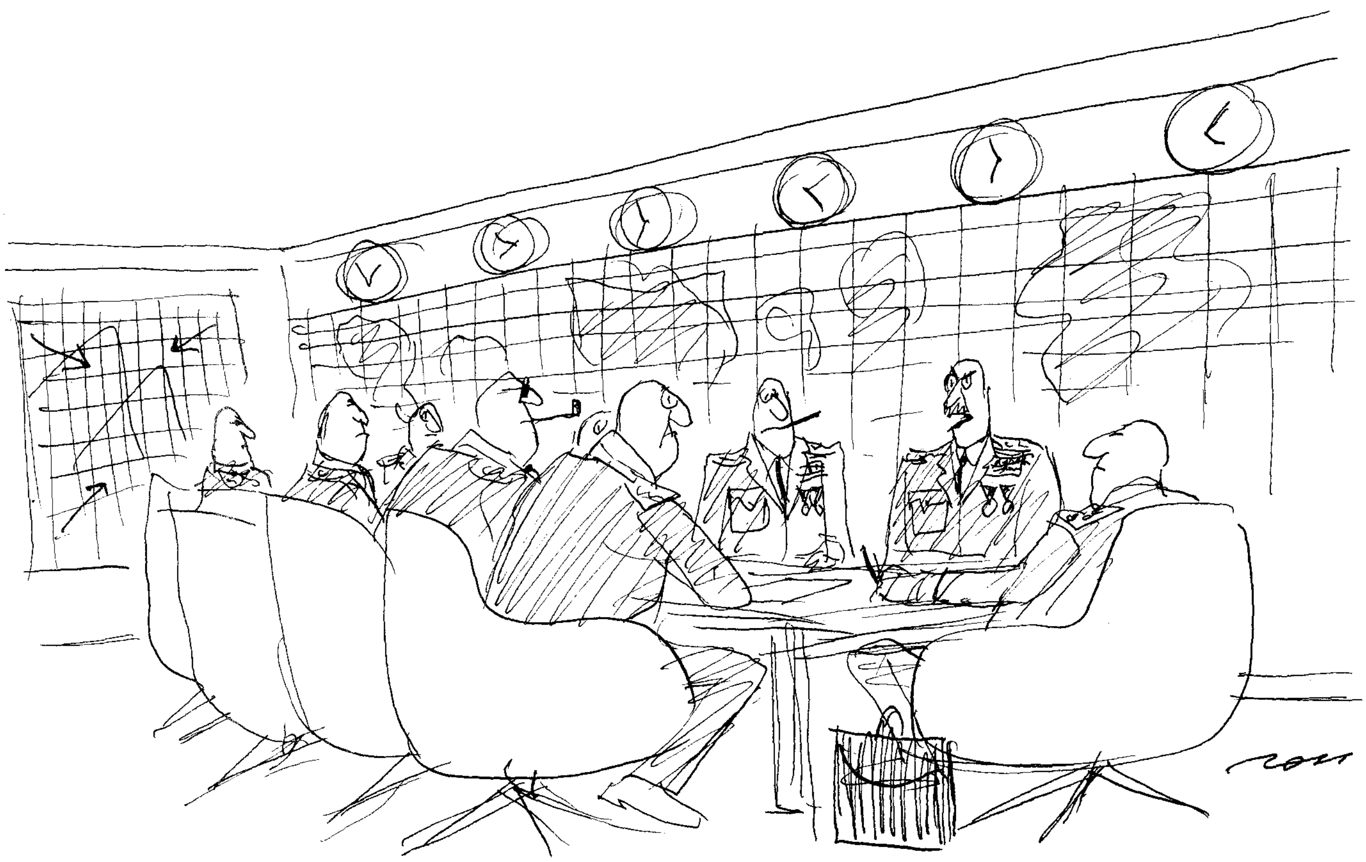
As we were thinking of Misia, and of how once, while decorating her apartment, she cut the straight edges of a Bonnard frieze into scalloped shapes, Mrs. Hartke asked, "Do you by any chance know Fizdale and Gold, the duo pianists, who wrote Misia's biography?"

We said that indeed we did.

What we gathered from seeing both the Manet show and the show at the Wildenstein was that just about all the artists of that period—painters, writers, musicians—had been held together by an extraordinarily taut and complicated web of intimacy. Manet painted Berthe Morisot again and again. Not only was she married to his brother but she was a marvellous painter, and a beauty as well. Manet painted the luscious Méry Laurent, a small-time actress and big-time courtesan, who was his mistress. Later, she had a long liaison with Mallarmé. Later still, the flighty young Proust pursued her in the salons, much to Mallarmé's annoyance. And Manet painted a beautiful and very touching portrait of Mallarmé, with his walrus mustache. Vuillard and Bonnard shared a close and cloudless friendship that began in their student days and lasted until Vuillard's death, in 1940. Vuillard painted Bonnard at his easel. He painted Thadée and Misia in their pattern-on-pattern drawing room—"Le Salon aux Trois Lampes." Vuillard painted Vallotton; Vallotton painted Thadée. And everybody painted Misia at her piano. And Misia played for Mallarmé. He said that she inspired him.

After we left Wildenstein's, we thought of a photograph we had seen there. It was taken by Degas in 1896, and showed Mallarmé and Paule Gobillard sitting under a Manet. Paule Gobillard was a niece of Berthe Morisot's. When Paule and her two sisters were orphaned, they came to live with their aunt in her house on the Rue de Villejust—now Rue Paul Valéry. Valéry, a poet and diplomat, married Paule's sister Jeanne and settled in that house, which still belongs to their family.

We thought of Mallarmé. During the day, he taught English in a lycée. His Tuesday evenings came into their own with the publication of *La Revue Blanche*. His apartment, on the Rue de Rome, was small, but everybody went there. The poet Paul Verlaine. Valéry. Gide. The playwright and diplomat Paul Claudel. Debussy was there. So were the painters Whistler, Munch,



*"I, on the other hand, find it frustrating that we have more missiles than we know what to do with."*

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Redon, Gauguin, Vuillard. On Mallarmé's walls hung a Manet, a Whistler portrait of Mallarmé's daughter, a Berthe Morisot of the little boat he kept at Valvins, near Fontainebleau, and a Monet of which Mallarmé said, "I must have picked a good one, for when I pointed at it he blanched."

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WE thought of Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale. They play the piano like angels, write beautifully about Misia, are wonderful to talk to, and cook formidably besides. We called them up and said we felt like talking about *La Revue Blanche*. They invited us over. We hopped on the Hampton Jitney and disembarked two hours later, stumbling in a foot of snow, at the kitchen doorstep of their house, a lovely old one on Flying Point Road, in Water Mill.

Soon we were sitting across from Arthur Gold at their kitchen table, by a window that revealed the snow-swept scene. Robert Fizdale was at the stove, making lunch.

"I have some aged Parmesan," Fizdale said. "Do you like your omelette *baveuse?*"

We ate it with *pain grillé*, and afterward drank tea and talked.

"There was a spirit of intimacy about the group," Gold said. "Thadée was the real hero of *La Revue Blanche*. He and Misia had actually bought the paintings that hung on their walls. Misia was conscious of the French, the very French, concept of *le petit-maître*. Vuillard and Bonnard were at once great painters and *petits-maîtres*. Lucien Guitry—you know, Guitry the actor—gave his son Sacha a movie camera for his seventeenth birthday, and Sacha asked all his father's friends to pose, and they all accepted except Degas. So Sacha hid in a doorway and photographed Degas walking down the street. The film still exists."

Fizdale said, "It was an uncommercial period. Renoir painted Misia while she was married to Edwards, and when he finished the portrait Misia sent him a note with a blank check and told Renoir to fill it in. 'Remember that I'm a very rich woman,' she wrote. Renoir filled in a rather modest sum, and when Misia reprimanded him he said that no painting by a living artist was worth more."

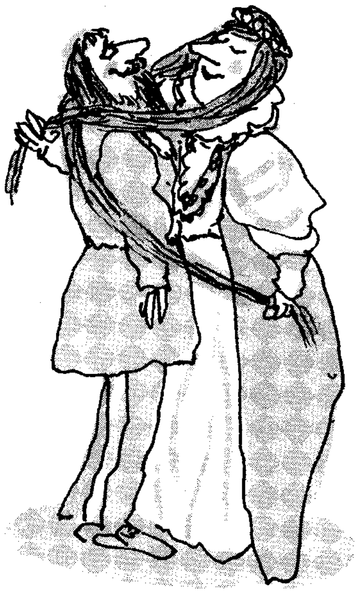
"They all lived for art," Gold said. "They did work *for* each other. And they all spent their summers in Valvins. Thadée and Misia went there because of Mallarmé. He was two doors down. Redon was across the river. The scale in Valvins is so intimate. Thadée and Misia's house is *tiny*. Vuillard and Bonnard must have slept upstairs, on the floor. There just wasn't any room."

"The atmosphere must have been steamy—intense and emotional," Gold said. "Lautrec and his cousin came. They were all so young. And in love with Misia."

Fizdale said, "Thadée and Misia were a couple of rich kids. Vuillard and Bonnard were poor, but they had ambition—*real* ambition. They wanted their work recognized. Bonnard wrote hundreds of letters to Misia. We discovered their existence only recently."

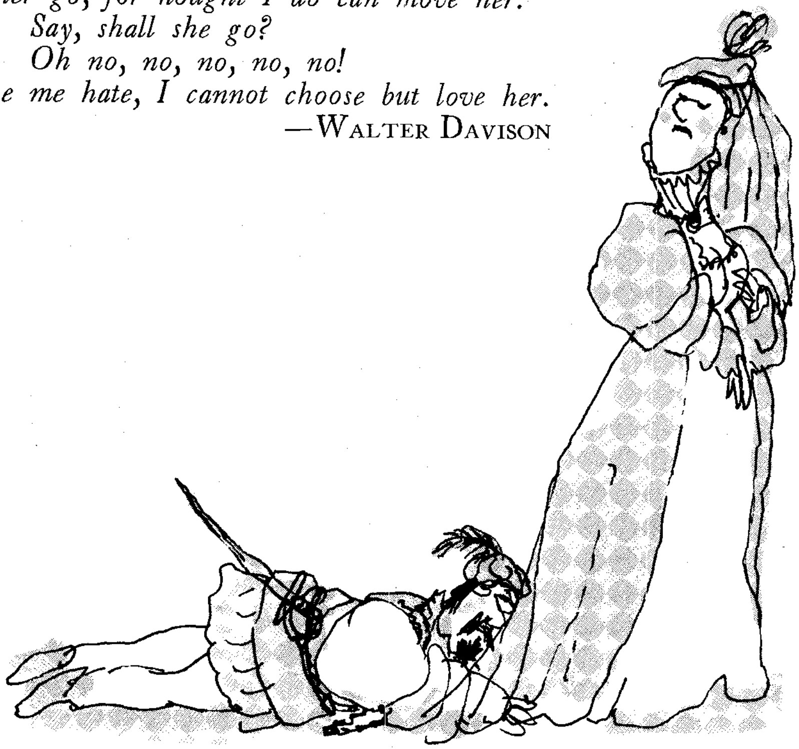
Gold said, "Mallarmé wrote the most wonderful letters. So simple. He writes about food—you know, English biscuits—and at the end of a summer he says, 'At last, the country has reverted to its natural inhabitants.' They all knew that larger is less. It was a different time. Tender intimacy was the ruling factor."

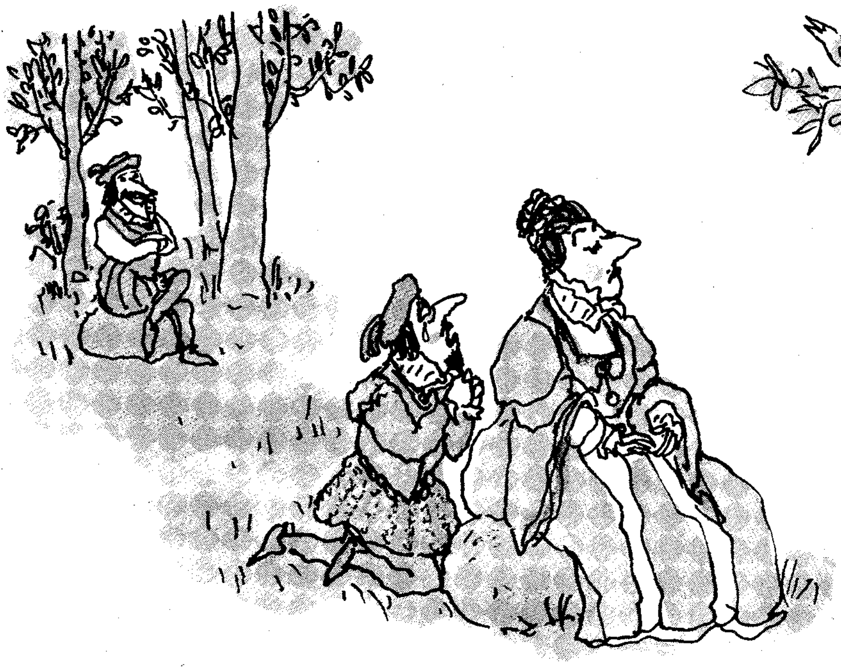
# ELIZABETHAN LOVE



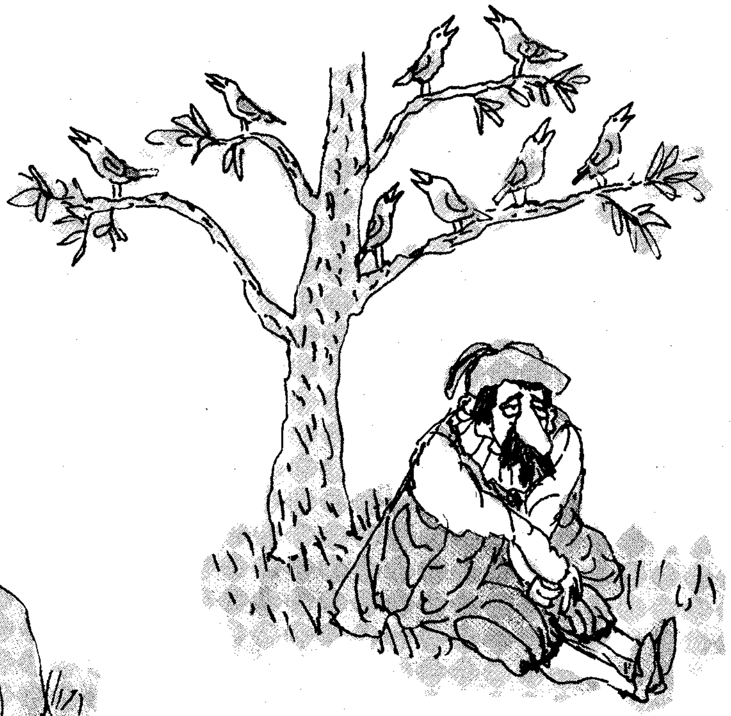
*Have I found her? O rich finding!*
*Goddess-like for to behold,*
*Her fair tresses seemly binding*
*In a chain of pearl and gold.*
*Chain me, chain me, O most fair,*
*Chain me to thee with that hair!*
—ANON.

*Heart, let her go, for nought I do can move her.*
*Say, shall she go?*
*Oh no, no, no, no, no!*
*Though she me hate, I cannot choose but love her.*
—WALTER DAVISON

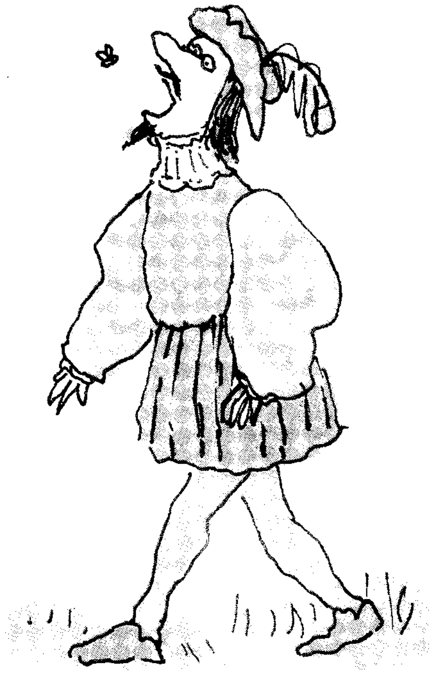




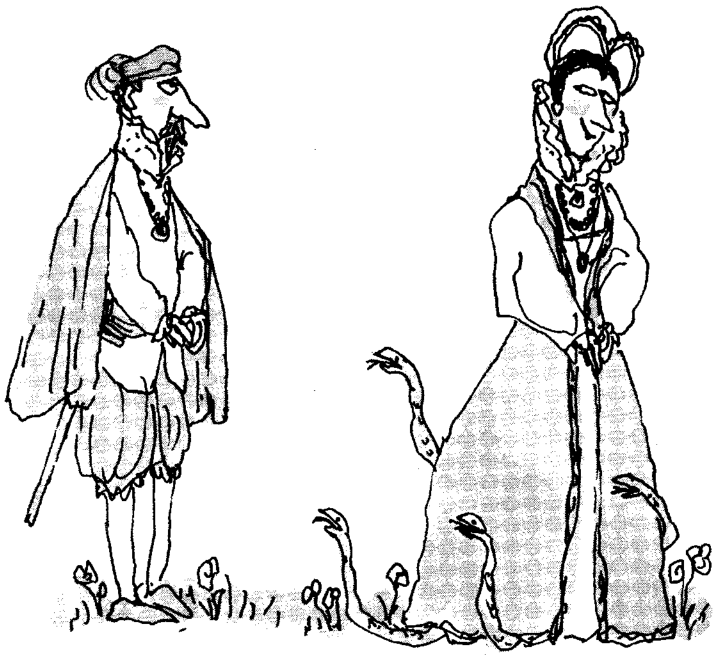
*At liberty I sit and see*
*Them, that have erst laughed me to scorn,*
*Whipped with the whip that scourgëd me:*
*And now they ban that they were born.*
—ANON.



*The birds upon the trees*
*Do sing with pleasant voices,*
*And chant in their degrees*
*Their loves and lucky choices:*
*When I, whilst they are singing,*
*With sighs mine arms am wringing.*
—THOMAS LODGE

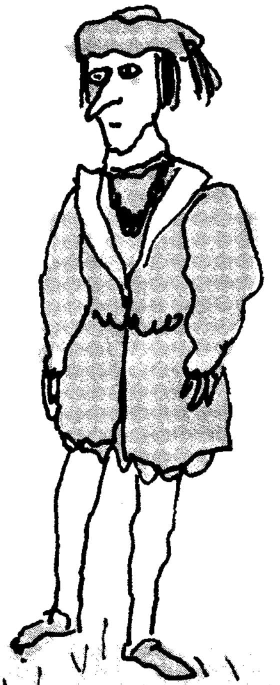


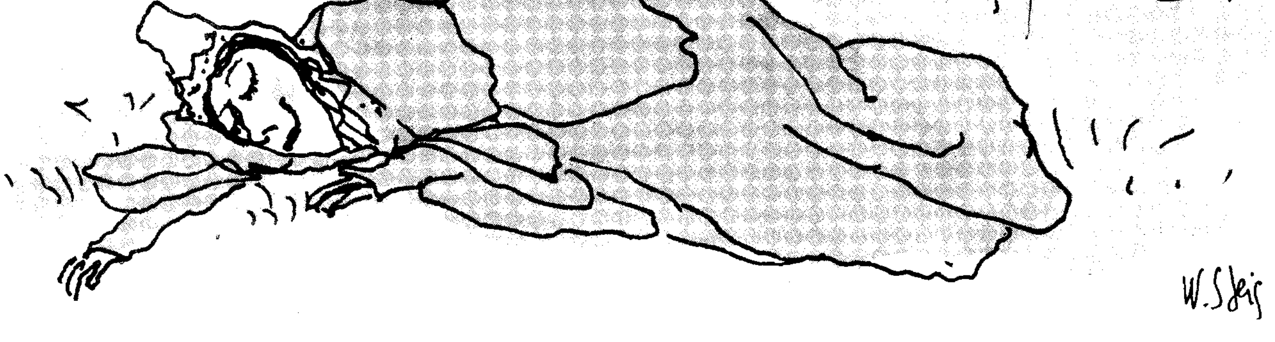
*Love all the senses doth beguile*
*And bleareth all our eyes;*
*It cuts off freedom of the mind*
*And makes us gape for flies.*
—James Sandford



*Take heed of gazing overmuch*
*On damsels fair, unknown:*
*For oftentimes the snake doth lie*
*With roses overgrown;*
*And under fairest flowers*
*Do noisome adders lurk;*
*Of whom take heed, I thee areed,*
*Lest that thy cares they work.*
—Thomas Richardson

*Thou sleepest fast, and I with woeful heart*
*Stand here alone sighing and cannot fly:*
*Thou sleepest fast, when cruel Love his dart*
*On me doth cast, alas, so painfully!*
*Thou sleepest fast, and I, all full of smart,*
*To thee, my foe, in vain do call and cry:*
*Any yet, methinkës, though thou sleepest fast*
*Thou dreamest still which way my life to wast.*
—Anon.





# BOBBY'S ROOM

Henry Pollock was the only child of only children, and his four grandparents were dead. When he was twelve, in 1954, he and his parents left Glasgow on a motoring holiday. They stayed in a succession of hotels all over the Borders and the southwest of Scotland. At one place, they found that the hotels and guesthouses were full. It was a town Mrs. Pollock particularly wanted to visit, and all the rooms were booked up for some local annual event. Mr. Pollock was irate. His wife chided him for not having telephoned a reservation in advance, as, she said, she had suggested in the first place.

"We said potluck was part of the charm, did we not?" was Henry's father's riposte. Bickering in the car park lasted almost an hour.

Pollock was a tall man, powerful, proud, and successful; Henry had got used to his obstinate refusals to give in to his wife's complaints or preferences, to which, in the end, he always conformed without seeming to surrender. Harsh words when they fell out were, Henry knew, a prelude to that kind of morning on which he didn't see them until it was nearly noon. If these were mornings when he went to school, then his mother hurriedly threw his breakfast together and kissed him on the ear before running back upstairs in her kimono.

Even in the small space of the car, they managed to ignore Henry, and he knew better than to say anything.

"If you're in such a hurry to find somewhere, then why don't you drive?" his father asked Mrs. Pollock.

"You know I can't. Don't be so stupid."

"Then allow me to be the judge of when we leave and when we don't. I need petrol, in any case."

"You can't possibly need petrol. You filled up this morning in Dumfries."

Eventually they got under way again, and after a few miles Pollock stopped the car outside a substantial stone-built villa, a house much like their own back in Glasgow; a notice board advertised that it offered accommodations.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I think it's seen better days, that's what I think," said Mrs. Pollock, who was still simmering. Her husband went to see if there were two rooms available, and to investigate what the place was like. "It doesn't even have a drive," she said to Henry. "Where will we put the car?"

"I don't see any cars," Henry said, "so they must have rooms."

"When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it. *Netherbank*," she said, sounding the name of the house as proof of its unsuitability.

Pollock returned a few minutes later. "It's first-rate," he said with genuine enthusiasm, leaning into the car. "The rooms are large and spotlessly clean, very airy and spacious, and no one else is staying there." Breezily, he listed the qualifications Mrs. Pollock always insisted were necessary for a night's comfort. "We can have the sitting room to ourselves, if we want it, and you'll find the bathroom highly acceptable. I think we should take it. Irene, it's run by a lovely old couple. You'll adore them."

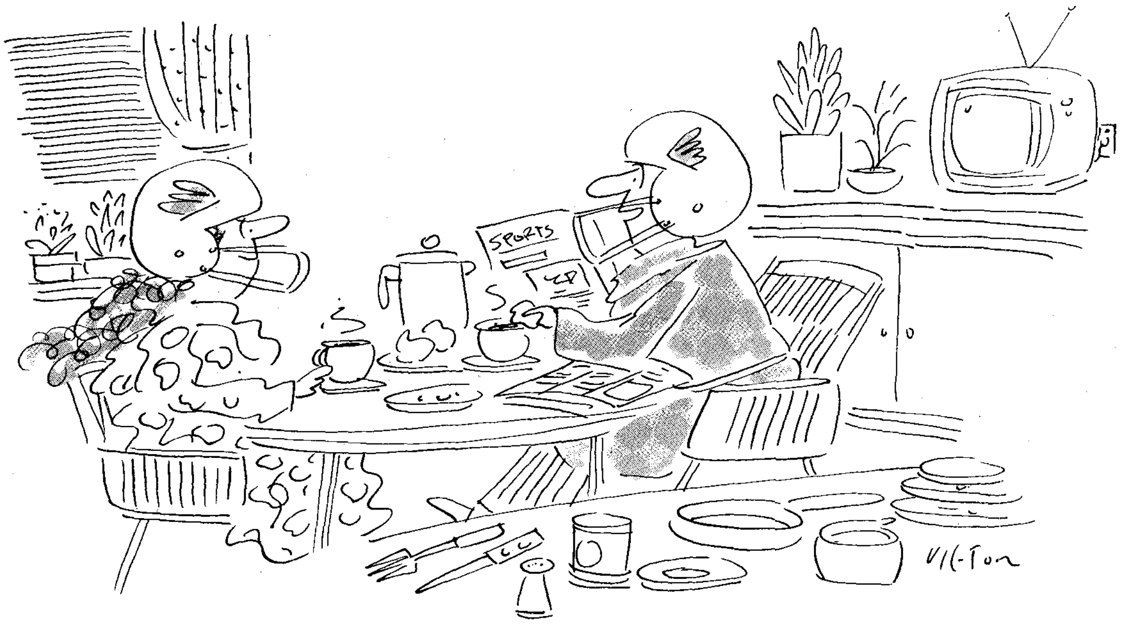
Netherbank was run by a Mrs. Bawden. She was over sixty, silver-haired, round, short, respectable, and, as Mrs. Pollock said afterward, very nicely spoken. She took it in her stride when Mrs. Pollock asked if she could have a look at what she was offering for dinner. "Normally, I prefer a proper restaurant. But my husband's very tired after a day's driving."

"Some people ask me for what they call an 'evening meal,' " Mrs. Bawden said, lifting the lid of a saucepan. "I call it dinner. I've always called it dinner, and I won't change now. Round about here, people call lunch dinner. But I call it luncheon, and I call it luncheon at twelve-thirty. And I call tea tea. I don't know where we'll all end up if we begin to call things by the wrong names." Mrs. Pollock couldn't have agreed more.

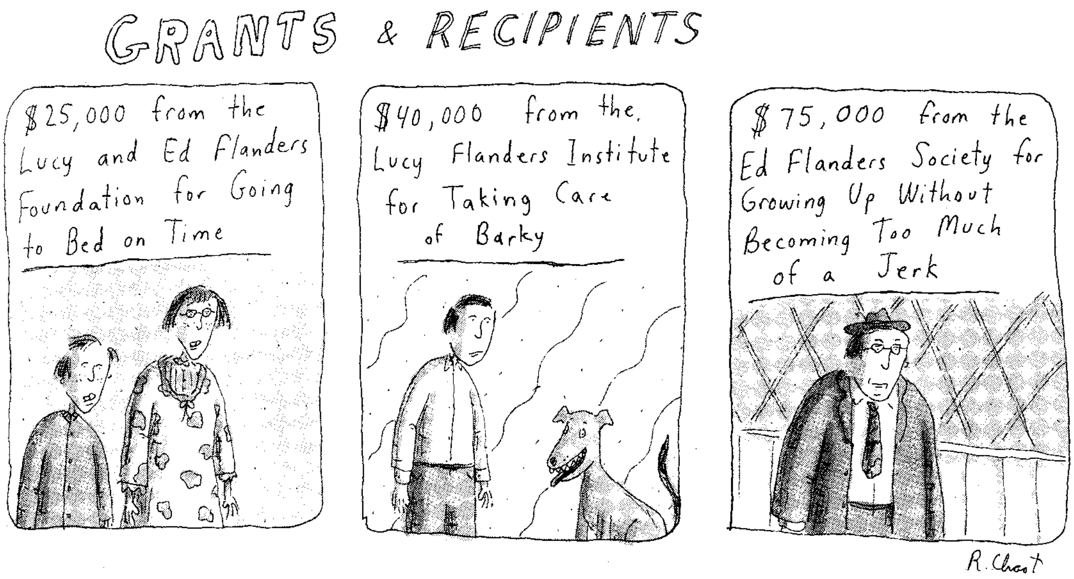
They stayed for five nights. Henry knew one of the reasons his parents liked the place so much: Mrs. Bawden was very obliging. Before Mrs. Pollock could ask, Mrs. Bawden offered to keep an eye on Henry if they wanted to go off by themselves for a day, or go to dinner in a hotel restaurant about ten miles away which Mrs. Bawden had heard was outstanding for its seafood. "But Mrs. Bawden, you'll do yourself out of business," his mother said.

"No, no, I won't. You're on holiday, and it'll be my pleasure to help you enjoy yourselves." Mrs. Pollock revelled in being the beneficiary of that sort of consideration. Henry's parents had three days on their own without him, and three evenings at the famous restaurant.

Henry wandered round the hills and farms, and walked the two miles to the sea. He read, and he watched Mr. Bawden at work in his garden. The old man was hard of hearing, or said he



*"I think you're being swell about this Super Bowl business, Roxanne."*


GRANTS & RECIPIENTS
$25,000 from the Lucy and Ed Flanders Foundation for Going to Bed on Time
$40,000 from the Lucy Flanders Institute for Taking Care of Barky
$75,000 from the Ed Flanders Society for Growing Up Without Becoming Too Much of a Jerk
R. Chast

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was, and when Henry tried to talk to him he pointed to an ear, smiled, and went back to his weeding or hoeing.

These were the last days of their holiday. His parents loved it. "I haven't felt so refreshed and well in years!" said Henry's mother as they drove home. "And Mrs. Bawden—what a wonderful woman! Her cooking's pre-war! We were lucky to find it. It's the sort of place you could drive right past without giving it so much as a moment's notice." After that, she and her husband looked at each other in the way that made Henry feel he wasn't there. A little later, Mrs. Pollock started to sing. She coaxed Henry to join in. When he didn't, she turned round and said, "You'll grow up to be miserable. Why won't you sing, like the rest of us?"

TWO years later, there was a week in early June when Henry's father was more thoughtful than usual. After dinner he did a lot of meditative gardening. Tired of that, he sat in the lounge with an open book on his lap. Henry's mother brought him tea or coffee, asked him if he wanted something stronger, or something to eat, and in her busy efforts to leave him alone made a nuisance of herself. It was obvious to Henry that his father was making his mind up about something important. From time to time he saw his parents talk quietly and seriously to each other. They cuddled in the kitchen even more often than usual.

"Why don't I phone her? I kept a note of the number, you know," he heard his mother say one evening.

"Do you think she would?" Pollock asked her. "It's not really what she does."

"Almost three months at her usual rates is probably very good business for her, especially if we add something on for her trouble. I imagine she'll be only too pleased."

"It'd be ideal. But what do we do about the weeks of school he'll have to miss?"

"Darling, I've no intention of being left behind. It's an opportunity to travel I won't let pass by, especially since the offer specifically includes me as well. It's not as if you'll have to fork out for my fare and hotel bills. Some of us were prevented from travelling by the war, you know, not to mention marriage and motherhood."

"If this trip's successful, there will have to be others, as a matter of course. It's a big project. It's not one bridge, it's a network. I don't look forward to going away without you, and I want you to come with me. But the best thing might be to start thinking about boarding school."

"Were Henry younger, I'd say no, naturally. But at his age boarding school is probably a very adventurous proposition. I know it was for Alice Wylie's brother."

Later that evening, Henry heard the telephone being used. He looked down into the hall from the top of the stairs and saw his mother leaning against the opposite wall while his father spoke into the phone. She was smoking, which she did only in company to be polite, or when she was agitated. Then she, too, went over to the phone and began to speak into it. Later, his mother called him to come down to the sitting room.

"Your mother and I have to go to Singapore," his father said. "We'll be gone for most of July and all of August and September. And I'm afraid it just isn't practical to take you with us."

"You remember Mrs. Bawden, and Netherbank?" His wife spoke sooner than Pollock would have liked. "We've arranged for you to stay with her."

"What about school?" Henry's tone of voice was meant to suggest that weeks of missed classes could be disastrous.

"Henry, you're the last person I can imagine slipping behind. A few weeks won't be a setback to you."

His mother's way of speaking to him, her confidence in his maturity and academic excellence, made Henry want to fight back. He felt inclined to be stubborn and obstructive. "There isn't a lot to do at Mrs. Bawden's," he said.

"We both think it's ideal."

"We've no choice but to leave you behind," his father said. "We'll be happier, much happier, knowing you're somewhere we can feel easy in our minds about."

Henry looked at his mother, hoping she would understand that he expected her to stay behind with him. She said, "I'll talk to the headmaster on Monday. You can arrange for your teachers to give you a program of study. You can do it on your own—I'm sure you can. And if you think you can't, you're underrating yourself." He knew enough about her to know that if at his age she had been given a five-week "program of study" she'd have collapsed in tears.

Instead of making it difficult for them, he accepted it, and resigned himself. He knew why they had chosen Mrs. Bawden and Netherbank. They had been happy there, and assumed that he had liked it, too. It was a place and a few days in their lives that meant something in their happiness. He wondered why they could continue to be so ignorant of his feelings. Mrs. Bawden was not a complete stranger, but she was the next thing to it—the landlady of a guesthouse, a species his mother usually loathed.

"Don't feel unwanted," his mother said. "It would suit us better, much better, if you could come with us. But it isn't possible, so we have to make the best of it."

When the time came, they drove him to Mrs. Bawden's with suitcases, books, tennis racquet, binoculars, and field guides to the birds and wildflowers of the British Isles. Nature study was his mother's idea. "When I get back, I want to find you thoroughly up to the mark in country life," she said. "It's a wonderful opportunity for you. I've always been opposed to townies." He tried to think of what it was she craved so determinedly that it made a trip to Singapore necessary to her.

She wept as she said goodbye. Henry felt like weeping on his own account.

"I know you won't give Mrs. Bawden any trouble," she said. It was the wrong thing to have said. Obedient to the point of filial perfection, he had never given anyone the least bit of trouble in his life.

"How long does post take from Singapore?" Mrs. Pollock asked her husband.

"Airmail," he said. "Pretty fast."

"Then I'll write at least once a week, and I'll expect you to do the same," she told Henry. With that, she left for the car, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.

"You haven't left me your address in Singapore," Henry said. Pollock had to call for Mrs. Bawden to bring a piece of paper for him to write it down on. He was embarrassed, talking about rush, last-minute details, oversights.

HENRY had reckoned on eating alone in the dining room, like any other guest, but he ate with the Bawdens in their kitchen. "No aunts, no uncles," said Mr. Bawden, as the old couple explored Henry's family. "So no cousins, either. No great loss, if you ask me. A big scatter of kin makes you feel guilty at not keeping in touch, which you can't do, you know, unless you're a man of means and leisure."

"I've second cousins," Henry offered.

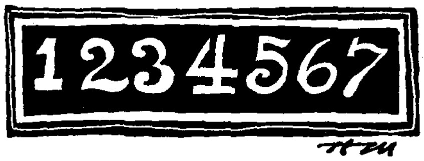
"I was closer to two of my second cousins than to any of my first," said Mrs. Bawden.

"I've never met them," said Henry.

"Singapore's a long, long journey," she said, pushing a bowl of cauliflower toward him.

"Homegrown," said Mr. Bawden. "We haven't eaten a tinned vegetable in twenty years."

As he lay awake in bed, Henry pondered his affection for his parents, and decided it was becoming as distant and routine as his parents' love of him. They were his parents, therefore he loved them; he was their son, therefore they loved him—it was as mathematical as that. Coöperation between them was beginning to thin out, like the darkness in the triangle of dawn now at the top of the curtains. His mother prodded him to be the scholar of his class at school, and was proud of his examination victories; but she nagged him for being too studious and staying in when he should have been outside, and complained of his lack of interest in sport. They expected him to be perfect, but they neglected him.



He had a different room from the one he had slept in two years before. It was at the front of the house, under the eaves; from its protruding window he could look at a small wedge of sea and the right-hand tip of an island that could be walked to at low tide over the sands. Darkness turned to a transparent gray, and objects in the room slowly became visible. Shelves in an alcove contained dozens of books of a boyish interest—books on ships and the sea, the Empire, foreign countries, warlike history, wildlife, fishing,

## CROSSING CENTRAL PARK IN LATE WINTER

In high relief against the outer wall
of the Metropolitan Museum,
a man is playing bagpipes, notes

long and brief, distant and proximate;
a lifetime passes in the lapse between
inspiration and its remote,

residual sound—whole days of disparate
composition: this sudden tree-lined grace
into which we pass, turn, and take note

of the cool, steel-shaded rims and stops
of city buildings where the sun's light
hand descends now in a flash of windows.

Sooted snowdrifts—the last few breaths
of an old storm—are stranded like clouds across
the Sheep Meadow. Into one, a woman

dips her foot to wipe it clean, as though
trying to compose herself by erasing
where she's been. Behind her, runners' shadows

flick like birds through a filigree of branches
around the skylit reservoir—the one
deep breath we've remembered to take

within the rigor of streets. Passing
along its perimeter, I watch the low
water's exposed jetty of white birds—how

in soft crowds they stretch wings, pivot, and stare,
as though stranded on the arm of a magician
who can't undo the trick that got them there.

—CHARLES SIEBERT

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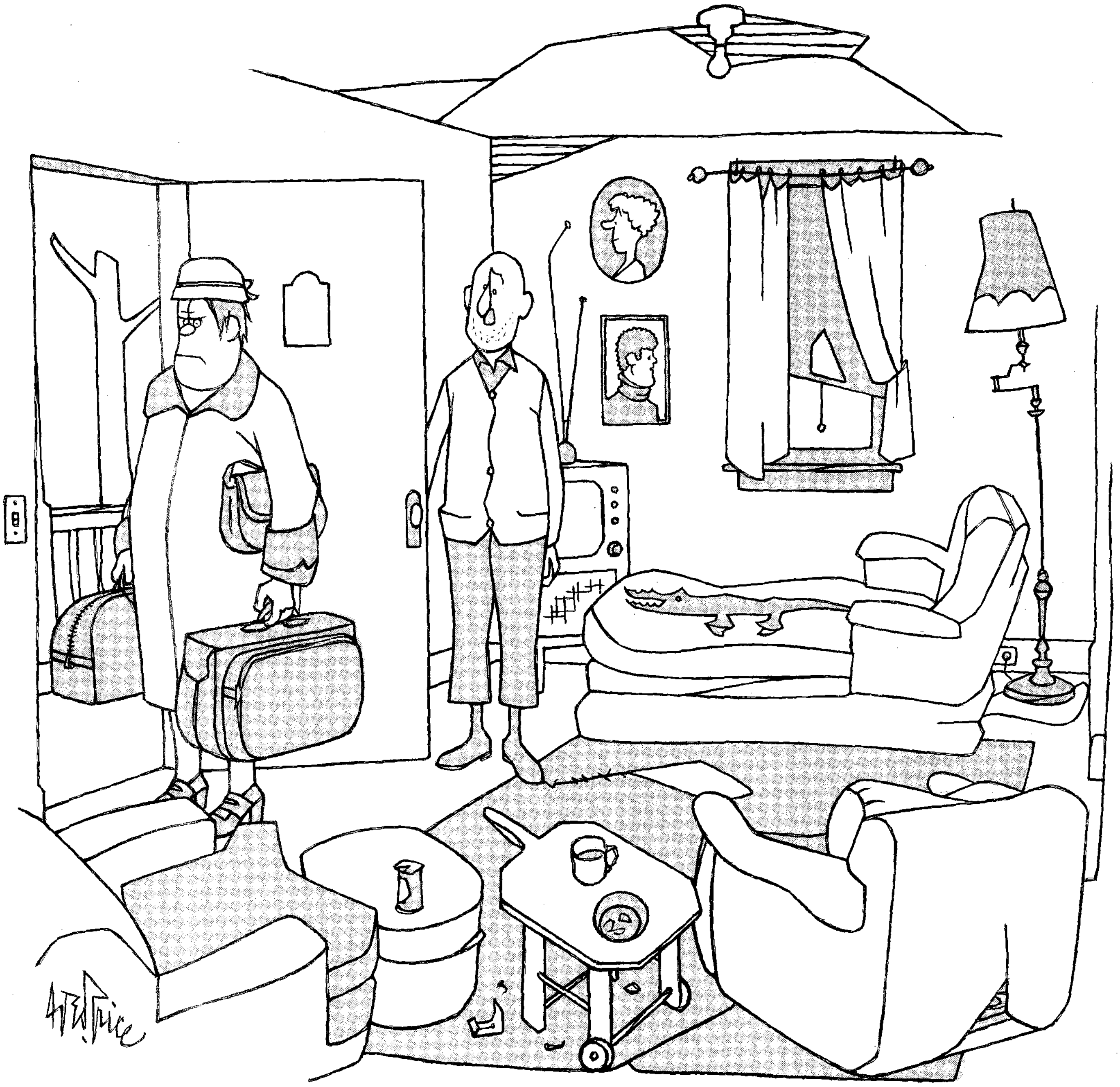

*"Try to forgive me. I'm afraid I haven't been very good company for the past forty-six years."*

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landmarks in engineering and exploration, most of them heavy and already obsolete. There was a homemade model warship on a chest of drawers. Pictures on the wall did not quite cover the cleaner paint left behind from those that had been taken down. His dressing gown, on the hook behind the door, looked like another person in the room. He imagined that the owner of the books was a long-lost son of the Bawdens, dead, probably, in the war.

"Was my room your son's?" he asked Mr. Bawden, who pointed to his ear as Henry began to repeat his question.

"We thought you'd like it better than the rooms we let to the holidaymakers," he said. "Or *she* did. You'll find out," he said, as if excusing himself in advance for any apparent lack of initiative on his part. "Mrs. Bawden is the boss round here. She wears the trousers."

"Where is he?"

"I haven't the foggiest. Somewhere or other." He jabbed his rake on the dusty ground. "It's good soil for carrots. And there's no better earth for potatoes."

"Is he dead?"

"Good God, no. What gave you that idea? All that's wrong with Bobby is that he's a bit wayward when it comes to writing letters. What made you think he was dead?"

Henry was embarrassed, and with no way of explaining himself. Mr. Bawden shrugged and retreated into his deafness and gardening.

Mrs. Bawden was obviously told of

Henry's questions in the garden. At dinner she recounted Bobby's travels—his letters from Australia, where he had spent three years, the good job in Hong Kong he'd thrown up on a whim in order to go to Canada. "We're about due a letter from him soon."

"What's that?" her husband asked.

"I said we're about due a letter from Bobby."

"I'll believe it when I see it," said Mr. Bawden.

When Henry offered to do Mrs. Bawden's shopping, it seemed as if she had been expecting him to ask. She gave him a list, and he pedalled the two miles to the nearest shop on a bicycle that had been Bobby's.

A family of five moved in, and stayed for three nights. They were boisterous, but their liveliness appeared toned down out of respect for someone else's house. Mrs. Bawden had that effect on people. Henry kept out of their way. When he came down to say good night, Mr. Bawden, alone in the kitchen with a book, directed him to the guests' sitting room. He found Mrs. Bawden there with the father and mother of the visiting family.

"And this is Bobby in his uniform," she was saying.

"My, he's a fine-looking young man."

"And here's another one, with some friends of his from the same ship."

"I'm off to bed now," Henry told her.

"Good night, Henry."

He was disconcerted by the sight of Mrs. Bawden on the sofa, with a guest on either side of her, showing photographs of her son to people she had never seen before and might never see again. There was an amiable candor in her affectionate disappointment in Bobby, and it jolted Henry, who saw it as a failure of reticence, an openness that compromised her loyalty to her son. Snapshots of her son were being touted to strangers and were symptoms of an unhappiness she was too proud to notice.

"Is it all right if I take a cup of cocoa upstairs with me?" he asked Mr. Bawden.

"Help yourself," said the old man. Henry boiled the kettle and opened the cocoa tin. "What is it, through there?" Mr. Bawden asked. "Snapshots and airmail letters?"

"What?"

"My wife, what's she doing?"

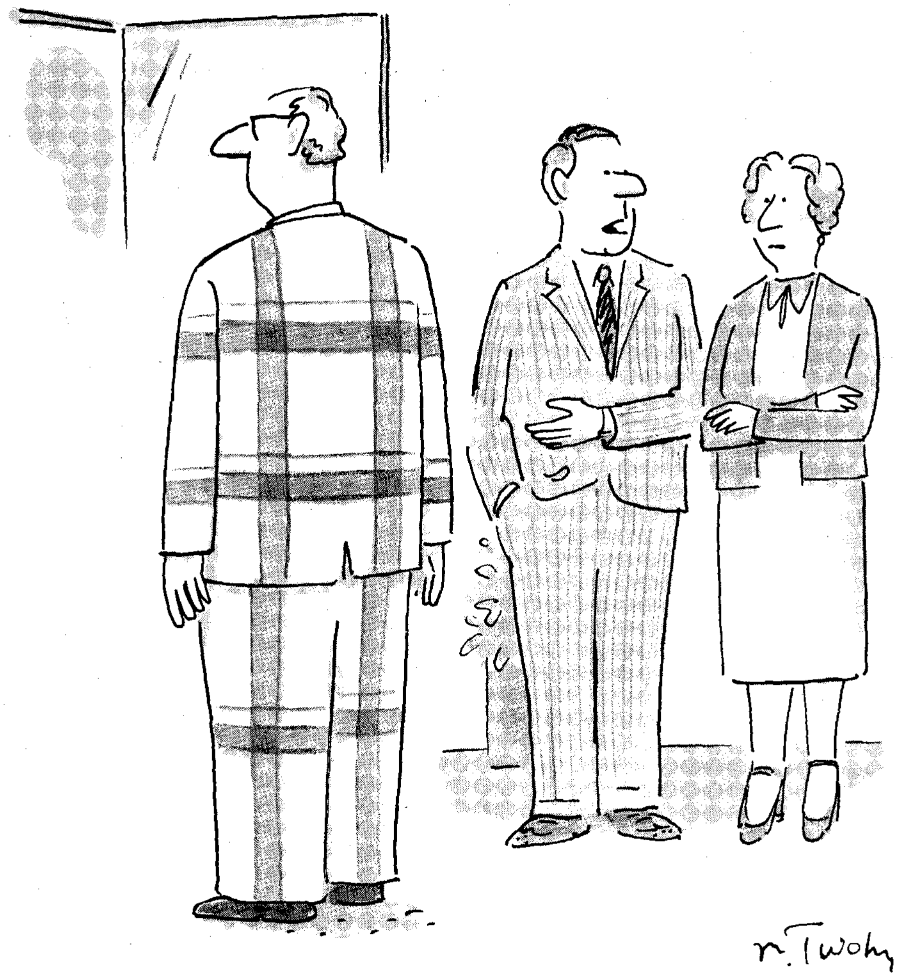
"She's talking to the guests."

"See any photographs?"

"I think she *is* showing them photographs."

The old man went back to his book.

Henry wondered how Mrs. Bawden selected the people who were treated to her photograph albums. Perhaps everyone was, and perhaps his parents, two years before, had been shown the same photographs, with the same pride, and had listened to the same reminiscences. He felt sure that the visiting couple would have asked who Henry was, and been told that his parents had gone to Singapore, that his father was a civil engineer, and that they had stayed at Netherbank and thought it an ideal place to board their son while they were away. "You ought to come home, Bobby," he said to the vanished son. "Not only does your mother miss you, but she talks about you to people she hardly knows. Worse, she's probably talking about me."

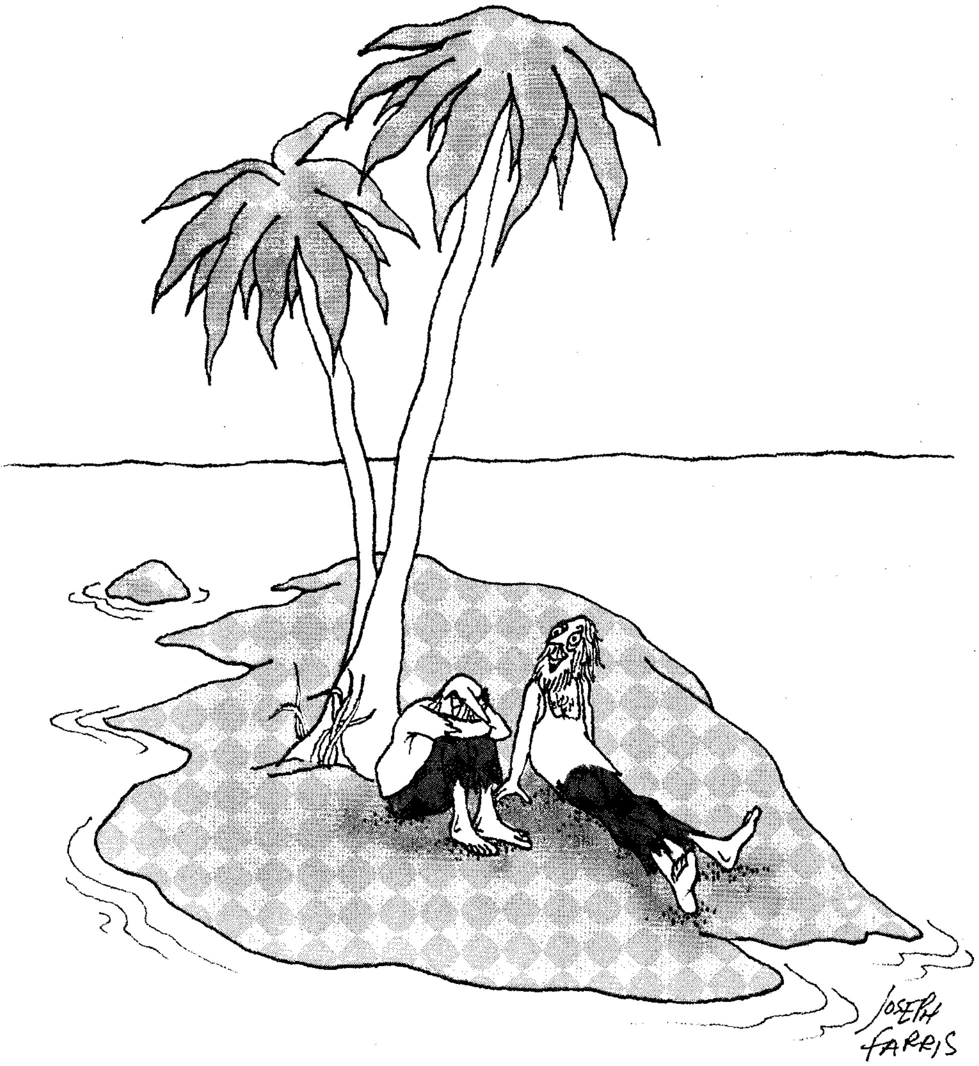


*"He's a big man, you know. He can handle a big plaid."*

THERE was a visitors' book on the hall table. Besides putting down their names and addresses, guests over the years had written their comments in a column where remarks were invited. "We had a wonderful time." "Smashing food!" "Highly recommended!" "Excellent." Henry leafed back to two years earlier. "First-class!" his mother had written, in her bold, clear, self-assured handwriting. It was characteristic of her. Any time they travelled by train, his mother made it clear that they went first class as a matter of course, and that some people did not—never would, never could.

As soon as the family of five left, Netherbank was full almost every night. His parents had found the house to their taste because they had it to themselves, and they were lucky. People often had to be told that there were no rooms left.

Henry tried to keep away from the guests as much as he could, but it was impossible not to ask Mrs. Bawden each morning if there was anything she wanted him to do. "Maybe you don't think it's man's work," she said, "but I could fair do with someone to



*"I'd like to take this moment to announce my candidacy for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States."*

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strip the beds this morning and bring the linen down here for me to launder." As the days went by he found himself aproned, pulling linen from beds, vacuuming carpets, dusting furniture, cleaning windows and mirrors, polishing the bannister.

"Next time we hear from you," said Mr. Bawden, "you'll be running a hotel. You've taken to it. But don't tell me you like it. Believe me, I know—no one better. She's a hard woman to refuse."

A girl from Lincolnshire, about Henry's age, passed him in the hall and said, "You must be blind. What's that, then, if it isn't carpet fluff? There," and she pointed. Later the same morning, egged on by a friend who was along on holiday with that family, the girl asked him, "Is this your career? Or is it a punishment?"

"Have you been very bad?" the other girl said, giggling.

"Shoo!" Henry waved a duster at them, and they ran away delighted and laughing.

Breakfast was at seven for the Bawdens and Henry, so that they could eat before the rush of holiday families to the dining room. "The Abercrombie children are sleeping three to a bed," said Mrs. Bawden. "I told Mr. Abercrombie it was the best I could do, and he was only too pleased to accept. The English family are just the same. There'll be eighteen for breakfast. I've never been so busy."

"Why folk go on holidays I'll never know," said Mr. Bawden.

"Do you want me to wait on the tables?" Henry offered.

Mr. Bawden gave him an uncertain look, and shook his head in a gesture of subdued bewilderment. "Eighteen," he said. "She could never cook and serve at the same time—not for eighteen."

"You ask them what they'd like," said Mrs. Bawden, patting his hand appreciatively. "We have fruit juice. We have porridge and packet cereals. This morning we have kippers, and we have eggs, bacon, sausages, and those who want a fried breakfast are to be asked if they want black pudding with it. Some don't like it, others love it. I never need to take a note, but it might be for the best if you were to write down the orders, like a proper waiter. Eggs scrambled, fried, boiled, or poached. Tea or coffee, and toast, jam or marmalade. And if someone high and mighty asks you for kedgeree, look daft and pretend you've never even heard of it."

"Should I get changed?"

"Put on my big white apron and you'll look the part well enough. And don't be nervous. We're not the Ritz," she said.

Mr. Bawden slipped out into the garden with his second cup of tea.

Most guests chose to come down at eight-thirty, and within the space of a few minutes the dining room was full. Henry was surprised that they could be so fussy about what to eat.

"Are the sausages fresh?" a man asked.

"I can't see Mrs. Bawden serving you a bad sausage, sir."

"What's a black pudding?"

"Black pudding," Henry said, with a hesitant shrug.

"But what's it made of?"

"Hold on." He asked Mrs. Bawden what black puddings were made of, and Mr. Bawden, rinsing his cup at the sink, raised his eyebrows.

Henry came back from the kitchen. "Blood and lights," he said.

"I'll have two lightly poached eggs. No, wait a minute. Did you say there were scrambled eggs? In that case, I'll have scrambled eggs."

The two girls from Lincolnshire giggled as Henry stood in his apron with his pad and pen poised. The mother ordered them to hurry up. The father looked seriously at Henry, as if he thought he had been up to something.

By ten o'clock, Henry and Mrs. Bawden were alone in the kitchen, tired out and hot and sipping tea. "My twenty-of-everything set of breakfast china came in handy," she said. Most of it was stacked beside the sink. "The Lord be thanked, nobody wants lunch. Rooms next, then laundry. I don't know what I'd do without you, Henry. Next year I'll have to get a village girl to come in."

Mr. Bawden appeared with the mail.

"It's another letter from your mother!" Mrs. Bawden said. She gave it to Henry. "Go on, read it."

His mother's cadences were in every line. They had been here, there, and seen that and other things. They had developed a taste for Chinese and Malayan food, although they'd been a bit suspicious at first.

"Is it so private that you can't read it out to me?" Mrs. Bawden asked. Her husband hurried outside with a cup of tea in one hand and his watering can in the other. "Does she say anything about the climate this time?" she said, remembering the first letter. "Have they got over that exhausting journey? I didn't like the sound of the airport at Karachi."

He glanced through the rest of the letter, to make sure his mother hadn't written anything embarrassing, thinking that it was only to be expected that an old woman who showed her snapshots to all and sundry would take it for granted that a letter should be shared. He read out his mother's account of the strange food, the deliciousness of which his parents had come round to accepting, and the sightseeing. " 'Daddy's had to fly up to Penang for a couple of days, so I've been left on my own. Everyone's extremely kind, and I've been playing a very great deal of bridge but as yet no mah-jongg, thank goodness. We've been out for dinner every night since we arrived, and I shall be quite plump when I see you next. We look forward to a quiet evening by ourselves. Our bungalow is bijou but not quite as colonial as I would have liked. I'm not very geographical, as you know, and I wasn't quite sure where Singapore was, but I know now, Henry, and I don't mind telling you that it's ABSOLUTELY TROPICAL. It was so nice of you to press a flower in your letter. It made me feel quite homesick.' "

"What a nice young man you are for doing a thing like that," said Mrs. Bawden. She patted his hand. "I knew it," she said. "I knew it'd be hot there."

## WHAT THE DEAD KNOW

Air here is like the water
Of an aquarium that's been lived in for a while—clear and still
Beyond the rigors
Of glass; appearing cold (and clear) as spring streams
Fed by snow and ice,
But unexpectedly warm to feel, and inviting; side-lit—
A vitality of shadows
Once you come into it, and long bars of light
Burning like spots,
Remarkable for the absence of dust in their sharp crossfires;
Heavy, as crystal
Is heavy, as if to move here would mean pushing against a force
Palpable, and strong;
Yet rich with prospects of life, comfortable
With the idea of life,
As if, put on its slide, every drop is stocked with wonders,
Swarming, about to burst—

Beautiful in a way,
One element sustaining another, our message brought home
So that the living
Might come to see. Harder to say that without them
We are nothing—
Water without air; or to speak of our isolation,
Or our special loneliness;
Or say as they look right through us, at their plants,
Pictures, books,
Windows, reflections, and blank white walls,
That we need them
To orient ourselves and to tell us who we are;
Or that with each look
They are swimming to within our sights; or that we are always casting
Wider and wider,
And that even now they are fighting to avoid our nets.

—ROBERT POLITO

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A GIRL from an Edinburgh family asked Henry if he played tennis. He said he did. She asked if there was a court. He told her where the nearest one was, two miles away in the village.

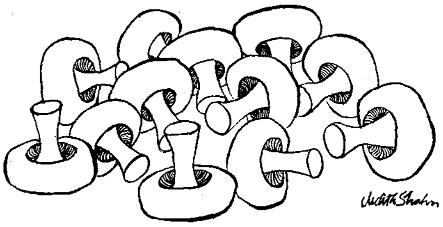
"I don't have anyone to play with," she said. She didn't sound as if she wanted particularly to play with Henry.

Her mother appeared at the door of the sitting room. "Are you coming with us, or are you staying behind?" The woman's voice stated these options firmly, and Henry recognized the predicaments of both girl and parents.

Mrs. Bawden came to the sitting-room door.

"Have you asked him?" the woman said to her daughter.

"It's two miles away," the girl said, meaning that the court was too far to be practical.



"We'll drop you off at the court," said her father from inside, through a rustle of newspaper.

"You haven't had proper company for nearly a month," Mrs. Bawden said to Henry. "Go and play tennis if you want. I can answer the door and do what needs to be done. I can manage well enough without you."

He ran upstairs, changed, got his racquet and a box of tennis balls. When he came down, the family of three was waiting in the hall, and the front door was open. The breeze disturbed the potpourri in the bowl on the hall table.

"I'm told that your father and mother are in Singapore," said the man when they were in the car. "Very interesting," he said. "Very interesting." Henry had the impression he had been vetted and found to be a suitable companion for the girl.

"What's your name?" he asked her as they strolled to the tennis court.

"Louise," she said.

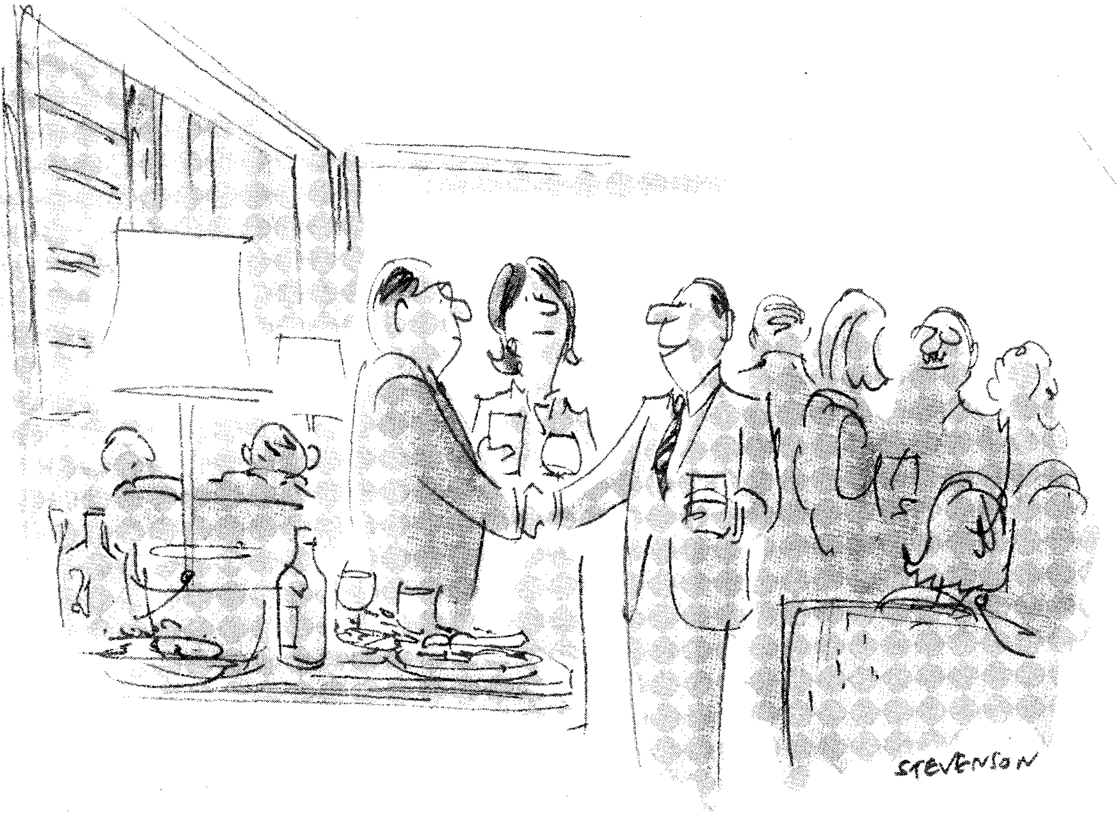
"I know what it's like. At least yours haven't gone to Singapore."

"I wish they would."

"My mother's forgotten something, and it probably hasn't dawned on her yet. I'll be fifteen in a couple of weeks and she won't be here."

"It isn't much of a tennis court," Louise said.

She got bored and sat down, ignoring Henry's tepid but ironic serves as they bounced close beside her. Looking at her, he thought that there might be two major ways in which only children could turn out: they became either super-obliging, obedient models of courtesy and good behavior or, like Louise, rebelliously surly and aggrieved. He never allowed his own grievances to show, and doubted if he ever would.



*"Hello. I'm Harold Dwyer, and this is my façade."*

• •

"When did your father say he'd pick us up?"

"He didn't."

"What do you think of Mrs. Bawden?"

"She certainly doesn't have any secrets."

"And Mr. Bawden?"

"I didn't know there was one. I thought she was a widow."

"No secrets?"

"I feel sorry for Bobby," she said. "I couldn't stand it if my parents talked about me like that."

"She misses him," Henry said charitably, although he was interested that Louise disapproved of Mrs. Bawden's lack of reticence as much as he did.

"I think I'd like to travel," Louise said. "My father says that air travel will grow enormously in the next few years. I would like to be an air hostess."

"It's Bobby's room I've got. I think I'd like him. I imagine myself talking to him. I ask him what he'd do in my circumstances."

"And I suppose you get some sort of mysterious answer," she said sarcastically. "Do they have a gramophone in that house? I haven't heard a single decent record since we came away."

"He doesn't say anything," Henry said. "But I see him winking at me. I don't know what it means. Do you ever try to figure out what your dreams mean?"

"Isn't there somewhere we can get lemonade or something?" she said peevishly. "I'm parched."

"We could buy some in the shop," he said, "but there isn't a café."

"What a dump!"

"I don't think you like being in the country."

"I don't like being with my parents. I'd rather be in the city with my friends. At least there's something to do."

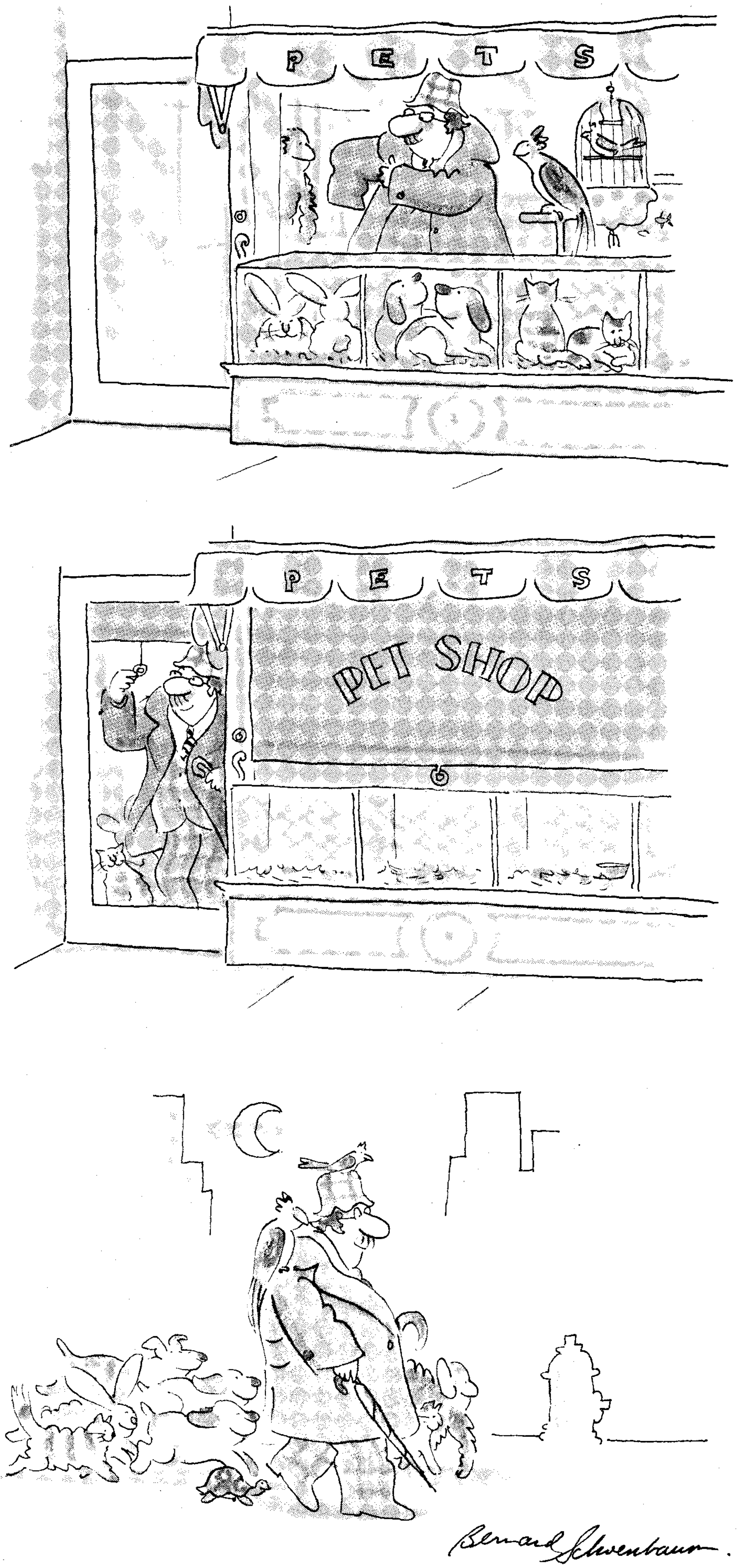
"Is your father coming back for us?"

"I doubt it. I think we're expected to walk."

She was unsympathetic and, Henry decided, stupid. She was also unhappy. It was her unhappiness that made her interesting. Her dislikes, her petulant good looks, her tone of voice gave the impression she was festering on the edge of a bitter family insurrection. He wondered what his father had found appealing in his mother. Louise made him think that his mother might have been like her at that age, twenty years before, in the nineteen-thirties. All that would have been different was that other kinds of music, other friends were being missed.

They walked back slowly. When they reached Netherbank, Louise's father's car was parked outside with several others. Her parents were in the garden with the Bawdens. The clear light peculiar to Galloway seeped out of the hills and fields and met a great arc of early-evening light rising from the sea. Louise's parents were holding hands. Henry thought that if his parents had been there, too, he would have experienced a moment in which the significance of how people exist to each other was clear and unmistakable. People who mattered less clouded the issue. He pressed Louise's hand, but she pulled it away.

At midmorning the following day, Louise's father said to Henry, "Do you keep an address book? If you don't, then you should. Everyone ought to. Say goodbye, you two," he said, looking at Louise. Henry felt that Louise had given a glowing report of him to her parents, even though, in his company, she had been standoffish, pert, and sardonic. "You should ex-



change addresses and keep in touch," her father added. He was strangely open and affable.

Louise produced her address book, and Henry dictated his address to her.

"I think that's very nice," said Mrs. Bawden. "I think it's so nice," she said to Louise's mother, "that young people should exchange addresses and keep in touch."

Mr. Bawden came in by the front door, surprised to find guests still in the house that late in the morning. He could hardly turn round and go out again, and found himself in the company.

"They're exchanging addresses. Isn't that nice, John?" his wife said.

Mr. Bawden smiled at his wife, with whose obsessive and candid garrulity he was very tenderly and very gently browned off.

"Write letters," she urged Louise. "Write letters and use the phone only when you have to. Letters are *much* nicer. You can keep letters, but you can't keep phone calls. Have you taken a note of Louise's address?" she asked Henry.

"My book's upstairs. I'll take it from the visitors' book."

As Mrs. Bawden went out of the front door with Louise's parents, Henry followed with Louise. "We don't have to write," he said.

"I'm not good at letters. If you write first, you'll have a wait for an answer."

"I don't think I'll ever forget you," he said, "but I don't know if you'd understand why." She looked at him, and laughed quietly, but she was complimented by a surprising remark that sounded serious and mature. Her wave from the departing car was curious and concerned.

Henry waved back, and then went upstairs to strip those beds that needed to be freshly made for the arrival of new guests in the late afternoon and early evening. He suspected that a time would come when his parents would regret the three months in which they had hived him off to the Bawdens. He thought about the crisis that his awakening independence would cause in their lives; still he doubted if when it arrived they would be able to trace it back to his weeks in that safe, homely, and respectable house, or to that quaint old couple who lived in daily expectation of a letter from their son Bobby, in whose room Henry slept.

—DOUGLAS DUNN

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## A DISAGREEMENT IN BAILEYVILLE

ON an afternoon in late April of 1981, Carol Ann Davenport, her husband, Frank, and her friend Sandra Turner stormed into the library of the Woodland High School, in Baileyville, Maine, with a book that Frank's fifteen-year-old daughter had checked out of the library. The book had a number of four-letter words in it, one of them in a chapter title. The Davenports had come to the school to find John Morrison, the principal, but, as he was out, they went to the library to complain. The librarian, Grace Schillich, looked up to find them standing in front of her waving the book. She listened to them and asked for the book—which, as it happened, she had not read—but the Davenports refused to give it to her. They said that they were going to take it to the chairman of the school committee and to the superintendent of schools.

In the next day or so, the Davenports and Sandra Turner went to see Thomas Golden, the chairman of the school committee, and Raymond Freve, the school superintendent; they also visited Roy Blevins, the pastor of the Woodland Baptist Church. These men were not hard to find. Baileyville is a town of twenty-one hundred and eighty-five people. It is on the Canadian border, twenty-five miles from the coast, at the edge of a wilderness that extends hundreds of miles west and north into Canada. The school district covers thirty-three square miles and includes seven incorporated towns. But, with the exception of Baileyville, these are farm hamlets, fishing resorts, or logging plantations; and most of the district is lake and timberland, where the population of moose and black bears exceeds that of schoolchildren. Baileyville is a lumber-mill town, and its geography is simple. Three big mills—a stud mill, a waferboard plant, a paper-and-pulp mill—lie along the St. Croix River, the border with Canada. The Georgia-Pacific Corporation, which owns the mills and most of the timberland beyond, has its administrative headquarters in a new office building just south of them, away from the river, in the midst of the old section of town. The new building, of glass and cast concrete, stands a good deal taller than the frame houses and the brick churches. Two blocks east is the high school, and two blocks south the municipal building, which houses the police headquarters and the office of the superintendent of schools. Beyond that is Route 1 and a development of ranch-style houses with commercially turfed green lawns. On a slight hill, and visible from the highway, the Woodland Baptist Church stands at the entrance to this, the new residential section of town.

*"Well, we finally have cable, and it hasn't made one damn bit of difference."*

Had the Davenports gone only to Raymond Freve, it is just possible that the controversy that followed would never have occurred at all. A former social-studies teacher, Freve had been superintendent of the school district for six years. Square-jawed, with close-cropped gray hair, he had the build of an athletic coach and the temperament of one who would produce a winning team. Forceful and self-confident, he dominated the principal and usually got his way at school-committee meetings. A few years before, a parent had complained to him about John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." Freve had done some research and found that private religious schools of the parent's denomination had the book in their libraries. He had persuaded the parent not to go to the school committee and had persuaded the school committee to defend the book if necessary. The matter went no further. In this case, however, not only had the Davenports gone to Thomas Golden before coming to him but Freve had not read the book they were objecting to. The Davenports refused to leave the book with Freve, so he made a photocopy of the offending chapter title. The next regularly scheduled meeting of the school committee was a few days away. Freve asked Grace Schillich to give him all

*“This is not an answering machine. When I go ‘beep,’ state your business.”*

• •

the reviews of the book she could lay her hands on.

At the school-committee meeting, on April 28th, there was an item on the agenda which read simply “Mr. and Mrs. Davenport.” Two of the committee members knew what that meant; Thomas Golden knew, of course, and Clifford McPhee had heard about the complaint. The other members—Susan White, Xavier Romero, and Stephen Neale—did not. For the meeting, the Davenports had prepared a list of all the obscene words they could find in the book. When their turn came, they gave this to the committee and asked that the book be removed from the school library. While the list circulated, Freve read out the reviews of the book which Grace Schillich had gathered—all of them were favorable—and asked that the book be put on a restricted shelf in the library until the committee had time to consider the merits of the case. McPhee, however, made a motion to remove the book from the library, and the committee voted unanimously in favor. Susan White later explained, “We saw Xeroxed copies of words . . . and I guess just the sight of the words in capital letters, in three-inch-high letters— I was shocked.” At that point, no one in the room had read the book: not any of the committee members, not the superintendent, and not even the Davenports. Carol Ann and her husband had merely turned the pages to count the four-letter words.

The book was “365 Days,” by Dr. Ronald J. Glasser, an account of the experience of American soldiers in the Vietnam War. Dr. Glasser, a pediatrician, had done his military service in a United States Army hospital in Japan in 1968-70, treating the wounded flown in from the battlefields. His book read like a collection of short stories (and one chapter had been widely anthologized as such under the title “The Burn Ward”). It was, however, a factual report of what he had seen and heard in the wards of the wounded and the dying. The obscenities in the book were merely the words that the soldiers had used.

During the nineteen-seventies, an epidemic of book banning broke out all over the country. Statistics collected by associations of teachers and librarians showed a tremendous rise in the incidence of attempts to remove books from the shelves of school and public libraries. In the early seventies, the American Library Association’s Office for Intellectual Freedom received reports of about a hundred such attempts a year; by the late seventies, the annual number had tripled, and by 1981 it had tripled again, reaching a total of over nine hundred a year. In a 1982 survey of eight hundred and sixty school librarians around the country which was sponsored by the Wisconsin Council of Teachers of English and the Committee Against Censorship of the National Council of Teachers of English, thirty-four per cent reported having had a book challenged by a parent or a community that year. What was more, according to the survey over half the protests had met with success, the challenged book having been removed from a recommended list, from classroom use, or from a library.

If collected, the books under attack around the country would compose a fairly substantial library in themselves. They included many of the best-known works of modern American fiction (“A Farewell to Arms,” “The Great Gatsby,” “Jaws,” and “The Godfather,” to name just a few), some classics of world literature (“The Divine Comedy,” “The Odyssey,” Thomas Paine’s “The Age of Reason”), children’s books (“Mary Poppins,” “Charlotte’s Web,” “Stuart Little,” “The Wonderful Wizard of Oz”), two dictionaries (the American Heritage Dictionary and the Dictionary of American Slang), some books of poems, and an assortment of nonfiction books, including Studs Terkel’s “Working” and Mike Royko’s “Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago.” Some titles were much more frequently challenged than others. According to the 1982 survey, the book most frequently attacked was “Go Ask Alice,” the diary of an anonymous New Jersey girl who committed suicide as a result of drug abuse. After that in order of frequency came: “The Catcher in the Rye,” by J. D. Salinger; “Our Bodies, Ourselves,” by the Boston Women’s Health Book Collective; “Forever,” by Judy Blume; “Of Mice and

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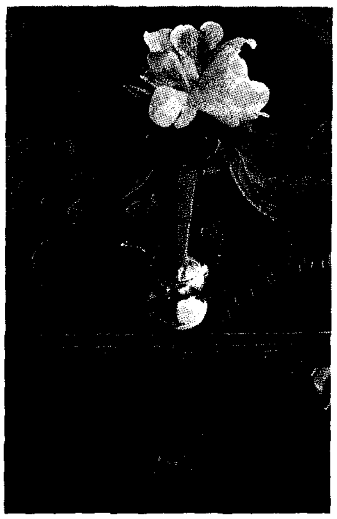

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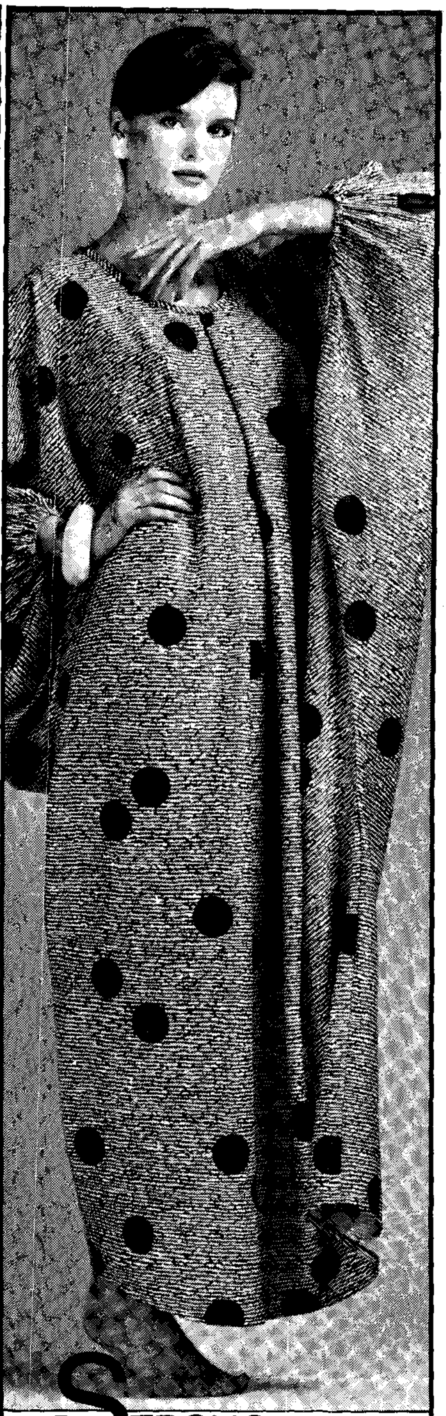
Men;" "A Hero Ain't Nothin' But a Sandwich," by Alice Childress; "My Darling, My Hamburger," by Paul Zindel; "Slaughterhouse-Five," by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; "The Grapes of Wrath;" and "Huckleberry Finn."

All kinds of people were involved in these book protests. Jewish parents in a small Midwestern town asked that "The Merchant of Venice" be taken off a reading list. A black educator at the Mark Twain Intermediate School in Fairfax, Virginia, asked for the removal of "Huckleberry Finn" from the curriculum. Feminists protested books showing women in traditional female roles, while Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum protested feminist literature. A large percentage of the protests came from white Protestant fundamentalists—and, indeed, the movement can be said to have started with the 1974-75 school strike in Kanawha County, West Virginia, where fundamentalist parents temporarily closed down the school system in protest against the adoption of three hundred and twenty-five new literature texts. Another considerable percentage came from right-wing groups. Members of national organizations such as the Heritage Foundation and the Moral Majority played a role in some of the book protests, and by the late seventies fundamentalist and right-wing community groups had created informal networks across the country to exchange legal information and to circulate lists of books they deemed objectionable. By and large, however, the protests were unorganized and spontaneous. The wave of book bannings had begun before the rise of the New Right and in parallel with the growth in conservative church membership. It was—or so it seemed—a form of popular reaction to the social and cultural changes of the nineteen-sixties.

By the end of the seventies, civil-liberties organizations, writers' groups, publishers' associations, organizations of librarians, and the like were paying close attention to the phenomenon and were mounting legal and other efforts to oppose it. Spokesmen for these organizations sometimes suggested that the banning of school-library books constituted a dangerous new threat to American civil liberties. In fact, as most of them knew, community censorship of library books was common practice in the United States; it had been so since the beginning of American history, and in much of the country it was still such an ordinary occurrence in the schools that the local



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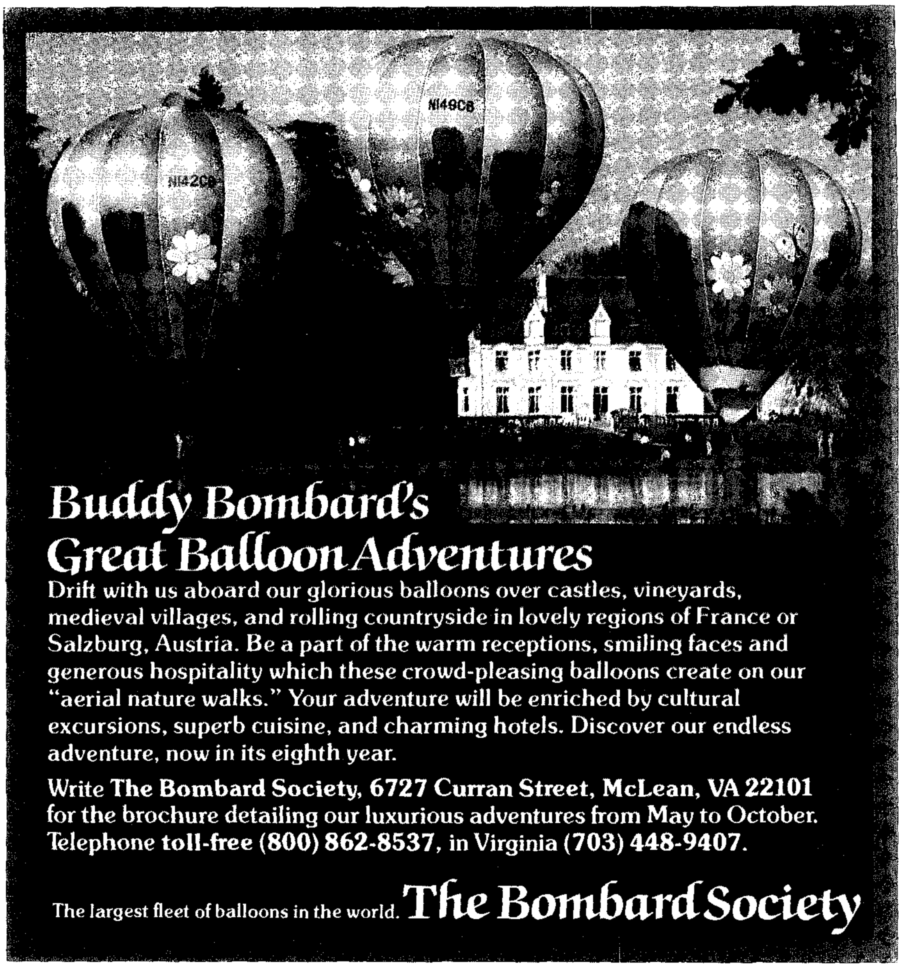
press did not bother to report it. In the twentieth century, the country had undergone two previous waves of enthusiasm for book banning—one in the nineteen-twenties and the other in the nineteen-fifties. Like the present eruption, the two previous ones had come at the end of reformist periods in American politics and at the end of profound social and cultural upheavals. Both were times of fundamentalist activism and a generalized conservative reaction; in both cases, right-wing groups had attacked the cultural products of the preceding period and had obtained widespread support. Possibly, the new wave of book protests affected more school districts than either of the others, but it was difficult to say, since this was the first to be measured. What was certain was that the resistance to it was far greater; indeed, the one clear novelty of the new censorship drive was the legal action taken against it.

In September of 1981, Michael Sheck, an eighteen-year-old student who had just graduated from the Woodland High School, brought suit against the Baileyville school committee and Raymond Freve for violating the First Amendment rights of Baileyville students. A month later, the United States Supreme Court, for the first time, granted certiorari to another case involving the removal of books from a school library. This was Pico v. Island Trees School District, a case that had been working its way through the court system since early 1977. The Supreme Court accepted the case for review in the face of considerable disarray on the issue in the courts below. In the course of a decade, a dozen federal district courts and three courts of appeals had heard school-library cases and decided them variously. The Seventh Circuit court of appeals had heard one case and decided it for the school board; the Sixth Circuit had heard one case and decided it for the student plaintiffs. The Second Circuit had heard three cases and decided for the students in one and the school boards in the others. In some of these cases, the appellate courts had overturned decisions made by the district-court judges, and in some of them the appellate courts were divided. Not only did the judges differ in their holdings; they differed on the principles involved. In the Second Circuit, a three-judge panel had heard two of its school-library cases in 1980 and had delivered a total of six different opinions. Two of the judges had found the cases in-



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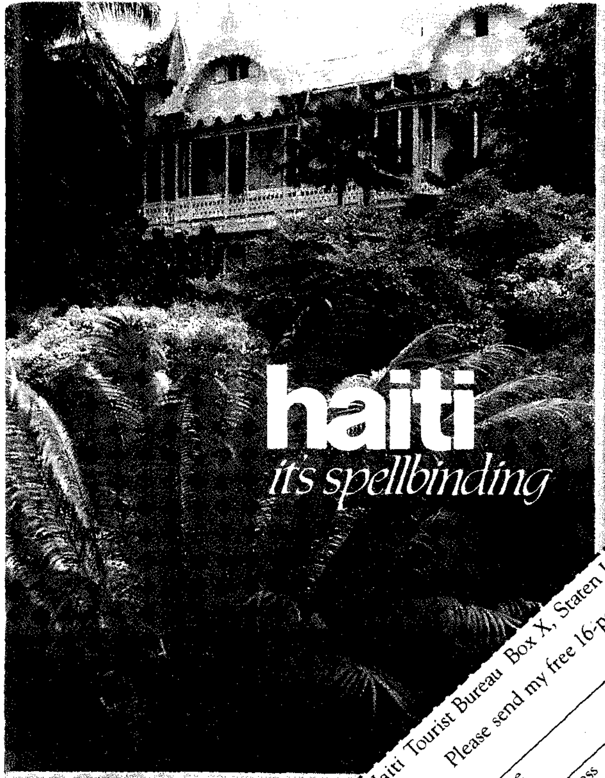

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distinguishable—and had come down on opposing sides in each case; the third judge had found them different and had held for the plaintiff in one and the school board in the other while invoking the same set of criteria. All in all, the courts had created what one law-review article described as a "tortuous path of litigation."

The judicial agonizing—the complexity and the dissension—that marked such cases stood in some contrast to the simplicity with which the plaintiffs first viewed the issues at stake. None of the works contested were remotely pornographic in the eyes of the law, and a number of them—such as Bernard Malamud's "The Fixer" and Joseph Heller's "Catch-22"—were works of literary distinction. To the plaintiffs, it was simply absurd and outrageous that a school board could ban such books from a school library. But, as their lawyers soon explained to them, the books were merely lightning rods in these cases. The real issue was the conflict between the proper authority of elected school boards and the rights of students under the First Amendment. These competing rights had been pitted against each other in a variety of other kinds of cases over the past half century. In the nineteen-sixties, the Supreme Court had established that neither students nor teachers could conceivably "shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate." On the other hand, in most school cases the Court had reaffirmed the three traditional doctrines governing public education: first, that "public education in our Nation is committed to the control of state and local authorities," so federal courts should not ordinarily intervene; second, that the school boards had the right to "transmit community values" through the curriculum; and, third, that public schools were responsible for "inculcating the fundamental values necessary to the maintenance of a democratic political system." In defending its decision to remove a book from a library, a school board would naturally invoke these doctrines. Thus, the issue of book banning went to the heart of three important questions in American law and culture: the philosophy of public education, the definition of "community," and the definition of fundamental democratic values.

When the Baileyville case went to the federal district court in Bangor, in December, 1981, the downstate re-

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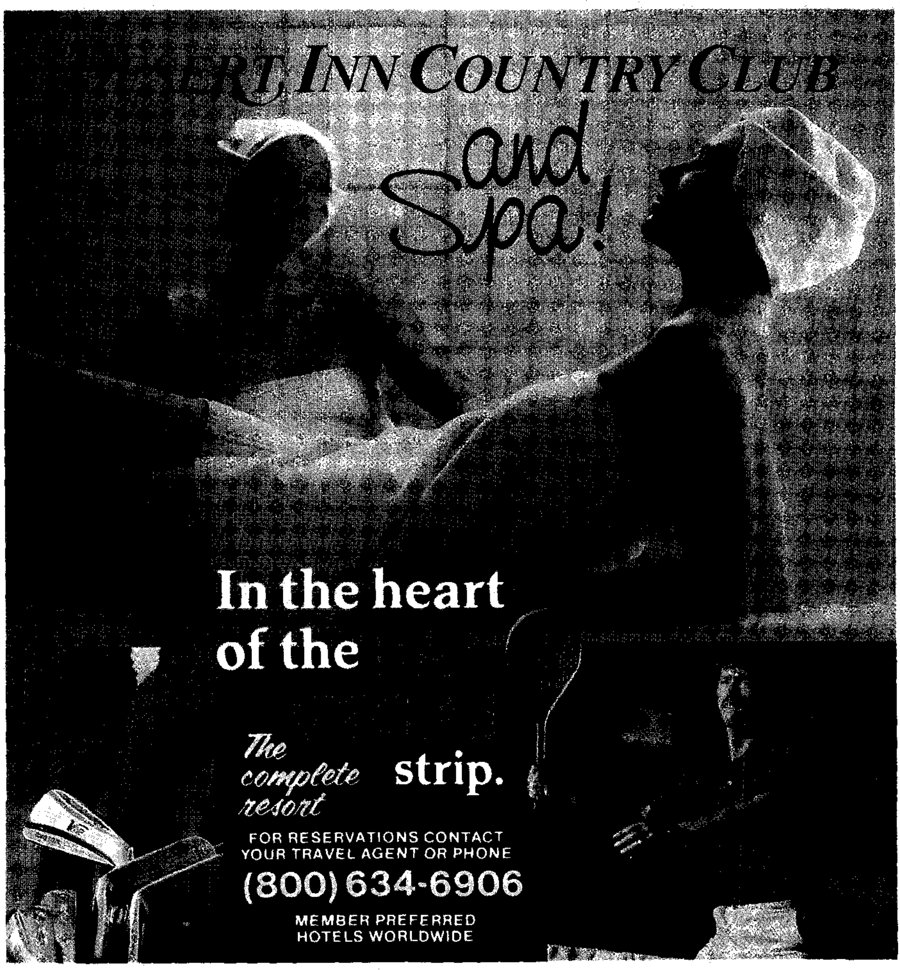

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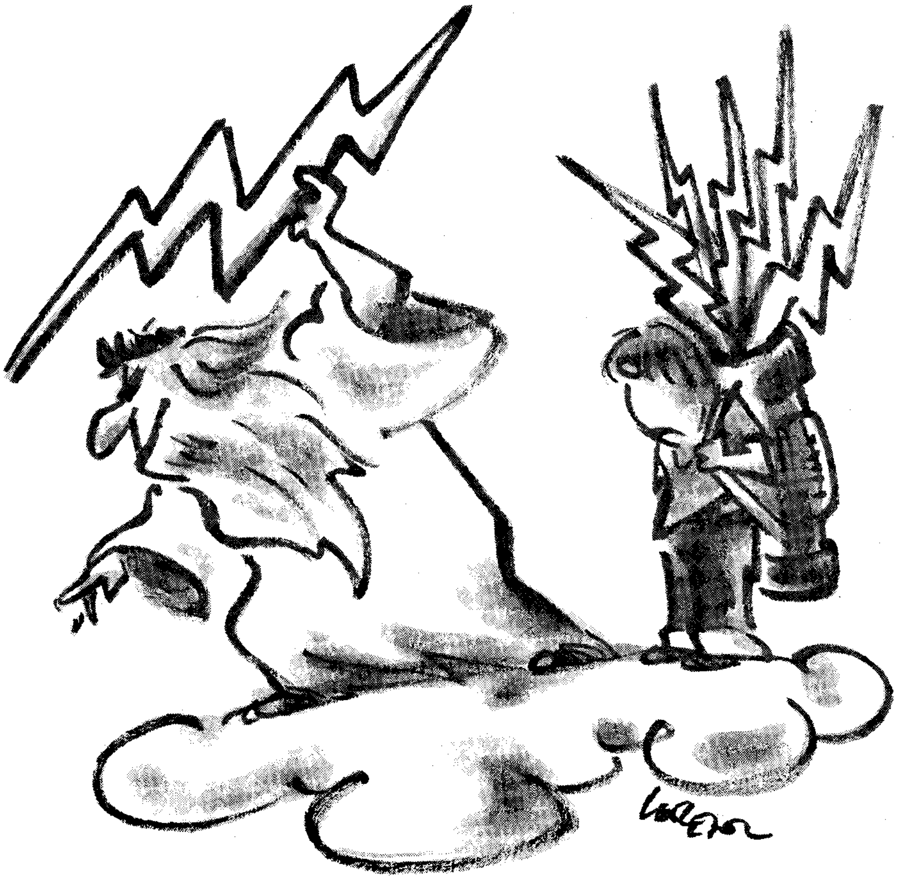
porters covering the hearing thought Baileyville not the most unlikely place for a book banning. The town was, after all, as far away as you could get; at the border of Canada and at the edge of the Eastern time zone, it was a hundred miles from the nearest city (Bangor) and ten miles from Calais, the nearest town with a bookstore and a movie theatre. The county around it, Washington County, was not only the poorest part of Maine but the poorest county north of Appalachia. There was lobster fishing on the coast, and inland nothing but lumbering. The farms were stony-poor and, besides that, were covered with snow six months a year. Decade after decade, the enterprising people had moved out, leaving certain of the small towns populated only by eccentrics and people on welfare. Baileyville was a more prosperous town than most in the county, because of the mills, but it was a one-company town. Georgia-Pacific employed just about everyone in the town who had a job (it employed four of the five school-committee members) and all the lumbermen in the outlying plantations. Furthermore, Down East Maine was famous for its insularity. Until a family had three generations buried in a town cemetery, Baileyville people would talk about "those people from away." On the whole, the reporters thought it surprising that there had been any opposition to the school-committee vote.

The fact is, however, that the book-banning decision had caused a good deal of controversy in Baileyville: it had created a rift in the school committee, a rift between the pastors of the churches, and a rift between the teachers and the school administrators. The Baileyville people who testified at the hearing represented not just two sides of a conflict but a great variety of opinions—indeed, most of the positions it was possible to take on an issue as complex as this one. The conflict was, of course, not just an intellectual exercise. As the Baileyville witnesses illuminated the issue, so the conflict had illuminated the town itself, revealing the nature of the community and a cast of characters fit for a much larger stage.



THE day after the April 28th school-committee meeting, news of the book ban travelled quickly around the Woodland High School. Michael Sheck heard about it from a math teacher, and ten minutes later he was in the library with a classmate, Heather Beebe, asking for the book. When Grace Schillich told them—with some irony—that they could not have it, the two students went directly to the principal's office to ask for an explanation. As it happened, Raymond Freve came into Morrison's office around then, so it was he who explained the situation to them.

The school officials did not know either of the two students very well, though there were only fifty-five in the graduating class of the high school. Michael and Heather had entered the Woodland High School as seniors that year, having come "from away," as they said in Baileyville. Michael's mother was a Bailey by birth, and she had dozens of relatives in town; but she had married a naval communications expert, Eugene Sheck, and so the family had lived in Annapolis, Maryland, and on naval bases in the United States and Europe for most of Michael's childhood. Eugene Sheck had retired from government service the year before, and the Shecks had moved to the small town where they had spent summers for many years—a fishing resort twenty-five miles east of Baileyville called Grand Lake Stream. Heather Beebe, too, had lived in many different towns. Her stepfather, Robert Shive, had worked at a number of paper plants across the country as a management expert; he had moved to Baileyville the summer before to take a job with Georgia-Pacific, and in the intervening months his wife—Heather's mother, Helen Shive—had found a job as a data-processing manager for the company.

Michael and Heather were friends in part because they were both outsiders and in part because they were the brightest kids in their class. Heather excelled at everything she did: she got top marks, and in one year she took the lead in the school play and was named salutatorian. She was beautiful, good, and serious—qualities that did not much endear her to the girls who had taken the honors before she came. One night, a girl had called her on the telephone and screamed, "How dare you change things around here! In this town, you're not meant to compete. You're supposed to leave things the way they are!" Heather was exceptional at the Woodland High School, but Michael would have been exceptional at any school. He read Greek and Latin, played around with advanced math and physics, and was almost certainly better read than any member of the school committee. He had thought of becoming a scien-

*"Sometimes I have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming."*

• •

tist—following the path of his father and an elder brother—but now his main interests lay in literature and philosophy. That spring, the University of Maine had offered him a full scholarship and the chance to go directly into a Ph.D. program. The university published a scholarly journal on Ezra Pound, and he was going to spend the summer working for it. But Michael's health was precarious, and he looked older than he was. When he went to the Woodland High School his first day dressed—as he had dressed for his school in Maryland—in a turtleneck sweater, a tweed sports jacket, and horn-rimmed glasses, his classmates took him for an assistant teacher. He didn't care. Somewhere, somehow, he had accepted the fact that he was different. Sandy-haired and plain, he would stand with his feet apart, toes turned out, challenging anyone to match him at his own joking. The math teacher who had told him about the book ban knew perfectly well that Michael would do something about it.

Michael had read "365 Days" when he was twelve years old, right after the fall of Saigon. He had liked the book a good deal. But, more than the book, it was the principle of the thing which concerned him. He had been involved in a book-banning case before. At his Maryland high school, he had sat on a review panel for a sex-education course, and a parent had sued the school over a book that the panel adopted. To him, it was unimaginable that anyone would want to ban a book; that anyone had the power to do so seemed to him outrageous. But he didn't tell Raymond Freve and John Morrison this. He merely asked to speak against the ban at the next school-committee meeting, scheduled for May 5th, and then he told the Bangor *Daily News*.

About fifty people showed up for that school-committee meeting. The turnout surprised the committee members, for normally few people, if any, bothered to come to the meetings, and in general the committee members suffered from a sense of neglect, even ingratitude, given all the work they did for the town. Fifty people was a big crowd for the town of Baileyville. Before the meeting, Michael and Heather had managed to find a copy of "365 Days" at the public library in Calais. Heather was thus able to get up and give a spirited defense of the book. Michael then attacked book banning in principle. There was applause when he finished, and after him six or seven adults got up and added their objections. The entire crowd, it appeared, had come to protest the ban.

To two of the five committee members, the turnout came as a welcome surprise. Susan White and Xavier Romero had had second thoughts about the ban immediately after the last meeting. "I thought about it," Susan White said later, "and I thought, You just don't ban books—it's against the Constitution." The two had discussed the matter, and neither had slept well that night. By now, both of them had read the book, and they felt even more strongly that they had been wrong. The difficulty was that they were the junior members of the committee, in age as well as seniority, and each was, in a different way, an outsider. A crisp blonde in her late twenties, Susan White was a native of Baileyville, but she had gone away to college, and had not returned until a few years ago. She and her husband had been living in North Carolina, but had moved to Baileyville because they had found better jobs there. Susan White was now assistant to the comptroller at Georgia-Pacific. Xavier Romero, a Mexican-born chemical engineer, had come to Baileyville two years earlier from California, where he had worked for a paper company. An easygoing man, given to wearing baseball jackets, he got along well in the town and had run for the school committee in part because of his enthusiasm for the high-school teams. He believed that one of the great virtues of Americans was their ability to resolve problems by compromise. He also believed that it was undemocratic for people to impose their morality on others.

In a larger town, the May 5th meeting might have been an angry one, but in Baileyville people knew each other too well. One committee member, Stephen Neale, was the United Parcel Service driver in town. Most days, he drove the twenty-five miles to Grand Lake Stream to drop off a package for the Shecks or at the one-room post office there, which was run by Michael's aunt. Red-haired and good-natured, he was a favorite of the family. Clifford McPhee worked at one of the Georgia-Pacific mills and lived just down the road from Heather Beebe's family; his son was a friend of Heather's younger brothers' and was always over at the house. Thomas Golden, the traffic manager for Georgia-Pacific, worked in the headquarters building with Romero and White, and his family attended

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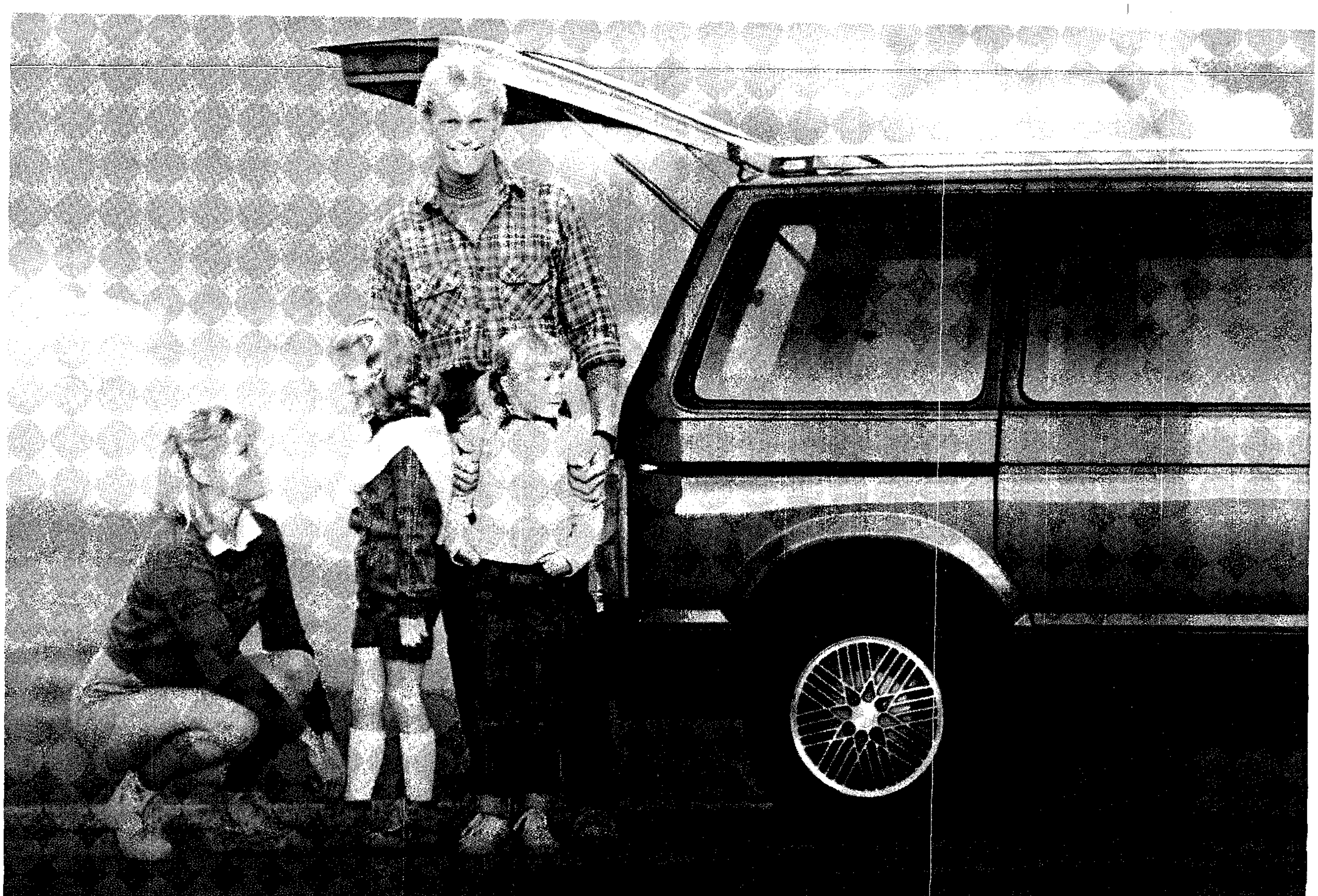

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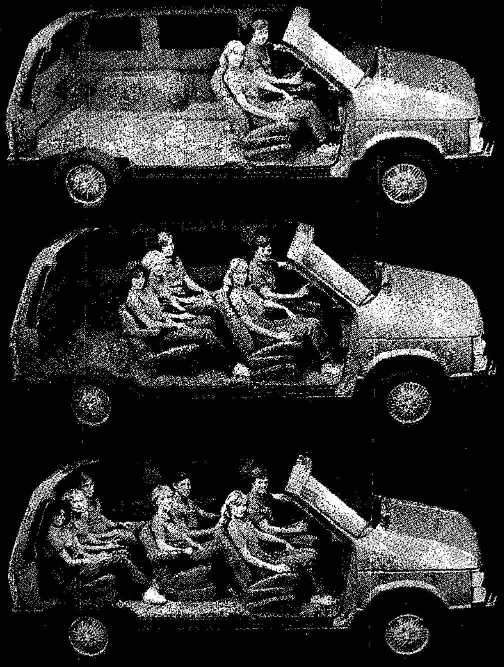

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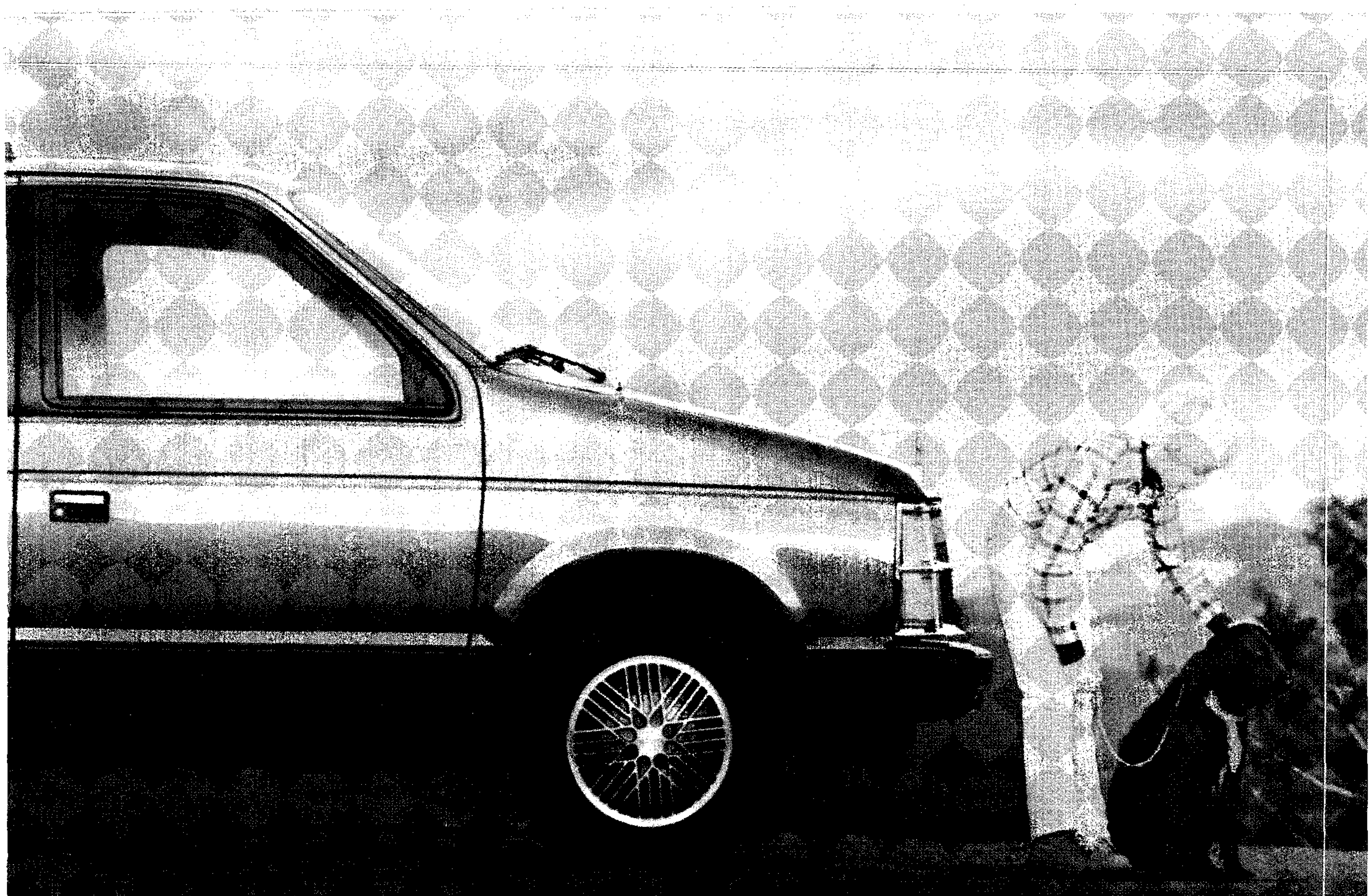

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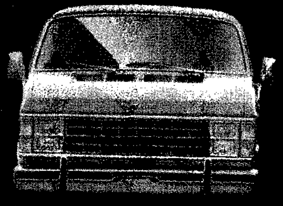

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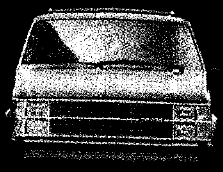

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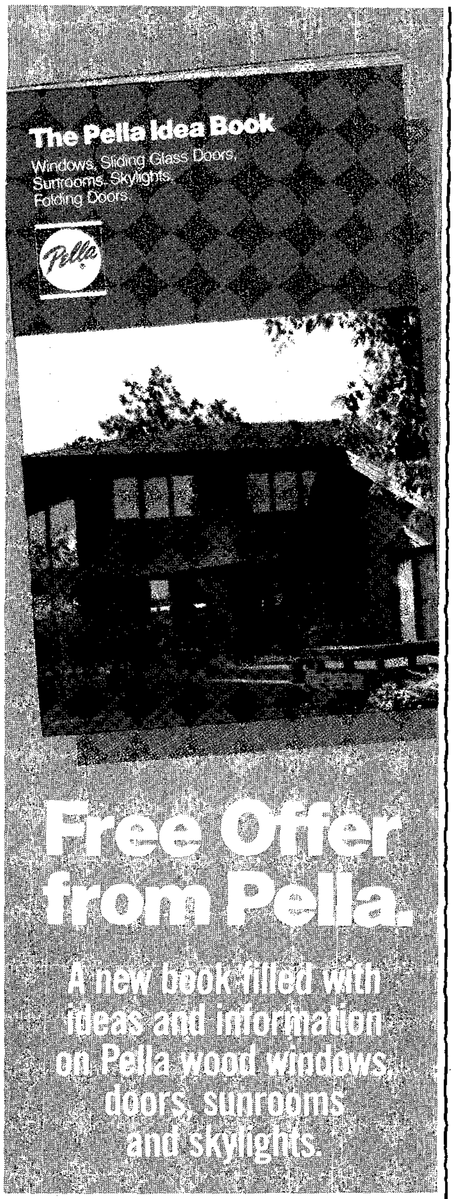
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the same Catholic church they went to.

Confrontation over issues is not the political style in Baileyville. The smallness of the town has a good deal to do with this, but there are other reasons as well. Though Baileyville was settled in the late eighteenth century, it is still in many ways a frontier town. Northwest of Grand Lake Stream, there is nothing but lakes and timberland for hundreds of square miles. In the summer, visitors come from the south. They are not tourists—for Baileyville, with its mills, its frame houses, and its trailer homes, must be one of the least picturesque towns in Maine. Rather, they are people who come to stay in the hunting and fishing camps on the lakes. For them, the country is paradise: the lakes abound with salmon, brook trout, and smallmouth bass, the forests with deer, moose, bobcats, and black bears. (Even in the towns, you can occasionally see a black bear ambling down the street; one of the functions of the police is to shoo bears back into the woods.) But the season is short in Washington County. By mid-August, the lawns and back yards are covered with tree trunks in great, unruly piles, like giant pickup sticks, ready to be cut and split for winter. Snow usually comes in November and lasts until May, the temperature often dropping below zero in three of those six months. In winter, Baileyville people depend on each other, and not just for company but for survival. In those months, nature is neither kind nor tolerant of error, so they have to compensate. Then, too, Washington County people have a history together. There are newcomers, of course—teachers, Georgia-Pacific executives—but it's hard to get used to the winters. Teacher candidates, for instance, are sometimes asked if they like hunting and fishing, because if they don't it's a cinch they won't stay long. The result is that the names on the mailboxes tend to match up with the names on the tombstones. A lot of the people are in some way related, and even those who are not can name each other's grandparents and second cousins. Such intimacy breeds tolerance and a certain kind of conservatism. Susan White and Xavier Romero understood that perfectly well.

Michael Sheck was, on the whole, pleased with the results of the May 5th school-committee meeting. A number of journalists had come, so there had been news stories and follow-up interviews with him, with Carol Ann Dav-

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enport, and with Thomas Golden. Now the book ban was the talk of Baileyville, and there were waiting lists for "365 Days" in libraries across the county. A lot of people opposed the ban, and said so. The question in Michael's mind was how far they were prepared to go to make an issue of it. Several teachers held discussions of the ban in their classes, but the days passed and there was no formal protest from any of them. One of Michael's teachers told him that at a faculty meeting Morrison had warned the teachers not to speak out against the ban in public, concluding, "You've got to remember where your paychecks come from." That might or might not have been the reason for their silence. The students, for their part, didn't seem to feel very strongly about the ban. Generally, they seemed to oppose it, but their opposition had less to do with the principle of academic freedom than with a vague suspicion that adults were once again trying to put something over on them. At Michael's urging, the student council wrote the school committee a letter asking for reinstatement of the book. In an attempt to create more discussion of the issue, Michael brought a copy to school with him one day—he had had to drive all the way to Bangor to find one—and showed it to other students between classes. As he was leaving with it that afternoon, Morrison saw the book and called him into his office. After speaking with Raymond Freve on the phone, the principal told Michael that he couldn't have the book in school: the book was banned, and had to be treated like *Playboy* or *Hustler*. Michael did not protest but took the book out with him to his car.

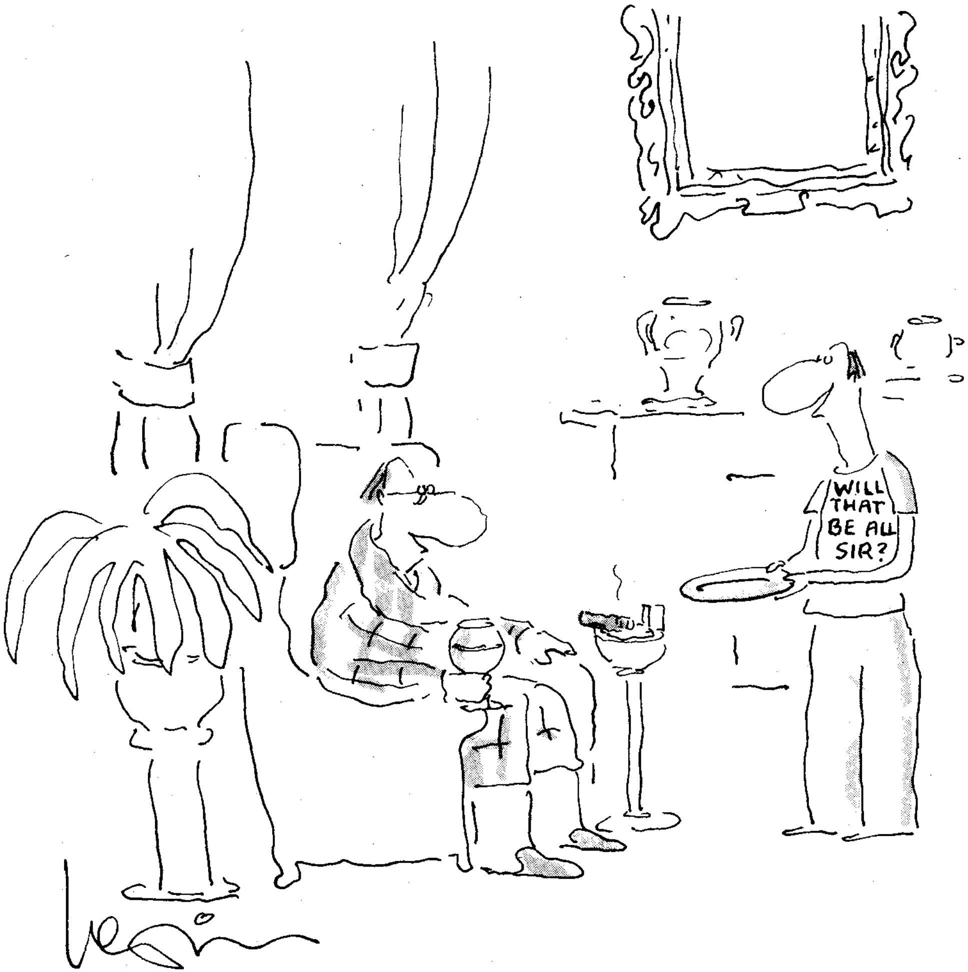
*"I am sick of being looked at like one of your Brazilian bank loans!"*

• •

At the next school-committee meeting, on May 19th, there was another big crowd, but this time the first two rows were filled with people from the Woodland Baptist Church. Roy Blevins, its pastor, had heard about the previous meeting; now, taking the counteroffensive, he got up and denounced the language in the book. He was, he said, speaking as a parent, not as a pastor. He objected to the fact that children were forced to go to a school with such filth in it. When Susan White asked him whether he had read all of "365 Days," he responded by asking her if she had read the whole Bible. Susan White was shocked by the hostility of the question. Religion was not a subject of dispute in Baileyville. There were a lot of Catholics in town—French Canada being not far away—and a number of different Protestant denominations. Catholics and Protestants intermarried and were converted from one faith to another. In fact, no one cared what church you went to as long as you went to church. Stephen Neale was a member of the Woodland Baptist Church, and Clifford McPhee was one of its founders. Susan White had never given this any thought before, but then she had never before met Roy Blevins.

A Southerner, Blevins had come to town just a few years earlier to take over the Woodland Baptist Church. The former pastor—a powerful evangelist, by all accounts—had founded the church in the early sixties; he had converted three or four hundred people to his fundamentalist faith and had built a handsome church with a nave that looked like the hull of a sailboat. Not long before Blevins' arrival, half the congregation—the richer half—had split off and founded a new church, ten miles away. Such were the risks that independent Baptist preachers ran. Blevins, then only in his late twenties, had had a difficult time at first and had made special efforts to keep his congregation up to the mark. He now had more than a hundred people in his church every Sunday (he kept a tally on the hymnal board) and about fifty at his Wednesday-night prayer meetings. He had a five-minute spot on the local fundamentalist radio station. In the past year, his parishioners had engaged in two attention-getting crusades: they had demonstrated with signs in front of a Calais movie theatre that showed X-rated films, and they had made a bonfire of all their rock-and-roll records. (A friend of Michael Sheck's had happened to pass by the church while the bonfire was burning and had seen a Partridge Family album wither in the flames—the smell of burning plastic blending with the wood-pulp smell from the mills.) The issue of "filth" in the public-school library had become—so it seemed—a third crusade.

The school committee had decided that only those who had not spoken before on the issue should do so at this meeting, so when Blevins and his parishioners had finished, the discussion was closed. Susan White then introduced a motion to rescind the book ban. It was hardly the best moment, but she and Romero had some hope that at least one of their colleagues would have reconsidered. They knew that McPhee would not. He was adamant about the ban. He had still not read the book. He would not read it, he later explained, because the lan-


WILL THAT BE ALL SIR?

guage was enough for him. "I work at the mill, and I hear people using that language all the time—and their kids. The kids already know the words, but the school shouldn't say it's right. If you give kids that stuff all the time, they'll breed on it, and that's the language they're going to use. Our country's going downhill, and that's because no one takes a stand. If you start giving in, you let your morals down." White and Romero had some slight hope that Stephen Neale would change his mind. Neale hadn't read the book, either, and for much the same reasons. As a member of the Woodland Baptist Church, he, too, believed that the country was on the decline. If you gave him time, he would expatiate on marriages breaking up, crime being on the rise, no prayers in the schools, everyone being out to make a fast buck, and a society where professors and psychologists made all the rules. All the same, Neale was a sociable, softhearted man, to whom personal relations were far more important than abstractions. His dismay about the direction the country was taking stemmed in great part from his sense that society was becoming ever more abstract and impersonal—the cities were just plain too big. The great hope for Romero and White, however, was Thomas Golden. A Catholic like themselves, Golden had had three years of college, at the University of Ottawa, and was a man with some experience of the world. The year before, he had taken a Brazilian exchange student to live with his family. He was a thoughtful man, who saw most issues, including this one, in more than black-and-white terms. He had read the book after the first committee meeting and thought it had merit. Still, he felt that the language was unsuitable for a school library—and he had told the press that. When the vote came, Golden voted with Neale and McPhee against rescinding the ban.

At this point, the lines on the school committee were sharply drawn, and Michael Sheck began to think seriously of filing suit. He had thought about legal action the moment he heard of the ban. His experience with the Maryland suit had prompted him to ask Heather Beebe to go with him to the library as a witness to the librarian's refusal to give him the book. But White and Romero had one more card to play. At the next meeting, on May 26th, they persuaded the rest of the committee to agree to discuss the establishment of a policy on challenged books. This was Freve's idea. With the mounting swell of book protests, school systems around the country were adopting a policy whereby all contested materials would be reviewed by committees composed of parents, teachers, community people, and—in some instances—students. Since these committees could be viewed as impartial judges of educational suitability, they offered some protection both for the libraries and for the school boards in case of a suit. On June 17th, the school committee agreed to draw up such a policy. White and Romero then made a motion to put "365 Days" on a restricted shelf in the library until the policy was established. The motion was about to fail when Michael Sheck, who attended the meeting, said he would bring suit if it did not succeed. At Freve's urging, Golden changed his mind and voted with White and Romero.

On August 17th, the committee voted to adopt a contested-materials policy that White and Romero had researched and written up. When the motion carried, Freve said that the vote meant that "365 Days" was now automatically taken off the restricted shelf and banned from the library. White and Romero were stunned. They had worked on the policy for a month assuming that "365 Days" would automatically be submitted to a review committee. Now Freve explained that by Robert's Rules of Order the motion to adopt the policy did not cancel the motion to ban the book. He added that since the school committee had already banned the book it would be unfair to ask the teachers who would sit on the review committee to second-guess the people who signed their paychecks. White and Romero felt betrayed. But there was nothing they could do about it: when another vote was taken to review the book, their three colleagues still supported the ban.

A few weeks later, Michael brought suit against the school committee and Raymond Freve. He had had time to think it over; he had talked to the Maine Civil Liberties Union and the American Library Association; but still the decision was a difficult one to make. Many people in the school district opposed the ban—Michael knew that from talking with them. Some opposed it on grounds of principle: they thought it was censorship, and they thought censorship was wrong. At one school-committee meeting, a Methodist minister had read an erotic passage from the Song of Solomon as an example of what the committee might have to ban if it insisted upon "cleaning up" its library. Some opposed the ban because of the book itself; one Vietnam veteran had written to the Calais newspaper protesting the banning of a book that told the truth about the Vietnam War. Some people thought the ban just plain silly and, with all the press coverage, an embarrassment to the town; Baileyville people, one woman said, were being "made to look like hicks." A few people opposed it just because they liked and respected Michael, and a fair number opposed it because Roy Blevins and his parishioners supported it. The militancy of the Woodland Baptist Church had created a degree of ill feeling in Baileyville. Then, there were some who opposed the ban because it was Carol Ann Davenport who had complained about the book.

But to oppose the book ban was not necessarily to favor the bringing of a suit against the school committee. Heather Beebe and her mother were for it, but precious few others. The idea of getting a lawyer and taking the thing to court struck most people as a breach of neighborliness. When Michael talked about it, even people who opposed the ban would ask him how much a single book mattered, and how could he, a student, take the school committee to court. Michael would argue that it was the principle of the thing that mattered, and that there was no other recourse: two seats were up for election the following year, and one of them was Susan White's. Michael's arguments did not satisfy everyone—not even everyone in his own family. Michael's mother and his Bailey aunts and uncles tried for some time to persuade him not to bring the suit. They told him he did not understand the town. And they were, in a certain way, correct.

In the course of their time in Baileyville, Michael, Heather, and Heather's mother, Helen Shive, had made certain observations about the town. They had observed, for example, that the town managed most of its affairs by force of habit. When someone—particularly someone from away—suggested that a thing might be done differently, the suggestion, however sensible, was simply ignored. Mrs. Shive had tried for months without success to get the school to replace

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the antiquated equipment in its science labs. It had the money—even the elementary school had guidance counsellors—so that was not it. Heather Beebe had once asked why the seniors had to come to the school dance in formal dress while the underclassmen came wearing whatever they liked. The only answer she got was that it had always been that way. "People around here accept everything," Heather said. "They're so conservative they don't even ask questions." What amazed Michael was how pleasant everyone always was, even in the heat of a disagreement. Freve and Morrison had praised Michael—had told others he was a fine boy for standing up at the school-committee meeting and protesting the ban. That was nice, of course. But the result of all this niceness seemed to be that people lost interest in the issues they disagreed upon. In July and August, Michael had been almost alone in attendance at the school-committee meetings. The people on his side did not appear, but then neither did Roy Blevins. The pastor, strangely, was now refusing even to give interviews on the subject, and leaving Carol Ann Davenport to deal with the few reporters still following the story. There was—or so it seemed—a general lack of engagement. Michael, Heather, and Helen attributed this to the complacent insularity of a small, close-knit town.

But in this they were wrong. Baileyville was close-knit—no question about that—but the fact that people knew each other's second cousins and great-aunts did not mean they liked each other any better for it or agreed on matters of principle or philosophy. Indeed, as the school-committee meetings had shown, their disagreements on the book-banning issue were as wide as any in the country. Where they agreed was on the necessity of keeping the peace and maintaining the network of personal relations in the town. This was their overriding concern, and their conservatism followed from it. They were cordial to newcomers, but they remained wary of them, precisely because people from away could not be expected to understand the fragility of social relations, or the reasons even stupid things were best left alone. A fair number of people had cared about the book ban, one way or the other. But eventually most of them had dropped the issue because there seemed to be no compromise, no way to resolve the argument. Like an oys-

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ter with a piece of sand in it, the town had coated the problem with layer upon layer of agreeableness until finally the irritation was gone. Now Michael wanted to revive the disagreement and turn it into a full-scale confrontation. The case threatened not only to polarize the town but to do so publicly, with the whole state watching.

In the end, Michael's mother gave her approval to the bringing of a suit. Mrs. Sheck thought the world of her son. She had a twelve-year-old daughter, and two older sons—one of whom had a brilliant analytical mind, much like his father's—but she stood in some awe of Michael. Everything he did was original and unexpected. Sometimes—the days, for example, when he would retreat to his room with a lot of books she had never even heard of—Mrs. Sheck wondered how he had sprung from her big, comfortable, noisy family. She worried about the trouble a suit might cause in the town and the problems Michael's sister might have in the high school. But she knew that Michael cared desperately about the suit, and in the end that was enough for her. Eugene Sheck, Michael's father, who had been sympathetic to his son's cause from the first, became a co-plaintiff, as did Helen Shive, in a class-action suit, on behalf of the children they both still had in school. And the Maine Civil Liberties Union had found a lawyer who would take the case pro bono.

TO the civil-liberties lawyers at work on the school-library case going up to the Supreme Court, Sheck v. Baileyville School Committee seemed the wrong case at the wrong time. Alan H. Levine, of the New York civil-liberties firm Clark Wulf & Levine, and Arthur Eisenberg, of the New York Civil Liberties Union, had been working on Pico v. Island Trees School District since 1976. It was a strong case, as these cases went, but they were still not altogether optimistic about it. They had taken the case knowing full well that—as Justice Byron White later observed—it lay in a "largely uncharted field" of First Amendment law. School-board members were, after all, the elected representatives of their communities, and, foolish or wrong as some of their decisions might seem to be, these were not patently the concern of federal judges. Furthermore, given the size and cultural diversity of the United States few

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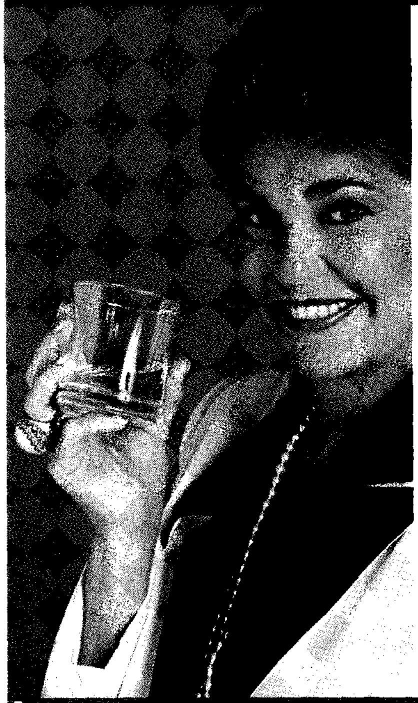

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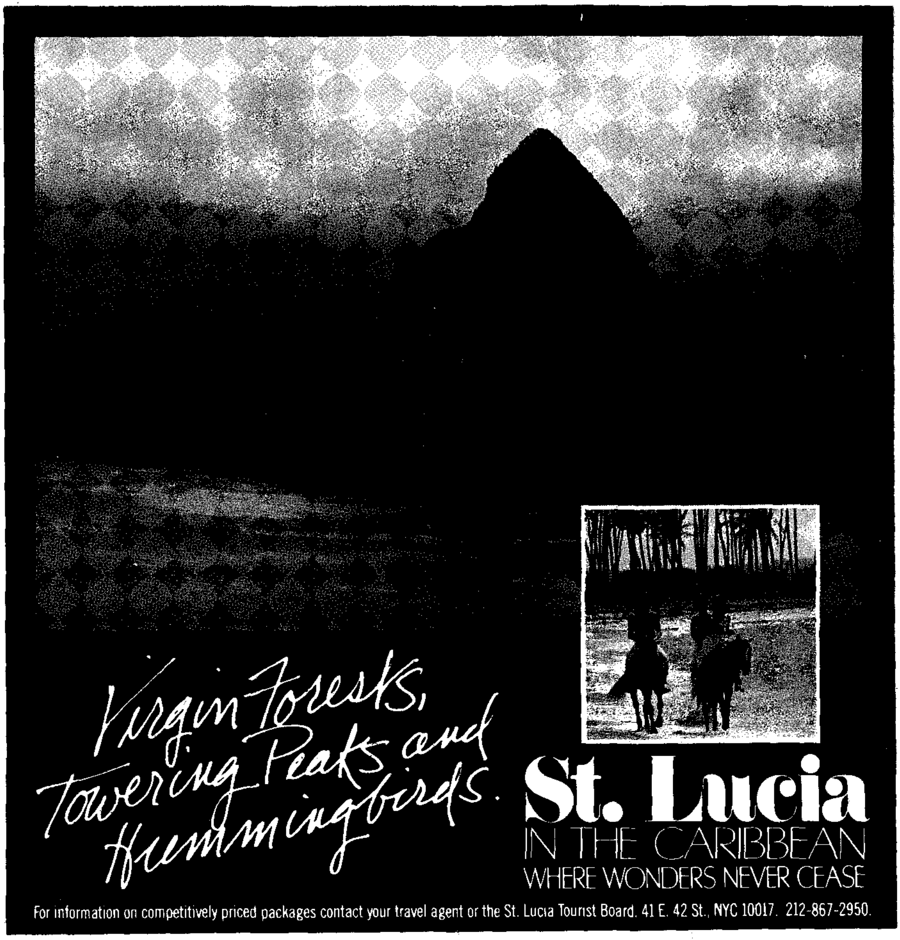
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would fault the principle of local control over education. George W. Lipp, Jr., the counsel for the Island Trees school board, argued in his brief for the Supreme Court:

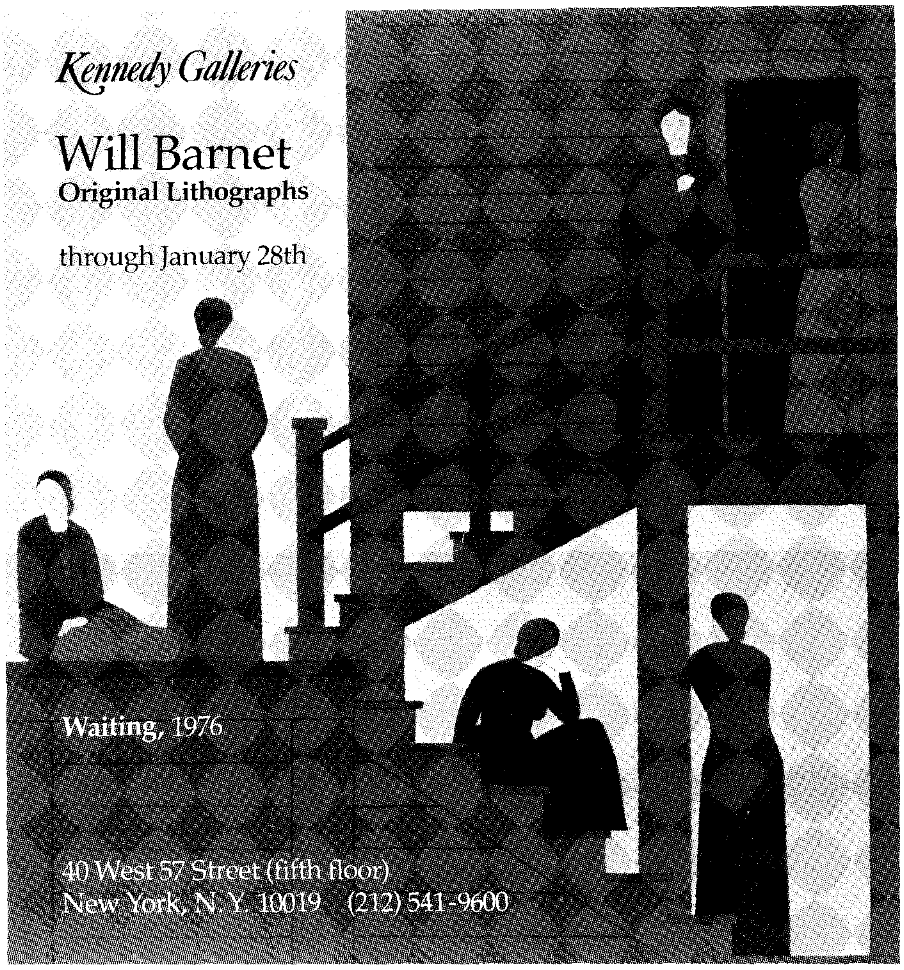
> One of the great strengths of our Nation is its variety of cultures, beliefs and values. The school districts of America come in all sizes and shapes and emphasize, within their state mandates, a bewildering variety of values. . . . Not to permit a board of education to utilize its own values, and probably, since these are elected officials, those of the community in its decision-making process would cast a true "pall of orthodoxy" over the educational process.

The Supreme Court had always insisted upon the rights of school boards to "transmit community values" through their curricula. George Lipp argued that "it is this effort at inculcating and indoctrinating community values that sharply distinguishes the nation's secondary schools from its universities and colleges, where a less prescriptive 'marketplace of ideas' or analytical model governs."

Levine and Eisenberg—like many other civil-liberties lawyers—had taken on school-library cases because of their common-sense conviction that in certain situations the removal of books from a school library must be a form of censorship. If a Democratic school board removed all books written by Republicans, or if an all-white school board removed all books written by blacks and all books advocating racial equality, such cases would surely qualify as censorship and a violation of the students' First Amendment rights. But what if a school board simply did not acquire these books in the first place? Would it be obliged by the Constitution to acquire them? And could a school board really be said to exercise censorship when it could not and did not attempt to control what books were available to a student at home, in the bookstores, or in the public libraries? As schooling was necessarily a selective process, there were a lot of problems involved with the notion of censorship in the context of schools. Levine and Eisenberg would, of course, have liked to litigate a case where political or religious censorship could be unequivocally established, but perfect cases rarely come along when they are wanted—they rarely come along at all—and, of all the cases that had come along, Pico v. Island Trees School District seemed the most promising for the purposes of making new First Amendment law.

The Island Trees case differed from the Baileyville case in a number of important respects; indeed, given the range of school-library cases that had already come up before the courts the two might be said to stand at opposite ends of the spectrum. In the first place, the school districts differed radically; Island Trees was a swatch out of the Bos-Wash megalopolis. Not far from New York City, it covered a two-and-a-half-square-mile area of suburban Long Island and parts of four towns. It was a relatively populous district—it had nineteen thousand residents—and a relatively new one. Its five thousand homes were a product of the huge post-Second World War building boom that covered the potato fields of Nassau County with mile upon mile of tract developments, shopping malls, and highways. About sixty per cent of its inhabitants lived in Levittown, a development that had been planned to provide reasonably priced housing for war veterans and their families. In the early sixties, a group of Levittowners pulled away from the town school district and, with adjacent housing tracts from three other towns—Bethpage, Plainedge, and Seaford—formed an independent district, named Island Trees. Whereas the Levittown development had a certain racial and religious distribution, the population of the Island Trees school district was remarkably homogeneous. At the time the book controversy broke out, there were very few black students in any of the Island Trees schools. Most of the inhabitants of the new district were Catholic, and most of these were of Irish or Italian descent. Many of the men worked in the civil service of Nassau County or for the City of New York: they were policemen, firemen, sanitation men, highway-construction workers. A lot of them had left New York in order to escape the problems of the city and to own houses of their own. Thus, while many were registered Democrats most were conservative on the social issues. In the early seventies, the school board had, rather exceptionally, a liberal majority; in 1975, the seven-member board was once again solidly conservative: it favored low school taxes, prayer in the schools, and "back to basics" education.

In September, 1975, the president of the board and two other members attended a conference held upstate by Parents of New York, United—or PONY-U—a right-wing organization concerned with educational legislation in the state. At the conference, the board members picked up a list of "ob-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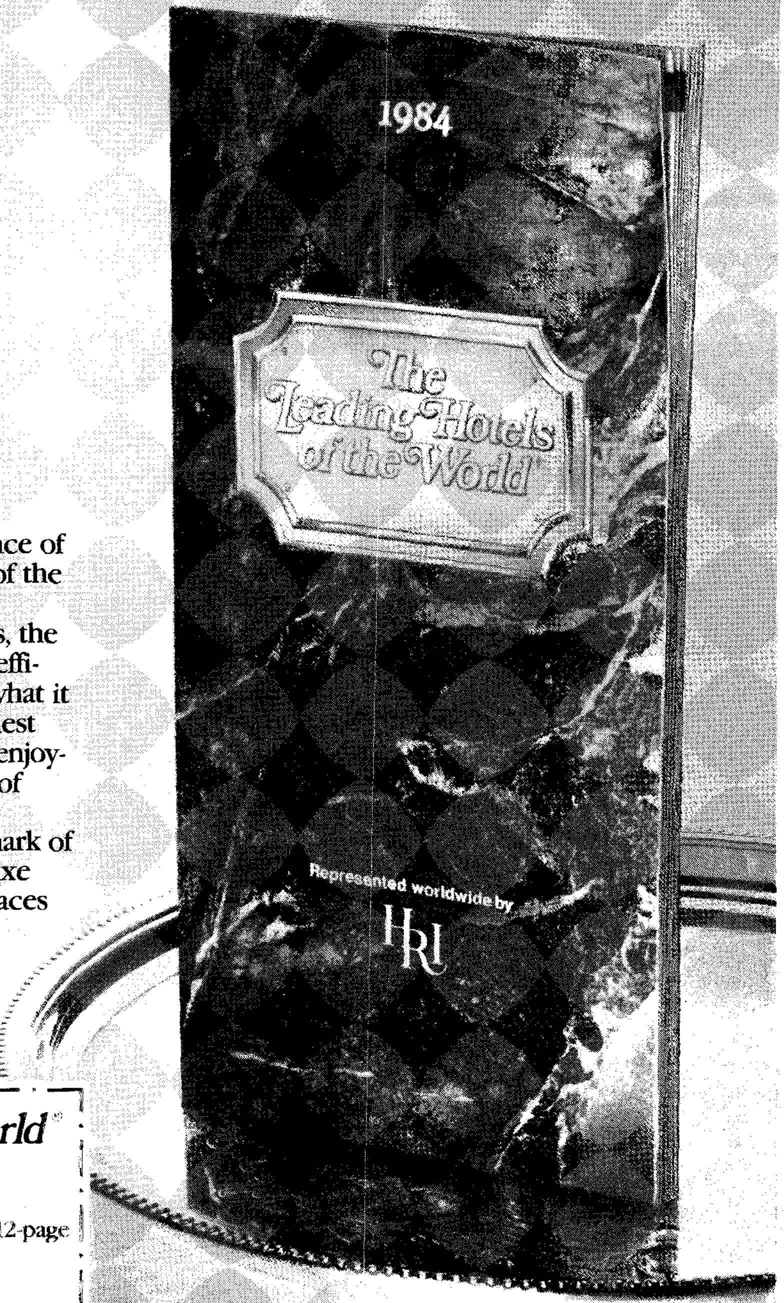
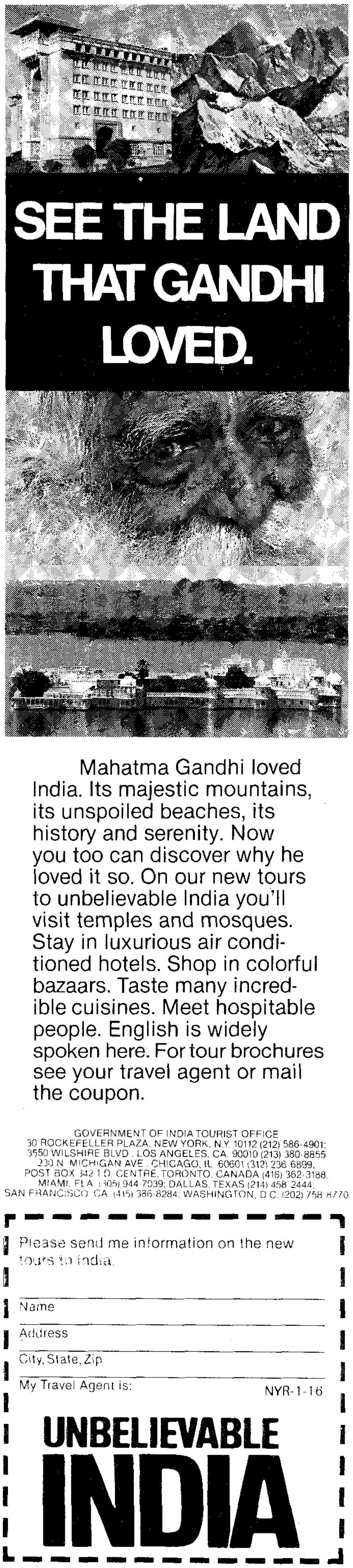


jectionable" books found in school libraries—a list supplemented by excerpted passages and editorial comments about the authors. Two months later, the president of the board, Richard Ahrens, and the vice-president, Frank Martin, entered the high-school library at night and searched the catalogue for the titles on the list. They found nine of them that night and subsequently two more: one was in the junior-high-school library and the other was being used in the high-school curriculum. In February, at a meeting with the superintendent and the principals of the schools, the board gave "unofficial direction" that the books be removed from the shelves. The superintendent, Richard Morrow, who had been appointed by the previous board, advised against their removal, reminding the members that the district had a policy for dealing with challenged materials: books were put on a restricted shelf until a review committee had a chance to examine them. But the board insisted that Morrow remove the books, and declared that it would serve as the review committee.

These decisions were taken in closed session, but a few weeks later word of the banning order was leaked to the press, and there was an immediate uproar of protest in the community. On March 19th, the board issued a press release justifying its action. Three members, it said, had attended a conference and "learned of books found in schools throughout the country which were anti-American, anti-Christian, anti-Semitic and just plain filthy;" they had returned to find some of these books in their own school district—books containing not only material offensive in these respects but "obscenities, blasphemies, brutality and perversion beyond description." In a school library, the board said, the presence of these books "actually entices children to read and savor them." It was the duty of the board to protect children from the "moral danger" of the books "as surely as from physical and medical dangers." In a separate statement, the board accused the teachers' union—with which it was in difficult contract negotiations—of leaking word of the ban for the purpose of discrediting the board and winning seats for "two union-backed lackeys" in the next school-board election, two months away.

The teachers' union denied the charge, countering that the book banning was the board's election ploy, and a week later it filed a grievance action alleging violation of academic freedom. Superintendent Morrow spoke out publicly against the ban and not long afterward resigned to take a job he had been seeking in an upstate school district with a board whose views were more compatible with his. (In July, the Island Trees board replaced him with a protégé of Max Rafferty, the right-wing superintendent of California's public schools.) A citizens' committee was formed to oppose the ban, and the Nassau County chapter of the New York Civil Liberties Union took up the case. To head off further criticism, the board appointed a committee composed of parents and school staff members to review the eleven books; but when the committee made its report, which urged that five of the books be restored to the open shelves and another put on a restricted shelf in the library, the board substantially ignored its recommendation. It decided that nine of the books should be banned from all schools in the district. These books were "The Fixer;" "Slaughterhouse-Five;" "The Naked Ape," by Desmond Morris; "Down These Mean Streets," by Piri Thomas; "Go Ask Alice;" "The Best Short Stories by Negro Writers," edited by Langston Hughes; "A Hero Ain't Nothin' But a Sandwich;" "Soul on Ice," by Eldridge Cleaver; and "A Reader for Writers," edited by Jerome Archer and Joseph Schwartz. (The board members found this last book on the PONY-U list, but after banning it they discovered that the offending selection, about Malcolm X, was not in the edition they had. They then objected to another selection, "A Modest Proposal," by Jonathan Swift, on the ground that Swift's solution to the problem of hunger in Ireland—eating babies—was not relevant to the curriculum.) The books on the PONY-U list which the board restored to the shelves were "Black Boy," by Richard Wright, and "Laughing Boy," by Oliver La Farge.

In January, 1977, the New York Civil Liberties Union filed a class-action suit on behalf of five Island Trees students, with Steven Pico as the first-named plaintiff. Alan Levine and Arthur Eisenberg then began work on an argument centered on a 1967 Supreme Court doctrine: "The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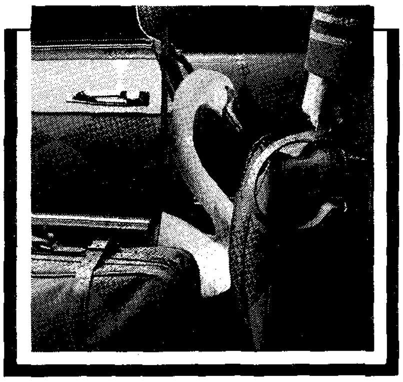

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First Amendment . . . does not tolerate laws which cast a pall of orthodoxy over the classroom." The doctrine came from a case brought by a university professor (Keyishian v. Board of Regents), but, looking back over the cases involving public schools, they found four in which the Supreme Court had asserted the First Amendment rights of students over the dictates of a school system. In 1923 (Meyer v. Nebraska), the Court had ordered the State of Nebraska to lift its ban on the teaching of the German language, on the ground that the ban imposed a form of cultural orthodoxy. In 1943 (West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette), it had refused West Virginia the right to insist that all students salute the flag. The majority opinion had read, "If there be any fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion or other matters of opinion." In 1968 (Epperson v. Arkansas), the Court had forbidden the State of Arkansas to ban the teaching of evolution in the schools. In 1969 (Tinker v. Des Moines Independent Community School District), it had told the Des Moines school system that it could not prevent students from wearing black arm bands as a form of silent protest against the Vietnam War. In these four cases, the Court had set itself against the imposition of cultural, religious, and political orthodoxy in the schools. It was the hope of the N.Y.C.L.U. lawyers that the federal courts would consider the Island Trees book ban an attempt by the board to suppress cultural, religious, and political ideas it did not approve of, and thus to impose its own form of orthodoxy. So far, however, they had had a difficult time with the case. Judge George C. Pratt, of the federal district court, citing a ruling in a 1972 school-library case, had granted summary judgment to the school board, on the ground that books "improperly selected . . . for whatever reason can be removed by the same authority which was empowered to make the selection in the first place." Then, a three-judge panel of the Second Circuit court of appeals had reversed that decision, but only by a hair-breadth, remanding the case back to the district court for trial. Judge Walter Mansfield, a well-known civil libertarian, had dismissed Levine and Eisenberg's arguments out of hand, opining that the books taken from the libraries did contain vulgarities and profanities, and that the school board was well within its rights in declaring them educationally unsuitable. Judge Jon Newman conceded that the First Amendment might apply to this case—though he found that it did not in another school-library-book case he decided the same day. Judge Charles Sifton, who wrote the majority opinion, stressed the importance of the "pall of orthodoxy" doctrine and argued that it could apply, given what the board had said about the books and the irregularity of its behavior in refusing to follow the contested-materials policy. To Steven Pico's lawyers, the appellate court's decision on the whole had seemed a bit too circumstantial for comfort. And when the school board's lawyer moved for a rehearing by the full court of appeals, the ten active appellate judges of the Second Circuit split five to five—thereby denying the motion but only because a majority was required for approval.

Now the Supreme Court had agreed to hear the appeal at the request of the Island Trees school board. A Supreme Court ruling on the issue was very much in order, given the number of school-library cases and the dissension they were causing in the courts. But that the Court had decided to review this case was not altogether a good sign for the N.Y.C.L.U. lawyers. The Court, after all, granted certiorari on the presumption that there was something questionable about the decision of the lower court, and, in practice, in six out of every ten cases that it accepted it overturned the previous decision. In December, 1981, just as Levine and Eisenberg were preparing to present their arguments, Michael Sheck and the Maine Civil Liberties Union had obtained a hearing in a federal district court for a case that in the New York lawyers' view was far, far weaker than their own. Since the decision on Sheck v. Baileyville would be handed down before the Supreme Court ruling, it might, they felt, have an adverse effect on Pico.

Levine and Eisenberg did not know anything about the lawyer the Maine Civil Liberties Union had found for Michael Sheck; if they had, they might not have been reassured. Ronald Coles was a New Yorker who had gone up to Maine six years before to hang out a shingle in Machias, a coastal town just south of Calais with a population of twenty-five hundred. Before law school, he had gone through the United States Merchant

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Marine Academy and had worked on ships; in his law practice in New York he had been developing a specialty in Admiralty law. But then, aged thirty-five and just divorced, he had grown tired of living in the city. His hobby was glassblowing—he'd even thought for a while of making it a career. Coles was in many ways a child of the sixties. Maine seemed to offer him the right combination: a law practice, the sea, unpolluted air, and the leisure to pursue his hobby at the artists' colonies on the coast. Professional life in Machias was, however, difficult at first. In Down East Maine, there are still a lot of people who wouldn't know what to do with a lawyer, and he had spent three months alone with his lawbooks before a prospective client walked through the door. Eventually, he had become a jack-of-all-trades and made a success of it, handling insurance claims, divorce cases, disputes between lobster fishermen, product-liability suits—all kinds of law. His office was busy enough for him to take on an associate. A believer in civil rights and civil liberties, he had put his name down for pro-bono work with the Maine Civil Liberties Union. In New York, he had once argued a case for a man who had been fired because his hair was too long. That was his major civil-rights experience. But he had never argued a First Amendment case before, and he was short on theory. On the other hand, he had a flair for the dramatic, and at forty-two he was on his way to becoming a powerful courtroom lawyer.

At nine in the morning on December 21st the temperature in Bangor was eight degrees above zero. Outside the federal courthouse, a dozen burly men, most with beards and the beginnings of paunches, stood in military formation wearing old and ill-matching green fatigue uniforms. They were carrying the colors and hand-lettered signs that read "CENSOR WAR NOT HISTORY" and "WAR IS THE ONLY OBSCENITY." They stood there in formation for most of the morning, telling those who came to speak to them that they were Vietnam veterans. Ronald Coles, who bore some responsibility for this demonstration, had been too nervous to stop and talk with them. At nine o'clock, he was inside the courthouse. Tall, lean, and slightly stooped, he was pacing back and forth and running his fingers distractedly through his hair. There was no jury—this was a hearing for a preliminary injunction to require the book's reinstatement—but the court was filled with reporters from all over Maine. The case would make Coles' reputation in the state, one way or another. All the witnesses were his, and the opposing lawyer, Daniel Lacasse, had not had much courtroom experience. Coles had it on good authority that the senior partners in the firm retained by the Baileyville school committee were reluctant to get involved in the case; they did not like the idea of book banning, and they had turned the job over to a young associate who had dealt with the issue in law school. Coles, however, had little to go on, legally speaking, and the judge, Conrad Cyr, was a completely unknown quantity. Recently elevated to the federal bench, Judge Cyr was hearing his first civil-liberties case, and only his fourth case as a federal judge.

Coles had prepared as if for a trial by jury. In the next two days, he brought all the principals of the Baileyville drama onto the witness stand to describe their roles and expound their views on education and literature. The appearance and demeanor of two of the witnesses surprised reporters who had not been to Baileyville. Carol Ann Davenport turned out to be an attractive woman in her late thirties with long, loose brown hair and a soft, musical voice. Wearing a culotte and a silk shirt with a scarf tied casually over it, she did not look like the kind of woman who would wage a campaign against a "dirty book." Michael Sheck, for his part, did not look or speak like a kid

just graduated from high school. Asked whether the students at the Woodland High School used a certain four-letter word, he said, "I would say I had occasion to hear it at least once a day. . . . It was used not as a sexual expletive—it was used as it was in '365 Days,' as a meaningless intensive." Judge Cyr, however, could have been cast for the role of a judge. Handsome and silver-haired, he occasionally peered over half-spectacles to direct an ironic remark at one of the lawyers or a word of encouragement to a nervous witness. At the outset, he ruled that no obscene words should be uttered in the court, and that the principal word in question should be referred to simply as "the word." The proceedings thus often had a Biblical ring.

One of the early witnesses was Dr. Ronald Glasser, the author of "365 Days." In his early forties, he had a bright, open face and a manner that suggested innocence and vulnerability. He was, he testified, a pediatrician who worked at a hospital for crippled children in St. Paul, Minnesota. In 1968, after he finished his residency at the University of Minnesota, he went to do his military service in a United States Army hospital in Japan. On his arrival, the casualties from the Tet offensive were coming in, and he was assigned to the operating room. When he reminded his commander that he was a pediatrician, sent there to take care of the children of dependents around the base, his commander had replied, "Well, Ron, we'll just give you the little ones." Only very badly wounded soldiers came to that hospital, and many died there. In the beginning, Glasser had taken advantage of the Army policy that permitted a physician to call the parents of a dying soldier and have them flown in to the hospital. But after a few months he stopped making the calls, for he had found that the parents were just shocked, and the Army had nothing to offer them. Glasser himself took over the job of comforting his patients—as pediatricians are trained to do—and after a while he began to feel it important that he bear witness to their suffering. He wrote down the stories they told him about Vietnam and checked the facts with other men in their units; and he wrote about what they went through at the hospital. One patient had screamed for seven days. You couldn't reproduce that scream on paper, Glasser said, but you had to try to get as close to the truth as possible. So in his book he had used the four-letter

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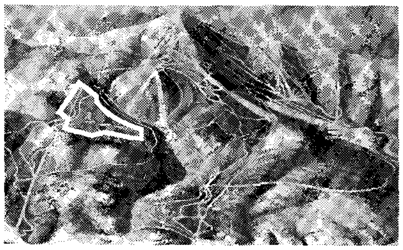

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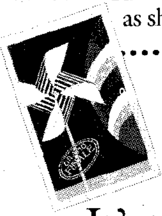

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words that the soldiers used when all other words failed.

Grace Schillich, the librarian, said she had read "365 Days" shortly after the Davenports came to complain about it. Schillich, small and intense, proved to be an articulate witness. She said that she had found the book difficult to finish—not because of the language but because of the graphic descriptions of the wounds and the pain the soldiers endured. She herself had suffered through the book. It had moved her, and she disagreed absolutely with the school committee's decision to ban it. True, it contained vulgar language, but the author had good reason to use it. Furthermore, all the high-school students, and even the seventh and eighth graders, had heard that language before, and there were many other books in the library with those words in them. Under cross-questioning from Lacasse, she refused to admit that the school committee might have made a reasonable decision even though she herself disagreed with it. To make a reasonable decision, she said, you had to have read the book. At the end of her testimony, Judge Cyr asked her if she had any reason to fear reprisals as a result of her outspoken advocacy of the book. "No specific reason," she answered.

There followed Jean Spearin, the head of the English Department—a starchy New Englander, who said she had been teaching at the Woodland High School "somewhere between fifteen and a hundred years." Under questioning from Coles, she said that she thought "365 Days" a valuable book in teaching students about the Vietnam War. The language did not offend her—nor, she said laconically, did she think her students would find it unfamiliar. Asked if students might be corrupted by those words, she said, "Well, if they are corrupted by words, they couldn't have had much moral fibre to begin with." She acknowledged that the principal, John Morrison, had told the teachers that there had been a lot of talk about the ban, and had reminded them where their paychecks came from, but she said that she had taken the remark as a joke.

Just why Spearin might not have taken the remark seriously became obvious when Morrison came to the stand. The principal was younger than she was by some years; tall and ungainly, he ducked and dodged around as he spoke, twisting his long fingers. He had not, he said, read the book, but he had heard—from Mi-

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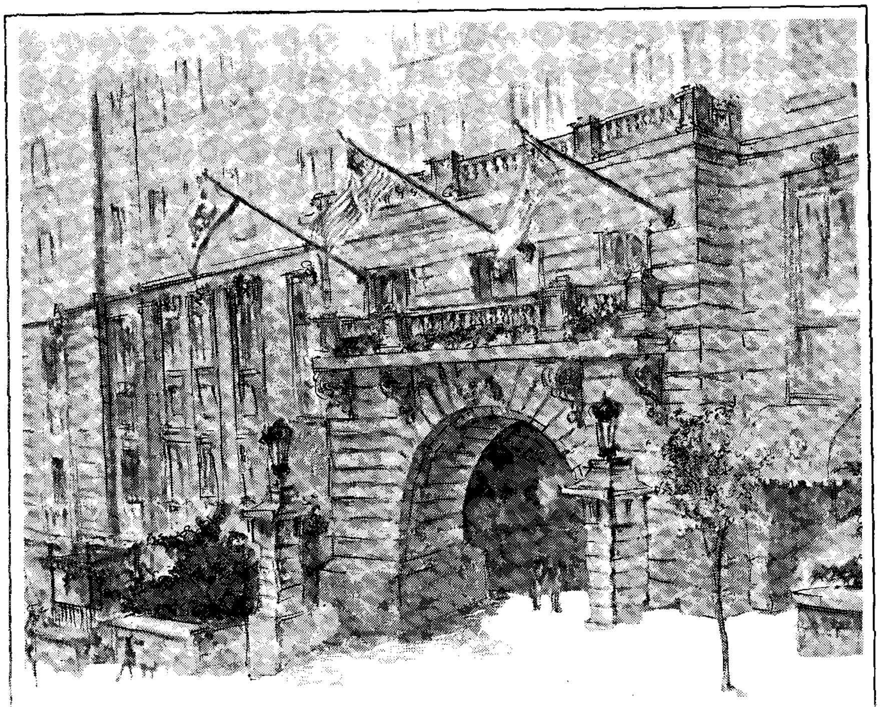
chael Sheck, among others—that it was "fine in content," though he was not "overly enthused" by the use of "the word." He thought the school-committee members had a right to ban the book even though three of them had not read it, and he had told them so. Asked if he had ever known a student to be corrupted by reading a four-letter word, he said he wouldn't dare to speculate on whether words morally corrupt students or not. Later in his testimony, he said he couldn't judge whether a book should be banned if "the word" appeared in it only once. "I am not going to judge that one way or the other. Fortunately— you know, that is a tough decision. . . . I think that's a local decision left to the elected officials in the local community which the school committee represents." He also said that he had meant his remark about the paychecks as a joke.

Thomas Golden, short, solid, and dignified, accepted the responsibility for banning the book. He said that he thought that the book had a story to tell but that the language was "harsh and offensive." The book was not obscene, it was merely unsuitable for a school. He thought that the author could have used other words. Coles asked him—as he asked all the other witnesses who supported the ban—how many four-letter words would constitute a reason for pulling a book out of the library. One word? Five? Fifty? Golden, like the others, would not give a figure. Pressed by Coles, he could give no clear standard for educational suitability. Golden had previously told the press that "The Red Badge of Courage" and "All Quiet on the Western Front" told the same story extremely well, using "better terminology." Referring to the press account, Coles pointed out that both books were novels and that neither would be very helpful in informing students about the Vietnam War. Golden admitted that this was the case. Coles then pointed out that the Woodland High School library contained fourteen books on the Vietnam War before the ban, and only two of them were nonfiction. Now there was only one nonfiction book left—Philip Caputo's "A Rumor of War"—and it had many more four-letter words in it than "365 Days."

In the course of the hearing, it became clear that those who supported the ban had a different philosophy of education from those who opposed it. While the supporters differed on some



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points, they shared the view that a school has the duty to protect children from certain kinds of language, and that the presence of that language in a school-library book gives official sanction to it. None of the school officials, however, would articulate a standard for educational suitability. To have done so would have put them in the position of advocating the removal of many more books from the library, and they clearly had not wanted to do that—as the testimony about the Caputo book demonstrated. The ban on "365 Days" therefore came to seem a completely arbitrary act. From time to time, the discussion became quite literary. Did Golden think that MacKinlay Kantor's "Andersonville" should be in the school library? Yes, he did. But Clifford McPhee did not. With Carol Ann Davenport on the stand, Coles read from the Molly Bloom soliloquy and cited a work that described Jews as "devils" and "dogs." When Davenport said she would ban books with such language in them, Coles told her that she had just condemned "Ulysses" and "The Merchant of Venice." He then brought out a book covered in a brown paper wrapper and asked her to look at the pages he had marked, on which there were four-letter words. Becoming more cautious, she read the pages but then said she would have to read the whole book before she could tell whether it should be banned or not. The book, Coles then revealed, was "Love Story," by Erich Segal—a book she had told the press that her stepdaughter had taken from the library and read with her approval. Later in the hearing, after McPhee said that he would object to "the word" appearing even once in a book, Coles produced Justice William O. Douglas's "The Court Years" and showed the court where "the word" appeared in it.

On the second and last day of the hearing, Coles called two local Vietnam veterans to the witness stand. One of them, George Robert Tracy, a rural letter carrier in Calais, had been a Marine sergeant and a platoon leader in Vietnam in 1967-68. He testified that he had seen most of his battalion wiped out on one mission; he had been wounded, and his best friend had been killed. The second vet, John Nichols, was a helicopter pilot, working now for Georgia-Pacific. He had served two tours in Vietnam, flying combat and medevac missions; he had been shot down twice and had been heavily decorated. These vets testified to the truth of Glasser's book and gave the court a lesson in literary criticism. Thomas Golden had said on the stand that Glasser could have used other words to convey the same story, and that it was a poor author who could not find better terminology. Both vets, however, testified that the words Glasser used were necessary to the book. Nichols said, "The very fact that those words exist in that book brings into reality the smell and the feelings and the noise and the horrors. . . . Removal of those words would remove the very essence. . . . Victorian words [would] take away, in fact, the horrors that existed." What the vets both inside and outside the courthouse kept insisting upon was that to ban Glasser's book or to censor the language in that book would be to deprive them of their own history. Heather Beebe made this point in another way. "Vietnam is not a topic of teaching in most high schools," she said. "I've attended three different high schools. In none of those high schools did I have any classes . . . in which Vietnam was a topic." She said she had known "next to nothing" about Vietnam before she read "365 Days," and she still knew very little.

One of the revelations of the hearing came from Roy Blevins. Blevins told the court that he had gone to the school-committee meeting as a parent who objected to the fact that children were "forced" to be in the presence of such literature—forced, he said, because parents in America who cannot afford private education are forced to send their children to public school. However, he said, he had eventually decided not to campaign for the banning of the book. "I want to be honest here," he told Lacasse under cross-questioning. "I visited four of what I would deem influential members of the community to try to get a pulse of how the community felt. They were di-

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vided. I decided at that point I wanted out of it." Blevins, in other words, had encouraged Davenport to fight for the book ban and then backed out himself for political reasons.

After the hearing, there were a lot of people—Michael Sheck included—who felt sorry for Carol Ann Davenport. She had been the first witness called to the stand, and Coles had given her a rough time of it, what with the brown-paper-wrapped book and the readings from the classics of Western literature. But the worst part of it was the revelation of what a lot of Baileyville people already knew. "How many times have you been married prior to your marriage to Frank Davenport?" Coles had asked her at the outset. Lacasse had objected to the question, but Judge Cyr had allowed it after a discussion with Coles. "Four times," she said. There were rustles in the back of the courtroom; Ronald Glasser, among others, felt that Coles might have just blown his case. The next witness Coles called to the stand—the second of the day—was a tall, handsome man with a full beard, who said his name was John Boyce. Boyce said that he knew Carol Ann Davenport—he was her fourth husband. They had been married for five years, from 1974 to 1979, and they had two children. She had testified that she did not use "the word" or any of the other words in question, but John Boyce said he had heard her using "the word;" in fact, she had used it with a fair amount of frequency around the time they were separating. He said that she had "a general vocabulary of several four-letter words," and that he had known her to use these words in front of the children. He admitted that he had not seen very much of her in the last year, but he said he could not imagine that she had given up using such language—he knew her too well for that.

In fact, Carol Ann Davenport was one of the least likely people in town to campaign against a school-library book. That it was she who led the protest had put the campaign in a dubious light from the very start, for she was considered something of a free spirit in Baileyville. Married first in her teens, she now had a daughter with babies of her own, and a younger child living with a former husband. Her third husband had owned logging rigs, and she had been the only woman in the county to drive the eighteen-wheelers herself. When he died, she and her new husband, John Boyce,

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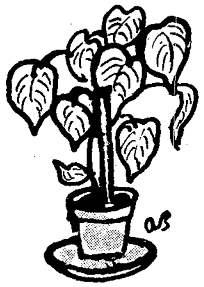
drove the rigs, but eventually she and Boyce had quarrelled; they were now in the thick of a custody battle over their children—a fact not unrelated to his appearance in court. Her fifth husband, Frank Davenport, worked at a Ford dealership in Calais; he was a Vietnam veteran and a member of the Woodland Baptist Church. Carol Ann had started going to that church after her marriage; she had become, as she put it, "a newborn Christian" at the end of February, less than two months before she went into the school library with her husband and Sandra Turner.

Actually, what her account of that event showed was that the initiative to protest the book was not her own; she had become involved in the whole affair by accident. Her stepdaughter, Betsy Davenport, had checked the book out and had been on her way to return it (she had not read it—the subject bored her) when she happened to show it to a girlfriend on the school bus. The girlfriend had shown it to her mother, Sandra Turner. Mrs. Turner, outraged by the language she saw in it, had taken the book straight down to the school and caused a commotion about it. But she had failed to find the principal, so she had taken it home and called the Davenports, whose responsibility she had now decided it was. Carol Ann and her husband had gone to the Turner house to look at the book; then all three of them had gone to the school authorities together. Whether or not Carol Ann would have done the same thing on her own, she had probably had no choice about it under the circumstances. Her husband felt strongly about the book, and it was his fifteen-year-old daughter she was raising. Then, having got out front on the issue, she was left to deal with it by herself: Sandra Turner backed away from the conflict, and after that her pastor deserted her.

For the spectators, the only dreary parts of the hearing were the hours that Coles took to elicit from witnesses the procedures the school committee used, or might have used, for dealing with contested materials. Out of this testimony, however, emerged the role that Raymond Freve had played and his attitudes toward the various issues involved. Freve had opposed the banning of "365 Days," and he still thought it a bad decision. However, after the school committee—or three of its members—had voted to ban the book a second time, he had supported that decision. He had urged the establishment of a contested-materials policy in order to prevent such a thing from happening again. "At that time, '365 Days' was not very important to me," he testified, adding that his primary concern was the library itself. Then, faced by legal action on the book, he had to defend the right of the school committee to ban it. At stake for him were the authority of the school committee and the independence of his school district. In court, he defended his position by saying, "The system works if left alone. If in fact the school committee is not reflecting what the community wants, the election time will tell." Freve admitted that it might take three years to change the majority on the committee; nevertheless, he had made an important point—that is, he had made the argument that many judges had considered the overriding one.



Daniel Lacasse summed up his argument this way: "At issue here is a decision made by local officials. I believe the evidence shows that that decision was seriously considered. I believe that reasonable men can differ as to whether that decision was a wise decision. But I also believe that this court should defer to that decision, absent some sort of showing of irreparable injury." Coles, for his part, summarized his case by quoting Justice Douglas on the First Amendment.

ON March 2, 1982, two and a half months after the Baileyville hearing, the United States Supreme Court heard the arguments in Pico v. Island Trees. The Justices gave George Lipp, the school board's counsel, and Alan Levine, chief counsel for Pico, each an extremely difficult half hour. They wanted to know, on the one hand, what standard the lawyers could erect to justify the removal of any school-library book and, on the other, how they would invoke the Constitution to keep one or more books on the shelves. By their questions the Justices revealed a good deal about their own preoccupations. Justice Lewis Powell, a former school-board chairman, questioned Levine about the rights of school boards vis-à-vis those of students and teachers. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, a former state legislator, asked both lawyers about the problem of teaching, or "indoctrinating," political values. Justice Thurgood Marshall grilled Lipp on the educational standards used by the Island Trees board, and, receiving no satisfactory answer, asked him whether the board considered "A Hero Ain't Nothin' But a Sandwich" "anti-American" because it said that George Washington had slaves. Justice John Paul Stevens, who had found against a radio station in a case involving the use of four-letter words (F.C.C. v. Pacifica Foundation), asked both lawyers where they would draw the line on the question of vulgarity in school-library books. Chief Justice Warren Burger asked what should be done with a book that was "criminally obscene," and about the proper role of the federal courts vis-à-vis the school boards. By the end, Lipp had admitted that a school board could not ban all books making reference to a particular ideology, and Levine had admitted that a board could remove a book that was "pervasively vulgar" (the phrase by which Stevens had condemned the Pacifica radio broadcast). The Justices did not restrain themselves in expressing their dissatisfaction with the lawyers' unwillingness to venture into the wide and unmapped territory in between.

The Supreme Court decision came down on June 25th, with a majority sustaining the Second Circuit's holding for Pico. Seven of the nine Justices wrote opinions on the case. The Justices had split four-one-four. William Brennan wrote the plurality opinion, which was joined by Marshall and Stevens; Harry Blackmun wrote his own opinion, concurring with Brennan's only in part. The Justice who stood alone was Byron White: he provided the majority by concurring with the judgment that the case should be remanded for trial but did not join in any part of the plurality opinion, on the ground that there were not yet enough facts to determine whether a constitutional issue was involved. Chief Justice Burger wrote the main dissent; Powell, O'Connor, and William Rehnquist concurred with it but wrote dissenting opinions of their own. The Supreme Court was thus as widely divided on the issue as the lower courts had been. The Justices were as various in their approaches as the circuit-court judges, and a number of them were acerbic concerning the work of their peers. Justice Rehnquist called one part of Brennan's opinion

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"confusing" and "discursive" and another part "inconsistent." Justice Blackmun attacked Burger's logic, and Powell, who said that he viewed the decision with "genuine dismay," complained that Brennan's formulations were "fuzzy" and "marked by contradiction." The Justices, however, dwelt very little on legal arcana; their opinions were philosophical in nature, and, taken together, they constituted a wide-ranging debate on democratic practice and the purposes of public education in the United States.

Justice Brennan's opinion stood as the primary text of the debate, and it mapped out new First Amendment limits on the authority of school boards. In that opinion, Brennan began by reiterating the three traditional and oft-repeated doctrines governing public-school education. In the first place:

> The Court has long recognized that local school boards have broad discretion in the management of school affairs . . . [that] by and large "public education in our Nation is committed to the control of state and local authorities," and that federal courts should not ordinarily "intervene in the resolution of conflicts which arise in the daily operation of school systems."

In the second place:

> We have also acknowledged that public schools are vitally important "in the preparation of individuals for participation as citizens" and as vehicles for "inculcating fundamental values necessary to the maintenance of a democratic political system."

Third:

> We are therefore in full agreement with petitioners that local school boards must be permitted "to establish and apply their curriculum in such a way as to transmit community values" and that "there is a legitimate and substantial community interest in promoting respect for authority and traditional values, be they social, moral or political."

However, Brennan continued, the discretion of state and local school authorities must be "exercised in a manner that comports with the transcendent imperatives of the First Amendment." And "we think that the First Amendment rights of students may be directly and sharply implicated by the removal of books from the shelves of a school library." He then described two ways in which this might be so. In the first place—so his argument went—students, like other citizens, have a "right to receive ideas":

> Just as access to ideas makes it possible for citizens generally to exercise their rights of free speech and press in a meaningful manner, such access prepares students for active and effective participation in the pluralistic, often contentious, society in which they will soon be adult members.

Granted, he continued, this right must be construed "in light of the special characteristics of the school environment," but there is a difference between the school curriculum and the school library. Libraries are places dedicated to knowledge and beauty, and places in which students must remain free to inquire, to study, and to evaluate. School boards might defend their claim to absolute discretion over the curriculum by citing their duty to "inculcate community values," but they would be wrong to extend their claim "beyond the compulsory environment of the classroom, into the school library and the regime of voluntary inquiry that there holds sway."

Then, Brennan argued, there was another First Amendment doctrine constraining the power of school boards to remove books: "Our Constitution does not permit the official suppression of *ideas*." School authorities, he wrote, had a substantial and legitimate role to play in the determination of school library content, but they could not exercise their discretion "in a narrowly partisan or political manner." They could add books to their libraries, and they could remove books from them if the books were "pervasively vulgar" or if the decision was made solely on the ground of "educational suitability." But they could not remove books if they intended by their decision to suppress ideas. Few, he wrote, citing Levine's argument, would doubt that there was a constitutional violation if a Democratic school board, for partisan purposes, removed all books by Republicans or if an all-white school board removed all books written by blacks or advocating racial equality and integration. "In brief," he concluded, "we hold that local school boards may not remove books from school library shelves simply because they dislike the ideas contained in those books and seek by their removal to 'prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion or other matters of opinion.' "

Of all the Justices, only Marshall and Stevens concurred with Brennan's first argument, concerning the unique role of the school library and a student's right to receive ideas. Justice Blackmun, who concurred with the rest of his opinion, objected that this "right to receive" might give the state an "affirmative obligation" to provide students with information or ideas. Furthermore, he argued, the school library could not be viewed separately from the rest of the school. Justice Burger objected that the "right to receive" doctrine would give students a "First Amendment entitlement" to books and would by extension support a constitutional right of citizens to have public libraries. Justice Rehnquist argued that there was no precedent for such a right: Brennan had fashioned the doctrine "out of whole cloth." Education, he wrote, consists in the selective presentation and explanation of ideas, and therefore the Constitution could not possibly require eclecticism in public-school education.

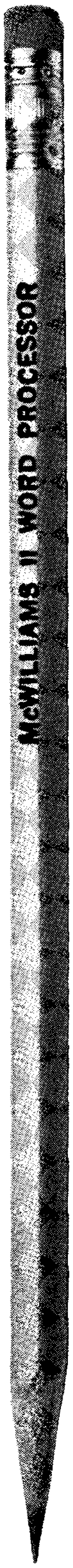
Justice Brennan's second doctrine—that school boards may not remove books if by doing so they intend to suppress ideas—was somewhat more favorably received by the Court. Blackmun concurred with his reasoning, and Rehnquist, though he judged that the doctrine did not apply to the Island Trees case, "cheerfully conceded" that it would apply in such extreme cases as those hypothesized by Levine—though, he wrote, these were unlikely to occur. Justice Powell, however, found no merit in the second doctrine, or in the decision as a whole. He wrote:

> The plurality's reasoning is marked by contradiction. It purports to acknowledge the traditional role of school boards and parents in deciding what should be taught in the schools. It states the truism that the schools are . . . vehicles for "inculcating fundamental values necessary to the maintenance of a democratic political system." Yet when a school board, as in this case, takes its responsibilities seriously and seeks to decide what the fundamental values are that should be imparted, the plurality finds a constitutional violation.

Further, he wrote:

> A school board's attempt to instill in its students the ideas and values on which a democratic system depends is viewed as an impermissible suppression of other ideas and values on which other systems of government and other societies thrive. Books may not be removed because they are indecent; extoll violence, intolerance and racism; or degrade the dignity of the individual. Human history, not the least of the twentieth century, records the power and political life of these very ideas. But they are not our ideas or values.

Powell, who attached the original PONY-U compilation of excerpts from the banned books to his opinion, called the nine books "vulgar or racist." Whether he had read the books in question was not clear. (Justice O'Connor, in her dissent, said she per-



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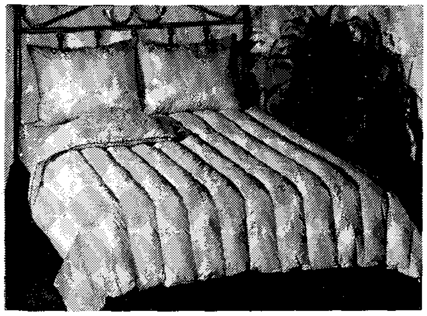

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sonally disagreed with the action that the school board had taken on some of the books—though she believed the court should not interfere.) But in his tirade against the nine books (or what he had read of them) Powell provided a rationale for book banning. Refusing to place any theoretical limits on the power of a school board to remove books, he recommended in effect that the school boards teach an orthodox set of "American" ideas and values.

Like Powell, Justice Burger refused to put any theoretical limits on the power of school boards. With regard to school books, he wrote, school boards were far more competent to make decisions on content than federal judges or teen-age students. The board members might err, of course, but then the voters could remove them. To arrogate such decisions to the Court was to erode the very idea of democratic government. Burger went on to attack the standards that Brennan had set up. The plurality, he wrote, maintained that school boards might remove books because they were "pervasively vulgar" or "educationally unsuitable." But "educational suitability" was a "standardless" phrase—few would interpret it the same way—and vulgarity did not have to be pervasive in order to be offensive. Then, too, he continued, although the plurality had said that school boards, by removing library books, could not seek to "prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics," no guidance was provided on what was "political." In fact, since public education involved public policy and representative government, virtually all educational decisions involved "political" determinations. Burger then asked why a decision to remove a book from a library might involve "official suppression" when a decision not to acquire a book someone wanted or the decision to remove a subject from the curriculum would not. Students and parents, after all, could acquire books elsewhere, but they could not so easily change the curriculum.

Justice Blackmun, in his opinion, responded to some of these objections. The problem, in essence, he said, was to "reconcile the schools' 'inculcative' function with the First Amendment's bar on 'prescriptions of orthodoxy.' " School officials might "seek to instill certain values by 'persuasion and example' or by choice of emphasis." This, however, was very different from "an intentional attempt to shield students from certain ideas that officials find politically distasteful." That

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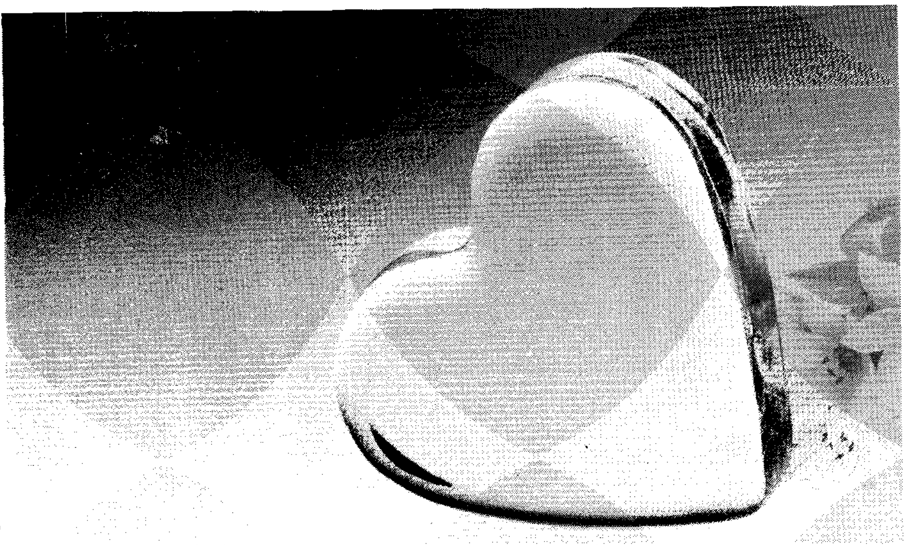
the majority of the community rejected the ideas involved did not negate the principle, since the very purpose of the Bill of Rights was "to withdraw certain subjects from the vicissitudes of political controversy, to place them beyond the reach of majorities and officials." Certainly, Blackmun wrote, a tension existed between the inculcative functions of public education and any limits on the discretion of a school board to choose academic material. "But that tension demonstrates only that the problem here is a difficult one, not that the problem should be resolved by choosing one principle over another."

THE Supreme Court decision was not a final judgment on Pico v. Island Trees; it merely upheld the appellate court's decision to remand the case to the district court for trial. All the same, it was a victory in principle for the student plaintiffs, and it proved to be a victory in practice as well. Faced with an expensive and possibly unpleasant trial to determine their motives for banning the nine books, the members of the Island Trees school board capitulated and returned the books to the shelves. (Not, however, without a rearguard action: the board ordered the librarians to send notices to the parents of all students who checked out any of the nine books. The New York Civil Liberties Union then found a state law forbidding such parental notification, and the order was withdrawn.) The Supreme Court decision put a similar end to the Baileyville case. Months earlier, in January, 1982, Judge Cyr had granted Michael Sheck and his co-plaintiffs what they sought at the hearing: a preliminary injunction that "365 Days" be returned to the shelves. Cyr had also written a thirty-four-page opinion that went much further than Brennan's in asserting First Amendment protection for libraries. He had argued that it was wrong to presume the constitutionality of state action banning a book just because the ban was not intended to suppress ideas. "As long as words convey ideas, federal courts must remain on First Amendment alert in book-banning cases, even those ostensibly based strictly on vocabular considerations," he wrote. "A less vigilant rule would leave the care of the flock to the fox that is only after their feathers." Superintendent Freve and the Baileyville school committee waited to see whether the Supreme Court decision



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would contradict this opinion, and when it did not they agreed to accept Cyr's verdict as final.

Because neither the Island Trees case nor the Baileyville case ever went to trial, neither was tested by the doctrines announced by the Supreme Court. These doctrines will, however, provide guidance to the lower courts in adjudicating future cases of a similar kind. Because the doctrines were so hotly disputed within the Court, they remain problematical. It is thus interesting to imagine how they might have applied to the two cases, and, at the same time, to turn the tables and test the abstract principles articulated by the various Justices against the realities of life in two such different school districts.

One legal pillar of education law—and the most important one as far as the dissenting Justices were concerned—was the right of elected school boards to control education and to "transmit community values." In his brief to the Court, George Lipp, the Island Trees counsel, had argued *that school boards "should and do* transmit the consensual values and attitudes of the school community to *the students in their charge,"* and that "it is this effort at inculcating and indoctrinating community values that sharply distinguishes the nation's secondary schools from its universities and colleges where a less prescriptive 'marketplace of ideas' or analytical model governs." Justice Brennan, citing the traditional doctrines governing public-school education, wrote that the Court was in full agreement that "local school boards must be permitted 'to establish and apply their curriculum in such a way as to transmit community values' and that 'there is a legitimate and substantial community interest in promoting respect for authority and traditional values, be they social, moral or political.' "

Implicit in Lipp's argument and in Brennan's restatement of traditional doctrine is the notion that communities—that is, school districts—are something more than agglomerations of people living in the same place. The word "community" here implies a group of people with shared attitudes and values. It suggests a small town. It does not suggest an inner-city school district or a district drawn in more or less arbitrary fashion across a number of new suburban developments. Yet many, perhaps most, school districts in this country conform to one or the other of these patterns. The Island Trees district was not untypical. Its residents were homogeneous in religion and ethnic background (that is so in many suburban school districts), but despite all they had in common they disagreed fiercely over educational philosophy and the issue of book banning in schools.

In the course of the controversy, members of the Island Trees school board occasionally suggested that opposition to the book banning came mainly from outside organizations: from the teachers' union (most of the teachers lived outside the district) and from the N.Y.C.L.U. But there were a number of referenda on the issue—a poll taken by the school board and several annual school-board elections held while the issue loomed large—and they indicated that from forty-one to forty-nine per cent of the voters in the district disapproved of the ban. Justice Powell had called school boards *"uniquely local and democratic institutions,"* which were "closer to the people" than any other agency of *government. Justice Burger had said,* "Elected officials express the views of their community; they may err, of course, and the voters may remove them." But forty-one to forty-nine per cent of the Island Trees voters could not change the majority on the school board. Island Trees thus had, in effect, a permanent minority whose views the board did not express. (Since the board took a conservative position on every aspect of school policy—it once ordered a librarian to "balance" a couple of United Nations periodicals with a magazine published by the John Birch Society—minority opinions were probably denied on a range of issues.)

Baileyville, by contrast, fitted the traditional image of a community, and to a great degree it behaved like one. Still, it, too, was deeply divided over the issue of the book ban. The suit, it is true, had been brought by people "from away," and might well not have been brought in their absence. But the issue of the ban did not divide natives from newcomers: Susan White was as much of a native as Clifford McPhee, and Pastor Roy Blevins had no claim to Baileyville roots of the sort that Michael Sheck had. Looking solely at the principals in the drama,

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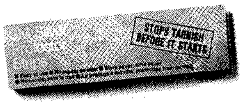

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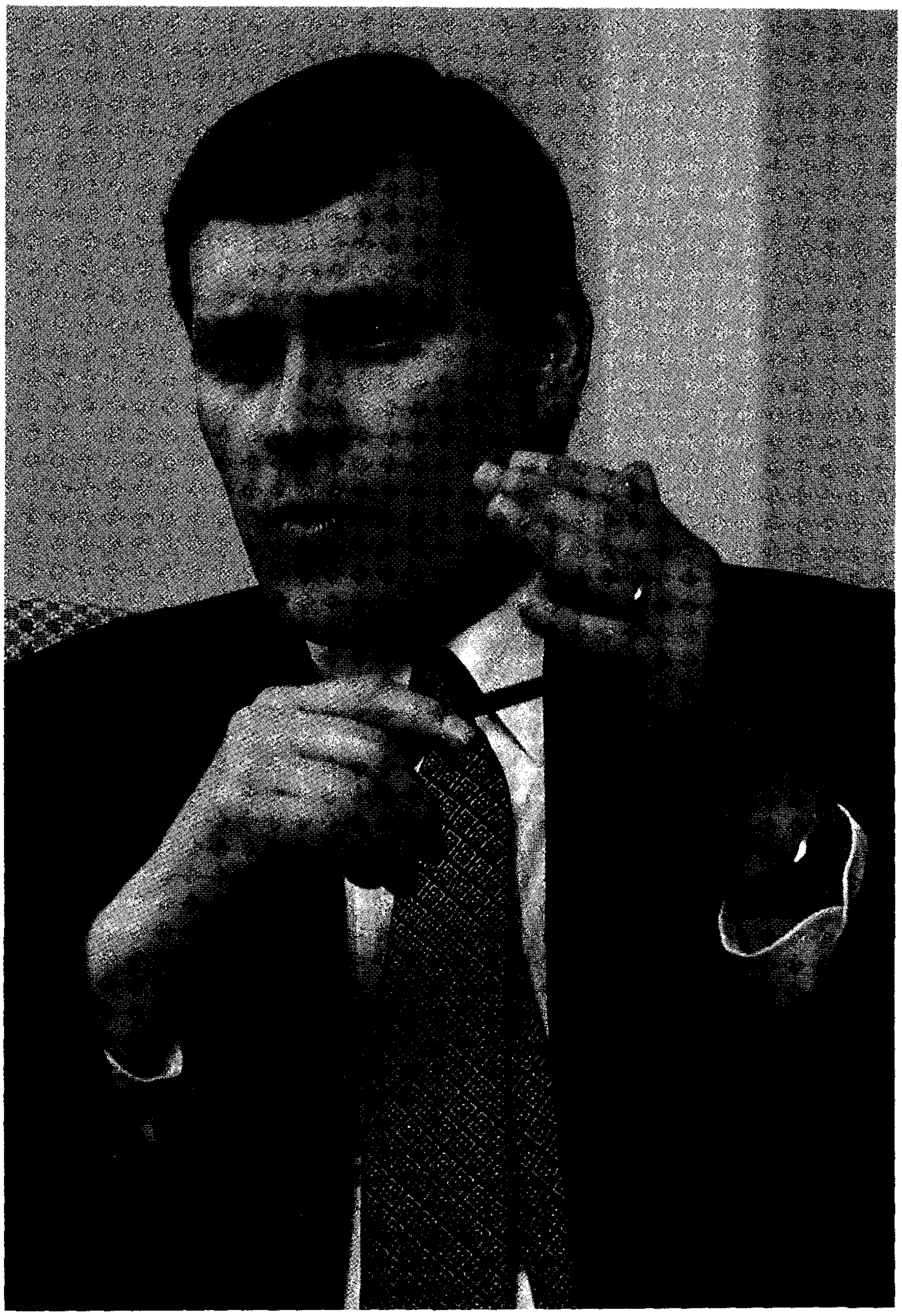

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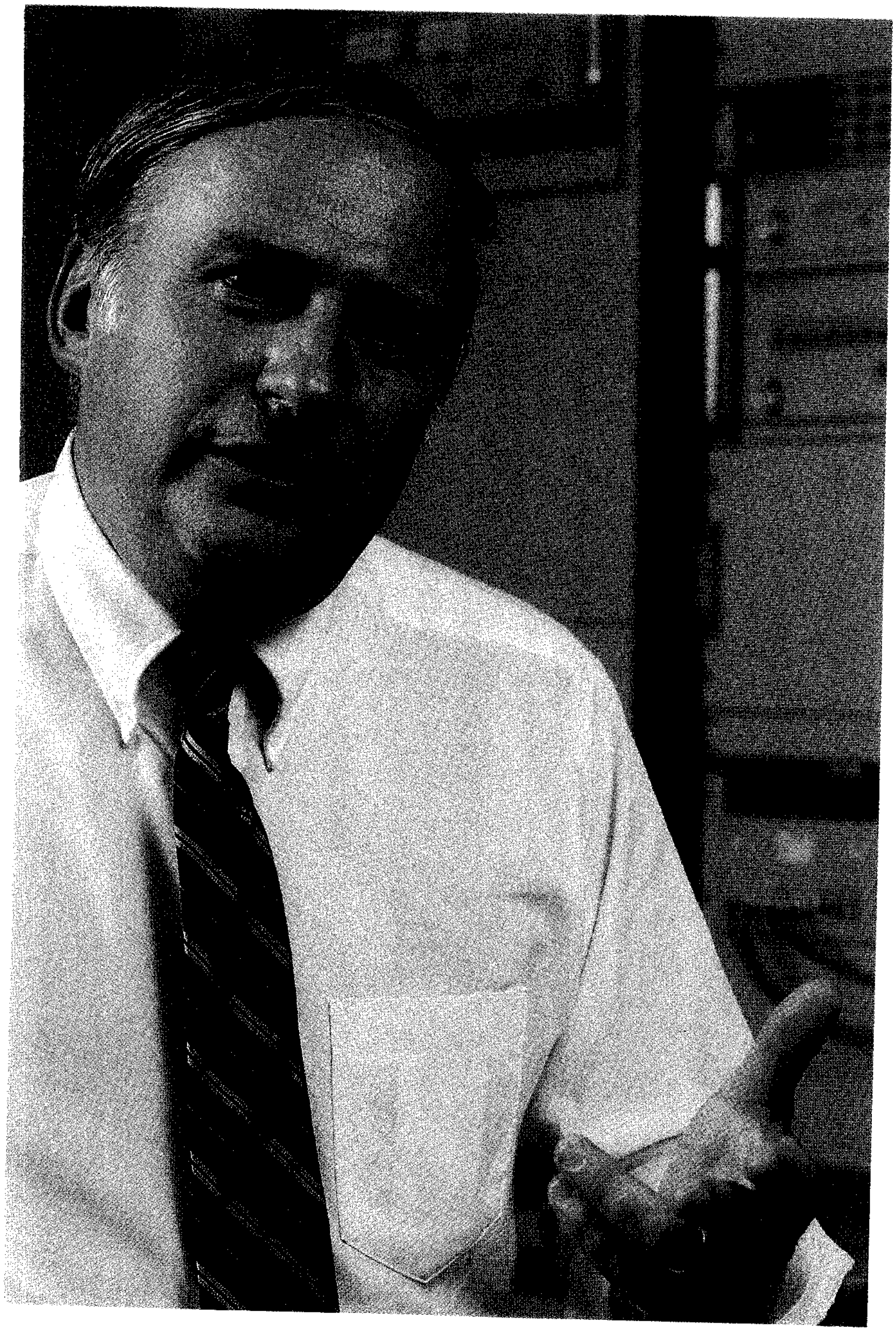

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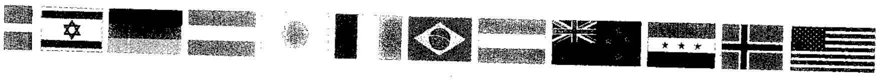

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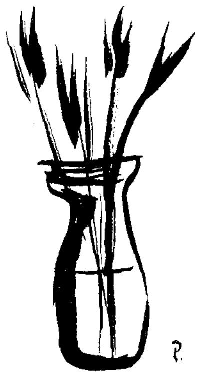
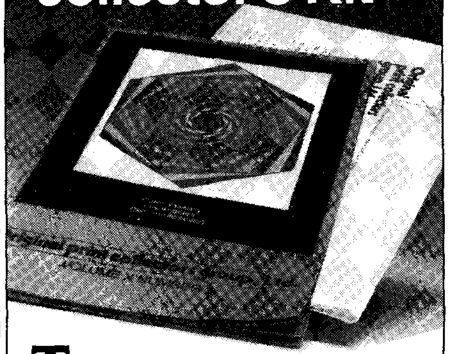
one might assume that the book ban divided the more educated people from the less educated. But the town as a whole did not divide this way. As Golden, Neale, and McPhee discovered, there were a lot of lumberjacks, millworkers, storekeepers, and their wives who thought the banning of "365 Days" a piece of foolishness. One woman, the wife of a mechanic, said some months after the event, "I can't see taking that book off the shelves. The man wrote it the way he thought it should be written. It's a true story, an educational story, and I would hope my kids had the common sense to see the difference between it and some slutty book." A lot of Baileyville people knew how to read more than one word at a time, and, as it turned out, they were in the majority. In the school-committee election in the spring of 1982, Baileyville voters changed the majority on the committee, electing two people who had opposed the ban; one of them was Helen Shive.

The Baileyville elections would, of course, seem to prove Justice Burger's point and Raymond Freve's contention that "the system works if left alone." But the case was not as clear as all that. It is altogether likely that if Michael Sheck hadn't brought the suit the ban would never have been tested in an election. As it happened, Susan White had become pregnant and decided not to run again. Thomas Golden had also been up for election in the spring, but he, too, had decided not to run again; he spoke of overwork and ill health, but the judicial defeat for the school committee was certainly a factor in his decision—he harbored complicated feelings about the whole affair. "You have to understand how things work in Baileyville," Susan White said a few months after the election. "People don't like to vote against incumbents. There aren't all that many people who want to serve on the school committee, and, besides, it would seem so ungrateful. If I had run, no one would have run against me. And if Tom Golden had run he probably would have been reëlected, too."



In addition to the doctrine that school boards should "transmit community values," the Supreme Court reiterated another principle entrenched in education law; namely, that public schools are "vitally important" in "inculcating fundamental values necessary to the maintenance of a democratic political system." The possibilities for conflict between these two doctrines were not thoroughly explored by the Justices. True, Brennan and Blackmun erected a constitutional standard to limit the imposition of "community values" on the schools, and even Rehnquist acknowledged that a possibility for conflict existed by conceding that the Constitution would be violated in the unlikely event that a school board banned all books by Republicans or all books by blacks. Still, no Justice questioned the doctrines themselves or the curious double obligation they placed on the school boards, even though the problem of defining community values and national democratic values lay at the heart of book-banning cases. The Island Trees school board had, after all, called the books they banned "anti-American" as well as "anti-Christian" and "anti-Semitic;" and the plaintiffs believed that it was unconstitutional—and thus un-American—to ban books from schools. In the Baileyville conflict, no one said anything about politics, and yet the two sides disagreed profoundly over the proper preparation of students for citizenship. White, Romero, and Sheck believed that to maintain democratic values the public schools should offer a liberal education—that they should, insofar as they were able, follow the "analytical model" George Lipp had assigned to the universities. Neale and McPhee, on the other hand, believed that the schools should teach students to distinguish right from wrong. The idea that the schools should "promote respect for traditional values" accorded much better with Neale and McPhee's view of citizenship training than it did with White and Romero's. This philosophical difference was not, of course, germane to the lawsuit, but it was the reason for the conflict—just as it was the reason for the conflict in the Supreme Court. Presumably, each of the Justices knew exactly what he meant by "fundamental values necessary to the maintenance of a democratic political system," yet from their opinions it was clear that at least Brennan and Powell did not mean the same thing by that phrase. Taken together, the opinions in this case revealed a curious fact: the law obliged



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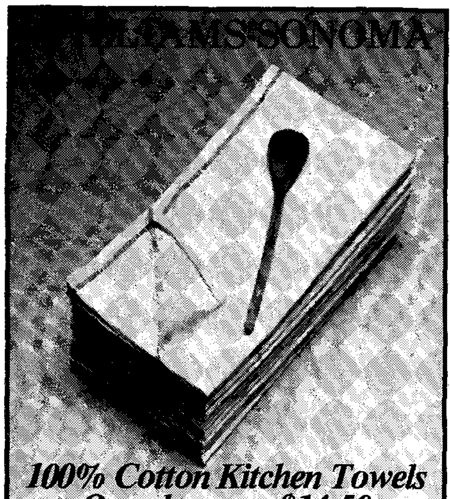

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school boards to inculcate values on which even Supreme Court Justices could not agree.

Brennan's doctrine that students have a right of "access to ideas" made a breach in the traditional—and essentially fundamentalist—doctrine of "inculcation." It offered liberal educational philosophy a means of entry into the schools. That way, however, led through the back door—through the school library rather than through the curriculum or the philosophy of education as a whole. Justice Blackmun rejected this doctrine, but he made another breach by citing a phrase from a previous case (Keyishian v. Board of Regents): "The classroom is peculiarly the 'marketplace of ideas.'" The phrase, however, was unfortunate, for while a library or a university might be said to be a "marketplace of ideas," the phrase could not conceivably apply to a single classroom or to a public-school curriculum, since teaching—to paraphrase Rehnquist—consists in the selective presentation of ideas. The difficulty for the Justices was that legal precedent offered only a choice between a fundamentalist and a free-market definition of education; it offered no formula that would fit the educational philosophy of people like Susan White, Xavier Romero, or Raymond Freve. Apart from the "right of access" formula, what the plurality offered was merely a constraint upon traditional doctrines: school boards had the obligation to "inculcate values" but they could not deliberately "suppress ideas."

How this doctrine might actually apply to any given case of book removal by a school board is still moot. The Island Trees school board had said just enough about the books it took out of its library so that a court might conceivably have found it guilty of attempting to suppress ideas—conceivably, but not by any means necessarily, since intention is notoriously difficult to pin down and many judges (also many juries) would be inclined to give elected school officials the benefit of the doubt, particularly if they themselves believed in the traditionalist approach to education. In the Baileyville case, no committee member had ever attacked the ideas in "365 Days;" Thomas Golden, on the contrary, had expressed sympathy for the "message" that the author was "trying to convey." Justice Burger, however, made the point that "virtually all educational decisions necessarily involve 'political' determinations." And the

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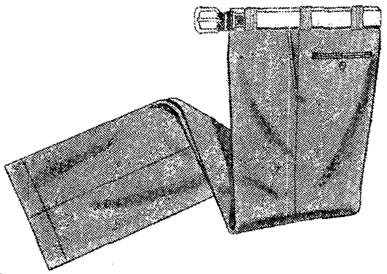

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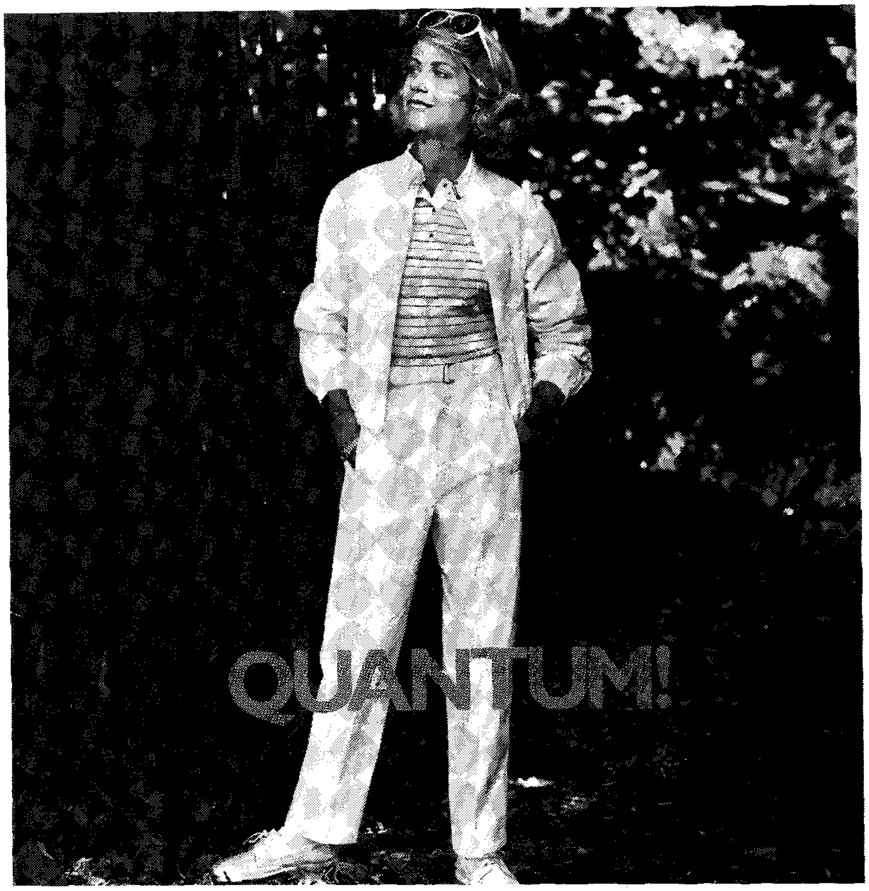
veterans who testified at the hearing and those who stood outside the courthouse with their signs would have agreed. As they saw it, the school committee had effectively suppressed their history, and the history of the war, both by removing one of the two nonfiction books on Vietnam from the library and by censoring the language they themselves had used. Justice Burger had argued that a book did not have to be "pervasively vulgar" in order to be vulgar, and he was right; any writer worth his salt would have to agree. On the other hand, a book pervaded by vulgarities is not necessarily vulgar; the mechanic's wife made that point by saying that "365 Days" was not a "slutty book." In clearing a new path through traditional school law, the Justices of the plurality had run right into the literary problem of the relationship between style and content.

Then, too, in the Baileyville case the question of intent was far more elusive than it appeared. Indeed, taken seriously, it would evade any legal language set out to ensnare it, and pose impossible problems for any jury. The stated intent of Stephen Neale, Clifford McPhee, and Thomas Golden was simply to rid the library of a book with four-letter words in it. On one level, that was all there was to it. On another level, however, the motives of these people were surely quite different—though in each case difficult to identify. The motives of Neale and McPhee would seem to be simple. They were clearly sincere in their dislike for the language in the book. That neither of them had read "365 Days" would seem to absolve them of harboring any intent to suppress the ideas in the book. On the other hand, both of them belonged to the Woodland Baptist Church and had a fairly coherent religious, political, and moral philosophy. This philosophy was not incidental to their decision to vote for the ban but, rather, the cause of it. Seven months after the hearing and a month after the Supreme Court decision came down, Clifford McPhee still wanted to take the case on to a higher court. A good lawyer, he said, could win the case by convincing the jury that the morals of the country were on the decline and something had to be done about it. He also said that vulgar language would not be the only valid reason he could find for banning a book. "If I ran into a book that was real anti-American," he said, "I'd take a good hard look at it." But was



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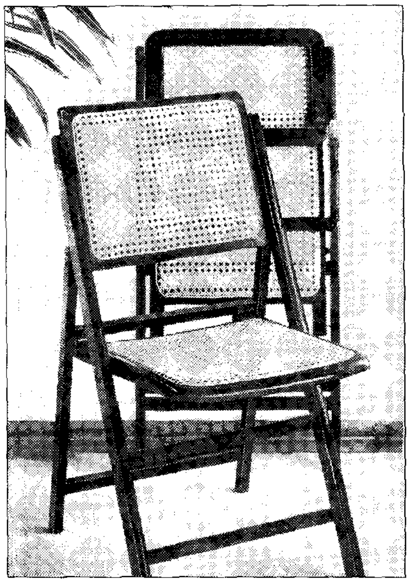

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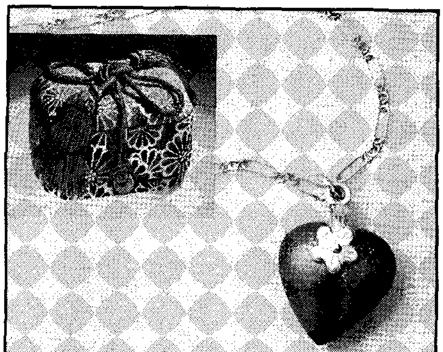

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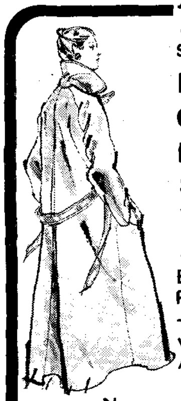

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this philosophy "narrow and partisan"? Would it cast a "pall of orthodoxy" over the school? Perhaps, and perhaps not. "People have the right to their opinion," McPhee would say.

Then what of Thomas Golden? Golden did not share McPhee's philosophy. He had never said anything more than that the language made the book inappropriate for students. In Susan White's view, he had simply reacted, as she first did, to seeing a list of four-letter words. But while White and Romero had changed their minds after reading the book Thomas Golden had stuck to his guns. White and Romero thought he might have changed his mind if only the press hadn't got to him first and forced him to justify his decision in public. But they weren't certain of that. Maine people were stubborn—particularly the men—and Golden had kept saying all that summer, "When you take a position, you should stand by it." On being asked about the matter the following summer, he refused to go much further than that. "We set up a policy to deal with contested materials, and I was all in favor of that policy. But we couldn't apply it to '365 Days.' When a horse gets out of the barn, you close the barn door, but that's that. You can't change what already happened—you have to go with what you've got at the time. You can just see it doesn't happen again." A jury would find Thomas Golden's intentions difficult to plumb.

But such a problem, perhaps, was only to be expected. In addition to raising the imponderable questions of politics and literature, the Supreme Court's school book-banning decision pointed to the mystery of human intention and the uncertain relationship between what people feel, what they think, and what they believe.

—FRANCES FITZGERALD

•

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

It's forty minutes to press time and possibly I'm saving the best for last, or more probably I've been too hurried pulling the first issue of Olympia Magazine together to find the time to write this until now.

However, now that the hubbub of this first issue is almost past it brings to mind some interesting reactions and comments we all have encountered since we began to work on the magazine.

Probably the most often heard reaction to the idea of a magazine dealing with arts, entertainment and interesting local features was, ssdfiuhaspfhweuhfiuwehsfiuhweriufhiue—*Olympia Magazine.*

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# THE THEATRE

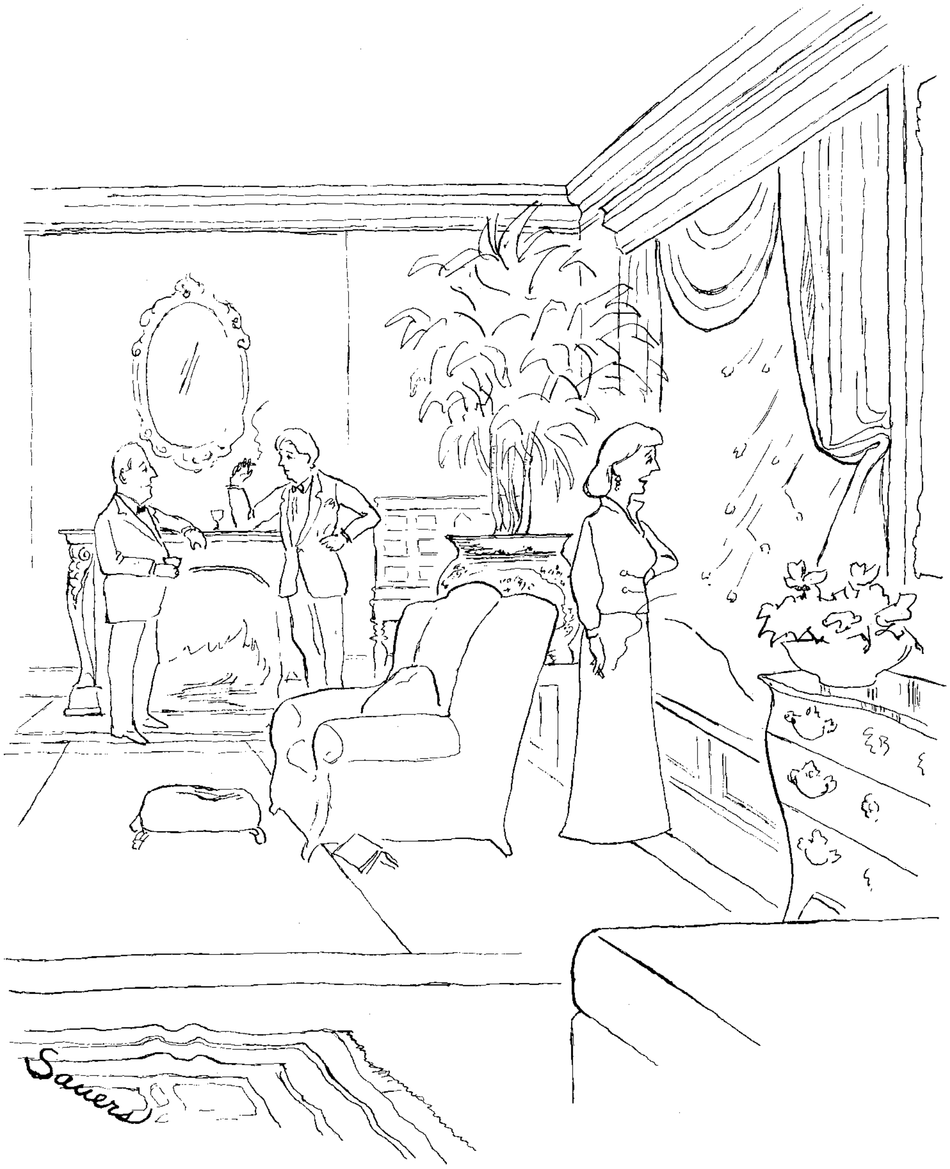
## *Truth and Consequences*

IN confronting the multifarious ambiguities that brighten—and darken—Tom Stoppard's new comedy, "The Real Thing" (at the Plymouth), one might as well begin by subjecting the title itself to a close scrutiny. Given the playwright's celebrated knack for turning words and phrases upside down and inside out, what are we to make of his titular intentions on this occasion? Over the years, a number of writers have used "the real thing" as a title, and in most cases—one thinks in particular of Henry James's rueful little *conte*—the writer's point is that the real thing is so often of little or no value; artists invent "real" things infinitely more plausible (and more fruitful) than those conventionally real things that life drops in its hugger-mugger fashion on our doorsteps stamped with an inutile authenticity. Stoppard's title suggests that a variety of possibilities will be explored in the course of the play, one or more of which may prove true as well as real, but, as far as we can tell, when the curtain falls for the last time it is just as reasonable to conclude that all the possibilities have been false and unreal. For, like jesting Pilate, Stoppard asks "What is truth?" and doesn't stay for an answer; he is too artful a dodger for that, especially since an unexpected taint of middle-class sentimentality threatens to reveal itself at the very moments when he wishes it to be least suspected of existing.

As for the plot of "The Real Thing," I am sorry to report that, not for the first time and not for the last, we are in the presence of a hero who writes plays; indeed, a scene from one of the plays he has written makes up a portion of the play that we have come to the Plymouth to see. Henry, the playwright, is a successful manufacturer of slick dialogue; he has made a fortune at it, but we are not surprised to learn—in plays of this nature, we are never surprised to learn—that success has failed to bring him happiness. Two wives and a teen-age daughter find him deplorably inaccessible save as a sort of self-starting and self-destroying Scrabble machine. His first wife goes so far as to accuse him of being, in emotional terms, a virgin. What he champions as the ideal of marital fidelity turns out to be, in his case, an intransigent selfishness. His wives, who find it awkward but not odious to be unfaithful from time to time, are plainly every bit as selfish as he is, but they are able to face their selfishness and accommodate to it with a robust equanimity. The men in "The Real Thing" weep and thrash about much more readily than the women, and no wonder, for they are always at an uneasy distance from themselves.

The cast, superbly directed by Mike Nichols, makes the play seem, from moment to moment, a far more agreeable series of domestic collisions than it really is: seven at bottom quite irritating people are played so deftly that we find it difficult to remember afterward how much malice has been rendered amusing by their charm.

As Henry, Jeremy Irons—tall, slender, handsome, and with an exquisite voice—is just the sort of adorable, wisecracking playwright that playwrights are able to evoke for us out of long-cherished fantasies and that few of us have the good fortune to run across in our daily lives. As a headstrong actress who is Henry's mistress and then becomes his wife, Glenn Close is both winsome and frightening: we perceive that she will always get her way and that men will always be glad to let her do so. The cast is completed by Kenneth Welsh, Christine Baranski, Peter Gallagher, Cynthia Nixon, and Vyto Ruginis. To all of them, my praise. The exceptionally ingenious sets, which spin about from one scene to the next in what seems a mere wink of the eye, are by Tony Walton, the costumes are by Anthea Sylbert, and the lighting is by Tharon Musser. —BRENDAN GILL



*"Doesn't anyone else have cabin fever?"*

# JAZZ

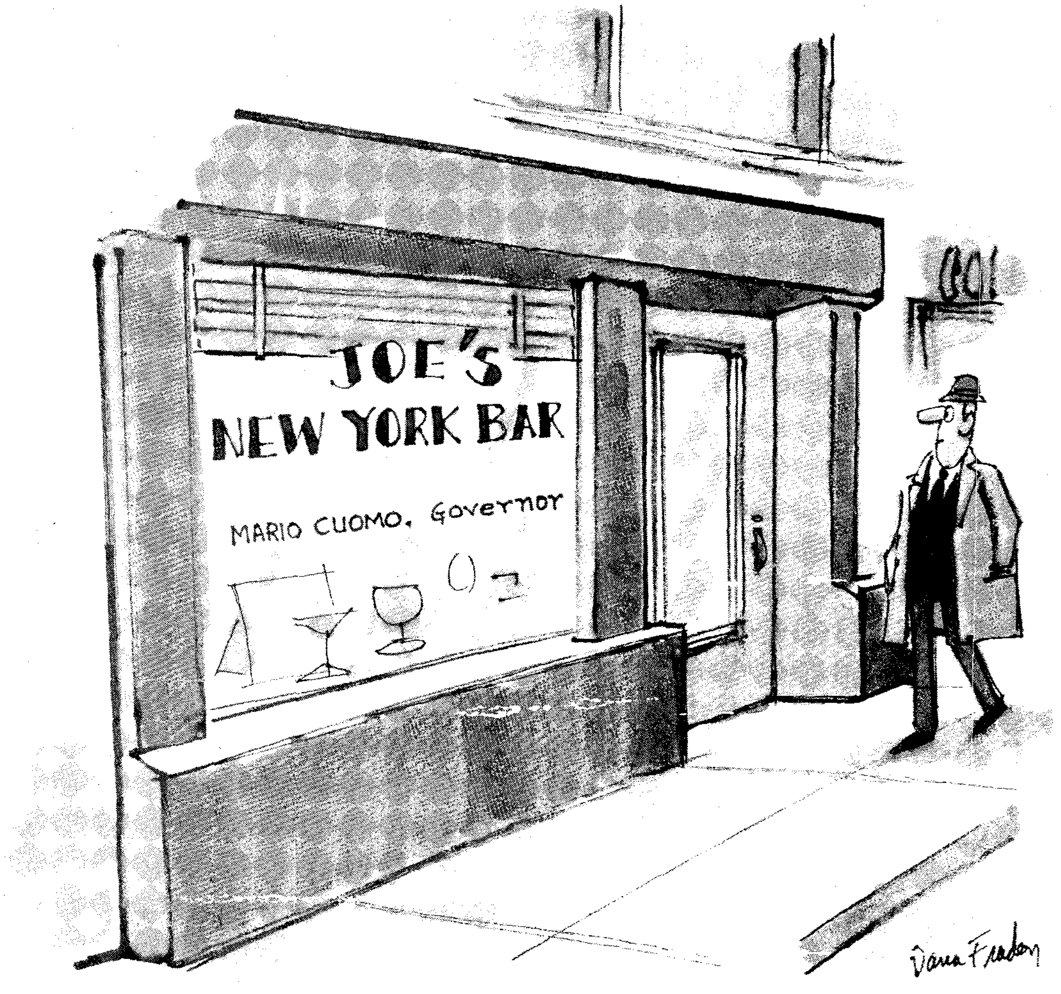
## *Danger Dancing All Around*

FIVE years ago, the writer and trombonist James Lincoln Collier published "The Making of Jazz," a cool, sturdy, nicely opinionated history of the music. Now, deepening his gaze, he has attempted a biography of Louis Armstrong. Called "Louis Armstrong: An American Genius" (Oxford), it is, despite its length—three hundred and fifty-one large, closely printed pages—and its authoritative voice, not nearly as conclusive or fresh or *biographical* as we might have wished.

Collier makes it clear that Armstrong, such a seemingly simple presence, was a complex group of people. One was the tough, primitive, poor, uneducated New Orleans black man (born not on July 4, 1900, apparently, but on an undetermined day a couple of years earlier) who could not "aspire to a meaningful education, a career or profession, even a white-collar job," Collier writes. "He was condemned from birth to live out his life as a menial laborer, always poor, never sure that a job would last beyond the day, or that he would not be cheated of his wages, but certain that in old age he would be dependent upon the charity of friends and family." Armstrong nonetheless soon learned the value of a "white captain." Here, according to Collier, is what he told Larry L. King in 1967 in *Harper's:*

> If you didn't have a white captain to back you in the old days—to put his hand on your shoulder—you was just a damn sad nigger. If a Negro had the proper white man to reach the law and say, "What the hell you mean locking up MY nigger?" then—quite naturally—the law would walk him free. Get in that jail *without* your white boss, and yonder comes the chain gang! Oh, danger was dancing all around you back then.

Armstrong's white captains were his managers: Tommy Rockwell, Johnny Collins, and Joe Glaser—all rough-and-ready men, skilled in varying degrees in navigating the shoals and shadows of show business. Another Armstrong was the gleaming show-biz personality his captains eventually turned him into. This Armstrong grew up in the minstrel-vaudeville tradition that jazz had been a part of in its early days and that is still visible in the posturings of such older musicians as Lionel Hampton and Dorothy Donegan. This Armstrong—his marble eyes popping, his coal voice rumbling, his teeth flashing—became addicted to applause. Even in his last years, when he could sing but no longer play, he could not resist performing. He also became, because of his State Department tours and such enormously popular vocal recordings as "Mack the Knife" and "Hello, Dolly," a world figure—a nodding, happy-go-lucky universal clown, whose onstage antics charmed millions and upset civil-rights leaders. The most important and least known Armstrong was the revolutionary trumpet player who, in the late twenties and early thirties, changed the course of American music. He did this largely through such recordings as "Knockin' a Jug" (the wonderful low-register dancing in his first chorus), "Tight Like This," "West End Blues" (the Bach-like introductory cadenza), "Weather Bird," "Sweethearts on Parade" (the rhythmic displacements in the opening muted solo), "Basin Street Blues" (1933 version), "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues" (the sorrowing, long-held opening note of his solo, and the half-time legato turnings), "I've Got the World on a String," "Hustlin' and Bustlin' for Baby" (the dark, mysterious bridge in his solo), "That's My Home," and "Hobo, You Can't Ride This Train" (the rhythmic momentum in his vocal and in his humming and jiving behind the soloists). These recordings are full of a majesty and melancholy and energy that were new to American music. Not only that—Armstrong's solos were improvised: black people, adept at spiritual and moral improvising, were stunned and grateful; white people couldn't believe that a black man could make up such beautiful music. Its influence, Collier rightly points out, was incalculable. Not only did a couple of generations of jazz musicians feast on it but it has filtered down through the Beatles and the Stones and



Linda Ronstadt. Collier puts a lot of musicological muscle into parsing Armstrong's playing and singing, and he is most valuable on the years from 1923 to 1928 and from 1945 to Armstrong's death, in 1971. But he stints on the thirty-three sides Armstrong made between 1932 and 1933 for RCA Victor, and he does not pay enough attention to the 1935-45 Deccas. Of the Victor trove, he completely ignores "I've Got the World on a String," "That's My Home," and "Basin Street Blues." Armstrong's second solo on "Basin Street," played an octave higher than usual and full of agitated swoops and blue notes, is celestial grandstanding.

Collier's strong-mindedness occasionally misleads him. He says that Armstrong was Joe Oliver's only protégé. (Red Allen became Oliver's protégé in New York in 1927, and even lived with Oliver and his sister.) He says that Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, of which Armstrong was a member from 1922 to 1924, was largely an ensemble band. (Musicians who heard the band in person speak of the long solos Oliver and the other musicians took. When the band recorded, however, it became an ensemble group because, in the three minutes allotted each number, collective playing was less likely to go awry than soloing.) He says that Sidney Catlett worked in Armstrong's big band for nearly a decade. (Catlett helped propel that ragtag band for less than four years.) He says the reason Armstrong never used his old friend Zutty Singleton for any of his working groups after 1930 was that he regarded him as a potential competitor. (Singleton stopped developing as a drummer around 1930, and in his later years often had unsteady time. Armstrong simply outgrew Singleton, and turned to the great Catlett, who, of course, had come out of Singleton.)

Collier's haste with facts spills over into his writing:

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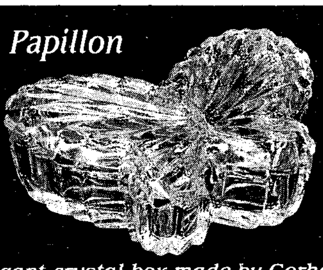

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ties, there was something beyond the analyzable—an openness, a directness, that allowed listeners to look through the flesh to the light inside. You could warm your hands in front of Louis Armstrong.

Collier dutifully logs Armstrong's four marriages, and he does a lot of psychoanalytic waltzing. He speculates that Armstrong was always insecure because of his severe childhood deprivations; that these deprivations made him a famous soft touch; that they made him prefer throughout his life the company of blue-collar people; that he was attracted to his rough managers because he had grown up fatherless. These conclusions explain some of Armstrong's behavior, but they don't bring us any closer to him than we were at the start of the book. It would have helped if Collier had used more reminiscences by musicians who knew Armstrong well—musicians like Bobby Hackett and Ruby Braff, who have set down in interviews descriptions of Armstrong that make him breathe.

For whatever reason, none of Armstrong's famous and frequent letters are in the book. He picked them out with one finger on a portable typewriter, often signing them "Red beans and ricely yours."

—Whitney Balliett

•

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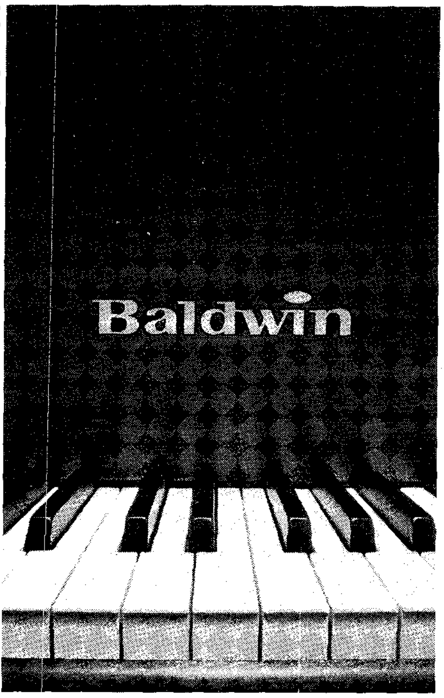

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# DANCING

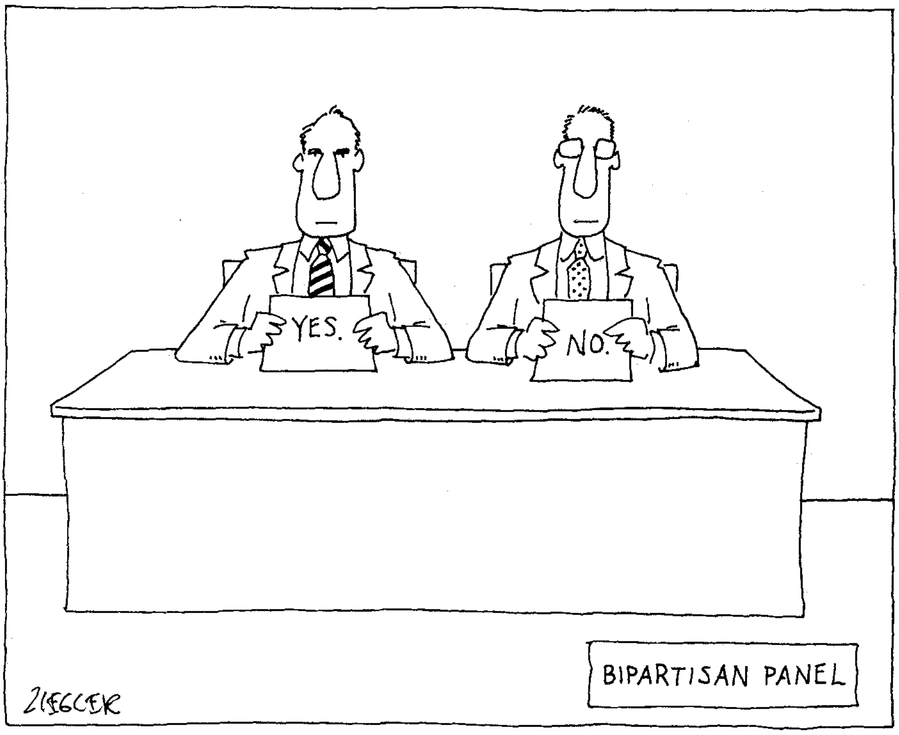
## *Midnight*

IN addition to listing Baryshnikov as co-choreographer of "Cinderella," American Ballet Theatre bills the ballet in name-above-the-title style as "Mikhail Baryshnikov's production." Since Baryshnikov is the undisputed artistic director of the company, the ballet could not possibly be anybody else's production, but Baryshnikov's regime has come under criticism lately from the board of trustees, and there is some speculation that Baryshnikov, in taking full responsibility for a costly production (one million plus) that may not reflect the board's idea of artistic policy, is paving the way for his departure. (He offered to resign last summer, when the board dismissed his administrator, Herman Krawitz, and was refused. He still hasn't withdrawn the offer.) But "Cinderella" is not at all the disaster that is predicated by this interpretation. The première performances, which took place at Kennedy Center, in Washington, over the Christmas holidays, revealed a lively, abundant show, distinguished in design and staged with a conviction and security of effect which increases through all three acts. Still very much a work-in-progress, it is already a success with the audience. If Baryshnikov really is looking for an excuse to leave, he may find that by the time it reaches New York in the spring "Cinderella" will have only strengthened his position as director.

"Cinderella," to Prokofiev's music, is the first original full-evening ballet in A.B.T. history. That is, unlike "Swan Lake," "Giselle," "La Sylphide," "The Nutcracker," "Don Quixote," and "La Bayadère," it is in no way modelled on a production created for some other company. It is also a story ballet, in the fullest and most serious sense, which means that in presenting it Baryshnikov and his co-choreographer, Peter Anastos, are working against the grain of modern ballet aesthetics. Almost nothing in "Cinderella" can be described as absolute dance. It is either mime or character dance or, at the very most, classical dance that refers to and impels some narrative element. The choreography tends to lessen in interest the closer it gets to absolute classicism, as in the Seasons divertissement or in the two pas de deux and two variations for Cinderella and the Prince. In these instances, though, it could be the music leading the dancing astray. Prokofiev himself seems not to have believed in the need for a Seasons suite. His music is grumpy and disobliging, and its placing in the score, right at the point in Act I when the Fairy Godmother appears and starts her transformations, kills the drama just as it is beginning to build. And what induces Cinderella to watch this un-germane, quadripartite allegory being staged on her doorstep? Is her charity still being tested? No matter how good the choreography—here it is quite good—we wouldn't blame her if she decided her godmother was a crazy lady, excused herself politely, and got back to her pots and pans. The big Cinderella-Prince dances are almost as inopportune—part of a format rather than part of the emotional development of their relationship.

Having to deal with these structural defects in Prokofiev's score makes a hard job of choreography harder. It should surprise no one that the means of telling a story in its precise dramatic gradations eludes the choreographers from time to time—less when the story is comic than when it is romantic or lyrical. As performers, both Baryshnikov and Anastos have excelled at comedy, and they are so far from being sentimentalists that they may unintentionally dry out the sweet, juicy effects the story needs. Just now their gravest miscalculation in regard to sentiment is the Apotheosis, in which, as the music conjures up an infinity of blissful reconciliation, we see all the silly and cruel folk—the ugly sisters, the courtiers, the hairdressers—step out of character and surround the lovers in a final tableau. The ballet gives us this collective absolution of the baddies without first having given us Cinderella's triumph over them. Moments earlier, recognized by the Prince, Cinderella immediately dances a long and unaccountably private pas de deux with him. But, as any child knows, it isn't enough for Cinderella to be glorified in the Prince's eyes (or, as the pas de deux would have it, for the lovers to be glorified in each other's eyes). For justice to be done, there has to be a *public* moment in which the heroine's true worth is acknowledged. "Cinderella" is a proletarian revenge fantasy, not a political morality play, like "The Sleeping Beauty."

This sin of omission is compounded by the failure, at the ball, to show the Stepsisters' reaction to Cinderella's transformation. Could one guess that the ballet was composed, in 1944, with Ulanova in mind? In fact, the star of the A.B.T. production is not Cinderella but the Prince. It must be said that this prince is a real character and a highly attractive one—sexy, debonair, impatient of ceremony, and so full of life and high spirits that he's impossible to keep up with. The heroine, too, is likable and spirited, not mopey or



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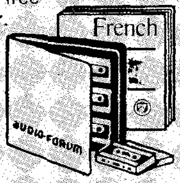

pious, as Cinderellas usually are, but once he has entered (downstage, with everybody upstage, looking off in the wrong direction), her story, her psychology, even her choreography all become somewhat vague. Baryshnikov has not yet danced the Prince—a role obviously designed for him—or any of the other roles. The fact that the ballet is a hit without him is an encouraging sign. But the Prince's choreography, filled with overwhelming bravura steps, is too difficult or too idiosyncratic for those who do dance it (Patrick Bissell, Kevin McKenzie, Robert La Fosse, Ross Stretton, Danilo Radojevic), and it makes the demure Fonteynish choreography for Cinderella look weak tea indeed. (The Fonteyn link is to her Aurora, and is one of several unwarranted references to "The Sleeping Beauty.") The three (out of five) Cinderellas I saw all had trouble being big and bright enough. Cynthia Harvey carried it off best, in a most musical and romantic partnership with McKenzie.

The choreography's other sins of commission are all sins of superfluous invention. I was puzzled by the presence of a Stepmother who careers about in a wheelchair; of a group of beggars at the cottage door (only the one who turns out to be the Fairy Godmother counts); of a Masked Lady in Act II who isn't needed until Act III; of inscrutable Denishawn figures in long white wigs who herald Cinderella's appearance at the ball. To those who know Anastos's work with the transvestite Trockadero Ballet, the sparing use of the Two Stepsisters, who are, of course, in drag and on point, may come as a surprise. Act I gives them plenty to do, and one expects them to pop up more often in the ball scene. One hopes, too, that Anastos and Baryshnikov will eventually do the roles themselves, and set the business and the timing, and get the laughs in the first act that the sisters aren't getting now. Such roles need to be defined in performance by comedians working as a team. In the three performances I saw, the milder of the two sisters was done promisingly by Thomas Titone, whose makeup made him look like Alice the Goon. The other one was played by three different dancers, none of whom could work up much of an act with Titone.

The ballet's setting is the France of the ancien régime, which is where the Russians have always placed it. Santo Loquasto's scenery and costumes, whether on the near or the far side of

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caricature, sustain a look of opulence. He has designed a number of breakaway sets, the best of which is a cottage kitchen with steaming kettles and other working contraptions. (Cinderella in a moment of rebellion stuffs the laundry in the oven, and the whole hearth glows in satisfaction.) He has heard the sardonic strain in the score (the strangely savage relishing of masquerade and scariness which makes Prokofiev's ball not quite a nice place to be); the ponderousness, too. A Merchant's palace, visited by the Prince in the third act, is everything one might wish for a production of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme;" its hideousness is delicious. For reasons I cannot fathom, all the mobile sets are placed against permanent hangings that enclose the stage in what looks like tessellated aluminum foil—a very curious effect, and one that deprives Cinderella's world of a horizon. Loquasto's ideas are not polite, and some of them will be controversial, but ballet décor is seldom as fantastically real as the best of what he has done here. It is hard to accept the dark lighting, by Tharon Musser, which gives the whole production a wrathful look. In Washington, the gilded ballroom set was gratefully applauded when the curtain went up on it, but because of the lighting it already seemed to be giving off the sulfurous smell of the calamity that would strike at midnight.

In the second and third acts, the production finds its style, and though the choreography, too, has its *noir* aspect—midnight revellers in grotesque attire menace the heroine as she tries to leave the ball, and the mysterious Masked Lady is mistaken by the Prince for his lost love—its prevailing tone is neither heavy nor perverse. The Masked Lady, who seems to have stepped out of a Balanchine ballet, is a peculiarly effective creation. All the more reason to reserve her till the third act, when she works her wiles and when her appearance has been prepared for by the midnight revellers. Another Balanchine memento occurs in the opening steps of the Dancing Master's lesson, which are quoted from the opening of "Theme and Variations." The most striking homage is paid to Frederick Ashton, when the Seasons dancers mass to form the coach that bears Cinderella off to the ball—an image not from Ashton's "Cinderella" but from his "La Fille Mal Gardée." Quotation raises thoughts of comparison—good thoughts. The bubbling ballroom ensembles, the four feckless aides-

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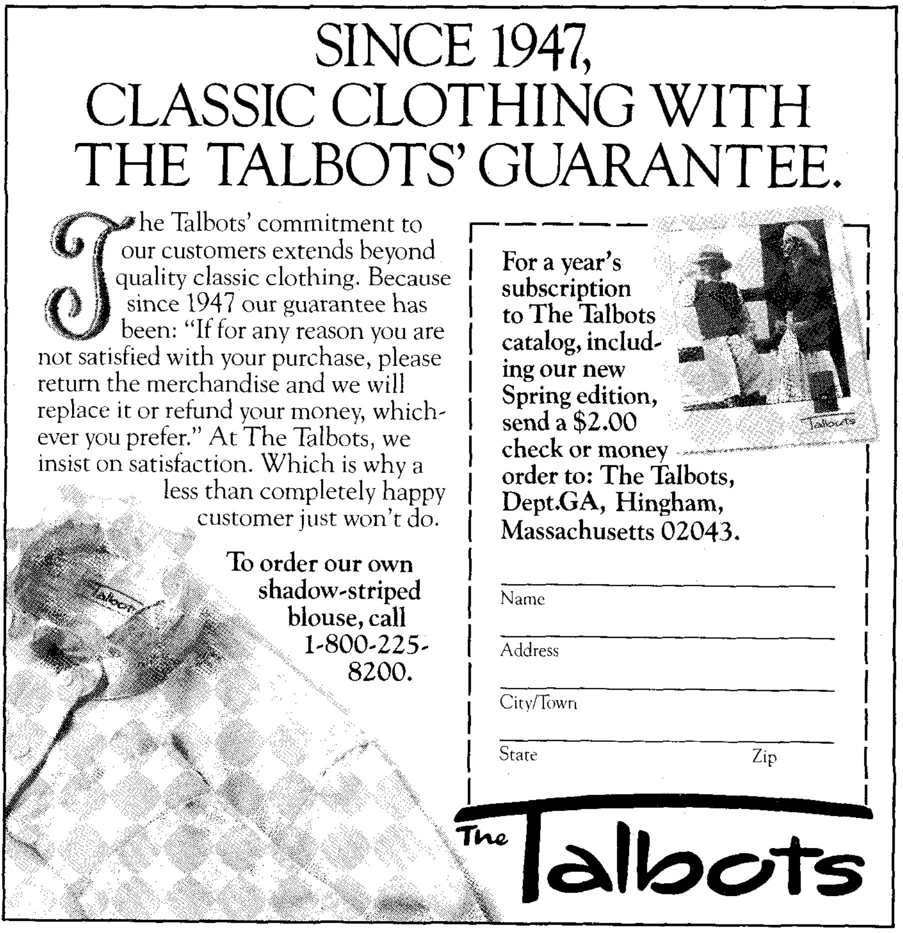

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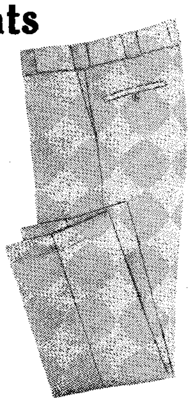

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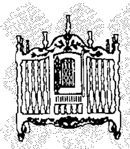

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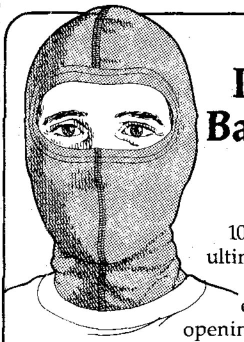
de-camp who turn up in this act, and the episode of the oranges, in which the Stepsisters have their innings, are things that stand up very well against Ashton's choreography without in any way resembling it. Act III stages the sequence, which Ashton didn't stage, of the Prince's travels in search of the owner of the glass slipper, and it is inspired from start to finish. A galop repeated three times speeds the Prince, with his four aides puffing behind him, from one adventure to another. In the first, he meets the Merchant's three awful daughters, each of whom tries to make the shoe fit. Next, he is seduced by the Masked Lady in a lovers' trysting place. Finally, he is pursued by the entire female population, like Buster Keaton in "Seven Chances." All this is carried out in dance terms (pas de quatre, pas de deux, round dance), and the technical polish of each number and of the sequence as a whole could not be improved upon. It ends charmingly, with the Prince stumbling into Cinderella's cottage, sinking down exhausted, and at once falling asleep. Ballet Theatre's "Cinderella" is now as close to realizing its goal as the Prince is to his in that scene. Provided it does not fall asleep at the last minute, the production should survive its trials and reach as happy an end.

BARYSHNIKOV is dancing most beautifully these days in choreography by Twyla Tharp. Last year's Glazunov piece has now reverted to its original title, "The Little Ballet," and has gained an extra solo for Baryshnikov—a waltz from "Raymonda." In that ballet, it is a ballabile—a big group dance. As done here by Baryshnikov, with exquisite retards and renewals of impetus, it has the quality of ballabile in the original sense of the word, which was "danceable." With an excellent partner, Elaine Kudo, Baryshnikov also performs "Sinatra Suite," one of Tharp's flights into luxe vaudeville. Sinatra sings wryly, and the two dancers scrap and tumble like models in an Avedon ad. He sings wistfully, and they coil in erotic knots. Kudo has glamour with an air of brazenness; she can take anything Baryshnikov can dish out. But in "One for My Baby" he's alone in the spotlight, thinking about her, savoring their best moments, shrugging off their worst. Baryshnikov's solo is a soliloquy. No dancer is more eloquent. No actor, either.

—ARLENE CROCE



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# CONCERT RECORDS

## *Fun*

OF all living pianists, the Cuban Jorge Bolet is probably the most fun to listen to. The fun, which one finds only in Horowitz and a few others, in addition to Mr. Bolet, derives from his purely athletic fingerwork, which usually holds one on the edge of his seat. Of course, Mr. Bolet has other virtues; his musical taste in phrasing and accent is immaculate, and altogether he is one of the greatest of contemporary pianists. But it is his cascades of sound that provide the excitement. Mr. Bolet has recently recorded a disc that includes Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12, "Liebestraum," "Mephisto" Waltz No. 1, "Funérailles," "Rigoletto" Paraphrase, and "La Campanella" (London digital, LDR 71096). All are performed with both artistry and brilliance.

McDon
RECORDS · BOO!

MAHLER's Symphony No. 9 has had another recording, and it is a very dramatic one, by the Chicago Symphony, under the baton of Georg Solti (London digital, LDR 72012; four sides). The orchestral resources and the conductor are without parallel in this kind of music, and Mahler's *douleurs* are eloquently set forth.

Admirable performances of Beethoven's Sonata for Piano and Cello, Opus 102/2, and Samuel Barber's Sonata for Cello and Piano are to be found on a disc recorded by Charles McCracken, cello, and Lucy Greene, piano (Finnadar 90076-1). The Beethoven is rather lighthearted for a late work, and the Barber is a passionate composition by one of the finest of American composers.

The overtures to Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne," "La Belle Hélène," "Orfée aux Enfers," "La Périchole," "Les Deux Aveugles," "Barbe-Bleue," "La Fille du Tambour-Major," and "La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein" have been recorded by the indefatigable Neville Marriner, this time with the Philharmonia Orchestra (Philips digital, 6514 098; single disc). The music is entertaining and is performed with spirit.

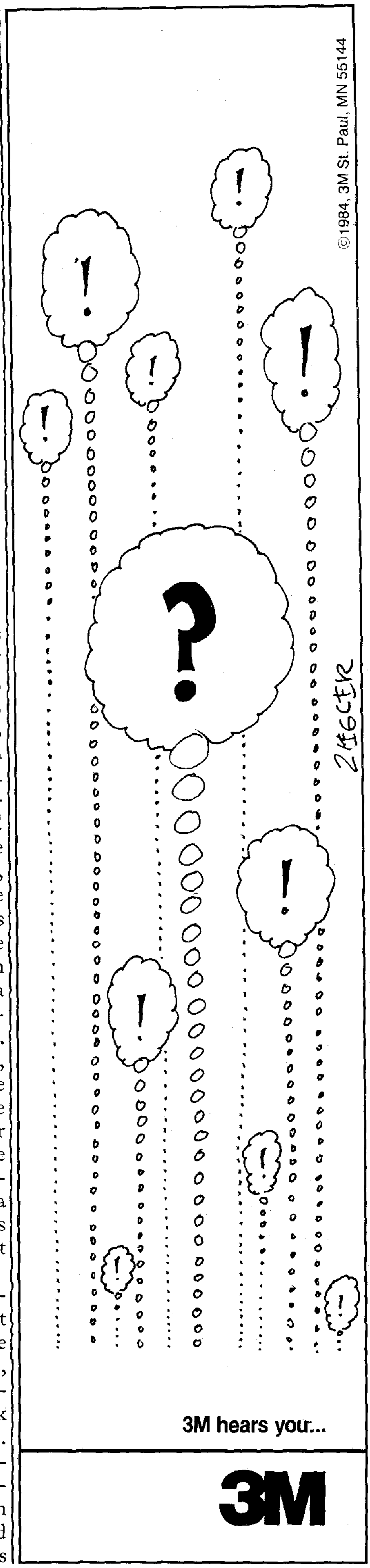
Pepe and Celín Romero, guitarists, have recorded a number of popular Spanish dances, by Albéniz, Falla, and Granados (Philips digital, 6514 182; single). The performances are authentic and full of life.

Bach's B-Minor Mass is one of the monuments of music history. It has been recorded once again, by Judith Nelson, Julianne Baird, Jeffrey Dooley, Frank Hoffmeister, and Jan Opalach, with the Bach Ensemble of original instruments, under the baton of Joshua Rifkin (Nonesuch digital, 79036; four sides). The instruments of Bach's time lend to the album an authenticity not always present when this Mass is performed, and the instrumental forces are small in number, as they were in the period in which the work was written.

Ludwig Spohr was a younger contemporary of Beethoven and a prolific composer, most of whose music has been forgotten today. His Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 47, No. 8, has been recorded by Sergiu Luca, with the Rochester Philharmonic, David Zinman conducting (Nonesuch digital, 79040; single). It is combined with Beethoven's Romance in G Major, Romance in F Major, and Konzertsatz in C Major. Spohr wrote melodious music of some complexity, and has been unjustly neglected by the recording studios; this recording of his concerto seems to be its first. The Beethoven Romances are better known on records. Mr. Luca plays with a mastery of his instrument, and the accompanying orchestra does beautifully.

Palestrina's Pope Marcellus Mass, Stabat Mater, and Three Motets have been recorded by the Pro Cantione Antiqua, Bruno Turner conductor (Nonesuch 71407; single). All the music is sung a cappella, with remarkable accuracy of intonation and a knowing style. The Pope Marcellus Mass, in particular, is music of great nobility.

A disc entitled "The Virtuoso Handel" contains the Lesson in B-Flat Major, Book II, HWV 434, and the Prelude and Allegro in A Minor, HWV 576, along with the better-known Suite No. 8 in G Major, Book II, HWV 441 (Nonesuch 79037). These items are played by Igor Kipnis on the harpsichord, and they represent Handel in his less solemn moods. Kipnis is, of course, an old hand at this sort of thing, and his



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performances are brilliant as well as stylistically precise.

THE first album in a new historical anthology entitled "One Hundred Years: Berlin Philharmonic" has recently been issued by Deutsche Grammophon (mono, 2740 259; ten sides). The first album, chronologically speaking, is subtitled "Early Recordings, 1913-1933," and it is interesting as a history of conducting style and also as a history of recording techniques. The orchestra appears to have been a first-class one from the very beginning, and today, of course, it is one of the world's best. Unfortunately, the state of recording technique for the earliest of the items presented is so primitive that one cannot make any accurate statement about their conductors. The anthology starts off with Arthur Nikisch, who conducts Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1, and Berlioz' "Le Carnaval Romain," Opus 9. Then comes Leo Blech, conducting Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll." After that, we have Bruno Walter conducting Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture and Mendelssohn's Overture to "The Hebrides." From here on, special features of conducting style become clearer. The next conductor is Hans Knappertsbusch, who conducts the Prelude to the first act of "Die Meistersinger," the Prelude to Act III and the Dance of the Apprentices of the same opera, and the Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walküre," the Transformation Music from "Parsifal," and the Venusberg-Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser." Knappertsbusch seems to have been a terribly slow conductor in all his adagios, dragging them out to an extent that would not be tolerated today. The next conductor to appear is Erich Kleiber, who conducts the Overture to Mozart's "Idomeneo, Re di Creta," Six German Dances by Mozart, and the Scherzo and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Kleiber appears to be a conventional conductor (in the good sense), and the orchestra sounds marvellous under his baton. Next comes Oscar Fried, whom I remember vividly as a tyrannical maestro of the old school. For some reason, Fried is given non-Germanic music to conduct: Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre" and Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite. Like Knappertsbusch, Fried seems a bit dilatory by modern standards. Then comes Hans Pfitzner, better

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known as a composer than as a conductor. Pfitzner takes a slight liberty with the tempo of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, thus following an older tradition. To finish things off, Richard Strauss appears as conductor of the Overture to Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide," the Overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," and his own "Dance of the Seven Veils" from "Salome." Composers do not always make good conductors, and the rapid violin passages in the "Euryanthe" Overture are extremely muddy. Otherwise, Strauss's interpretations are at least acceptable. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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as into the heart
of a remote bleak countryside
someone has been sent
into exile.

They flee,
surely, at the thought of it.
Their iron beaks
stay shut.
The trees know
to follow them
on foot.

Then the earth begins
to unveil
its true badlands.
A great many
carefully honed things
lie in wait:

Wind-domes and minarets
with their criers!
Camels of wintry clouds
to ride over the plains
as far as the eye can see
and beyond . . .

Like darkly soiled rags
of obscure origin,
perhaps even a bit bloody!
Still, better *them*
than that emptiness
that is due to overtake us
tomorrow:

All the little noes
finally together,
and you, a mere beginner
in geometry,
able to draw a single imaginary
line away from
your chillest premonition.

—CHARLES SIMIC

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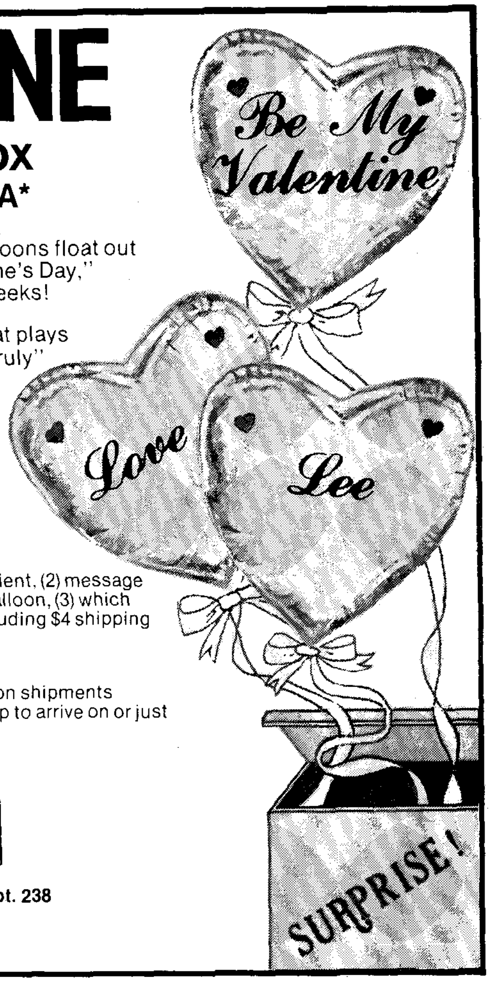

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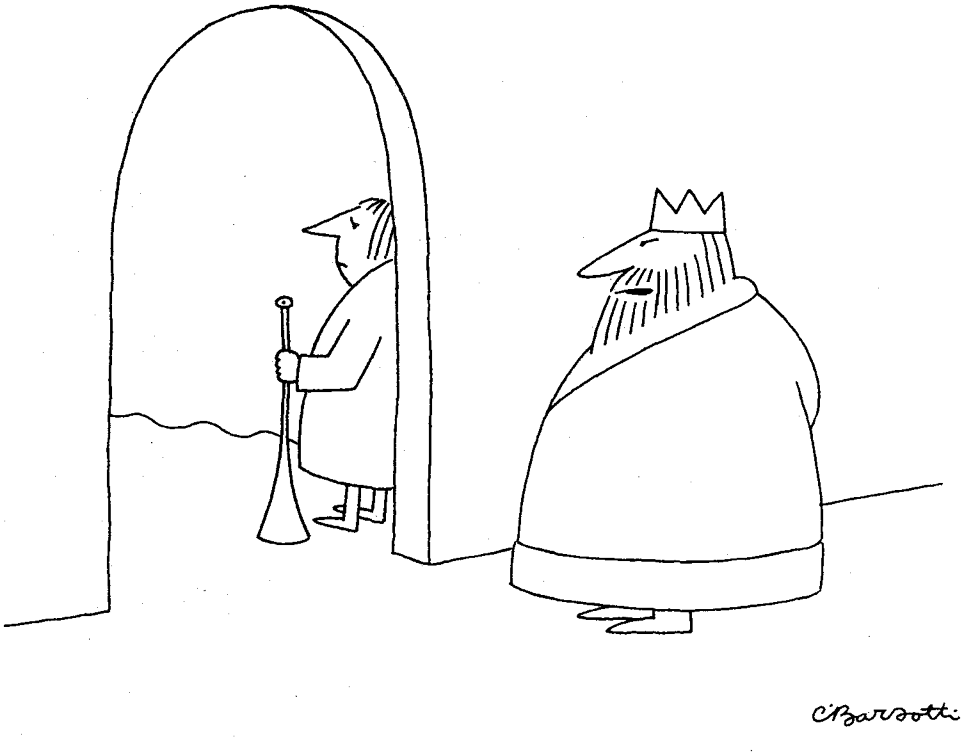
# BOOKS

## *Mother and Daughter*

FRANCES MOSSIKER prefaces her engaging biography "Madame de Sévigné" (Knopf; $22.95) with a quotation from Virginia Woolf, who thought that in modern times "this robust and fertile letter writer . . . would probably have been one of the great novelists." The more than fifteen hundred surviving letters of Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné (1626-96), are often cited as history. They are also art, and many of her best-known anecdotes were worked up from hearsay, among them the famous tale of the chef Vatel, who committed suicide because he feared the fish he had ordered would not arrive in time for the King's dinner. Mrs. Mossiker mentions the Marquise's tendency to "embellish" reality, and cites the critic Robert Nicolich, who remarks that in her writing "the division between fantasy and reality easily disappeared." These comments remind us that while the Marquise can be strikingly precise, as in her lovely descriptions of trees coming into bud on her Breton property, her writing—with its vitality and enthusiasm, its sheer zest for storytelling—is imbued with imagination. The only test of a great writer which Mme. de Sévigné has not passed is that of form or construction; but then, of course, she never took it.

Mme. de Sévigné's letters began to be published soon after her death and were immediate best-sellers. In her lifetime, they were read aloud, transcribed, and discussed among friends of friends of her correspondents. Her effect on readers from her day to ours is akin to the magnetism she exerted in person. She was a beauty, a wit, and a charmer, sought after, quoted, talked about—a celebrity whose memory would have been preserved in the letters of her contemporaries if she had not immortalized herself in her own. Contemporary accounts of her attraction suggest that it was rooted in responsiveness. Her expressiveness was a wish to please—warmth in search of reciprocal warmth. The source of her allure was the source of her tragedy, for her daughter, the Countess of Grignan, whom she adored, and to whom she wrote the majority of her surviving letters, could not return her feelings in any way that Mme. de Sévigné could recognize. One can cull many Sévignés from her extensive literary legacy—the rubberneck, say, admiring the old (Mont-Saint-Michel), the new (Versailles), and the unchanging (Norman butter and cream); or the woman waiting out casualty lists (at various times her son, son-in-law, and grandson saw action in the wars of Louis XIV). Mrs. Mossiker has chosen to concentrate on the Marquise's anguished involvement with her daughter, thus coming closest to the Marquise herself and to twentieth-century readers, who are unlikely to know anything resembling the glamour and splendor of the Marquise's world but are certainly somebody's children and possibly somebody's parents.

Specialists have combed Mme. de Sévigné's biography to discover why she idolized her daughter, and Mrs. Mossiker reports their suppositions along with her own. The Marquise lost her father when she was eighteen months old, and her mother when she was seven; her maternal grandparents died within the next three years. Mrs. Mossiker thinks it conceivable that those early losses so haunted Mme. de Sévigné that when, in 1671, the Countess left Paris and joined her husband in Provence, where he was a lieutenant governor, childhood terrors of death and abandonment were reawakened. Arguing against such a theory of "separation anxiety" is the fact that the Marquise's surviving relatives had cared for her with parental tenderness. She seems not to have known unkindness until she married. Her husband, a good-looking young Breton noble, was one of the few men on record who did not admire her. He left her in Brittany while he lavished his time and their money on Parisian courtesans; luckily for the Sévigné patrimony, he was killed at the age of twenty-eight, in a duel over La Belle Lolo, leaving his twenty-five-year-old widow with a daughter of five, a son of three, and a financial mess, which her family helped tidy up. Thus it is not surprising—though Mrs. Mossiker points out that it was unusual for the period—that the Marquise did not remarry. She was sought as a mistress by a Prince of the Blood (Conti), a Marshall of France (Turenne), and dukes galore (the Duke of Luynes proposed marriage to her when she was fifty-nine). No one knows if she took a lover. Mrs. Mossiker tells us that Napoleon thought she loved Fouquet, the mighty superintendent of fi-



*"Hit it. I'm hungry."*

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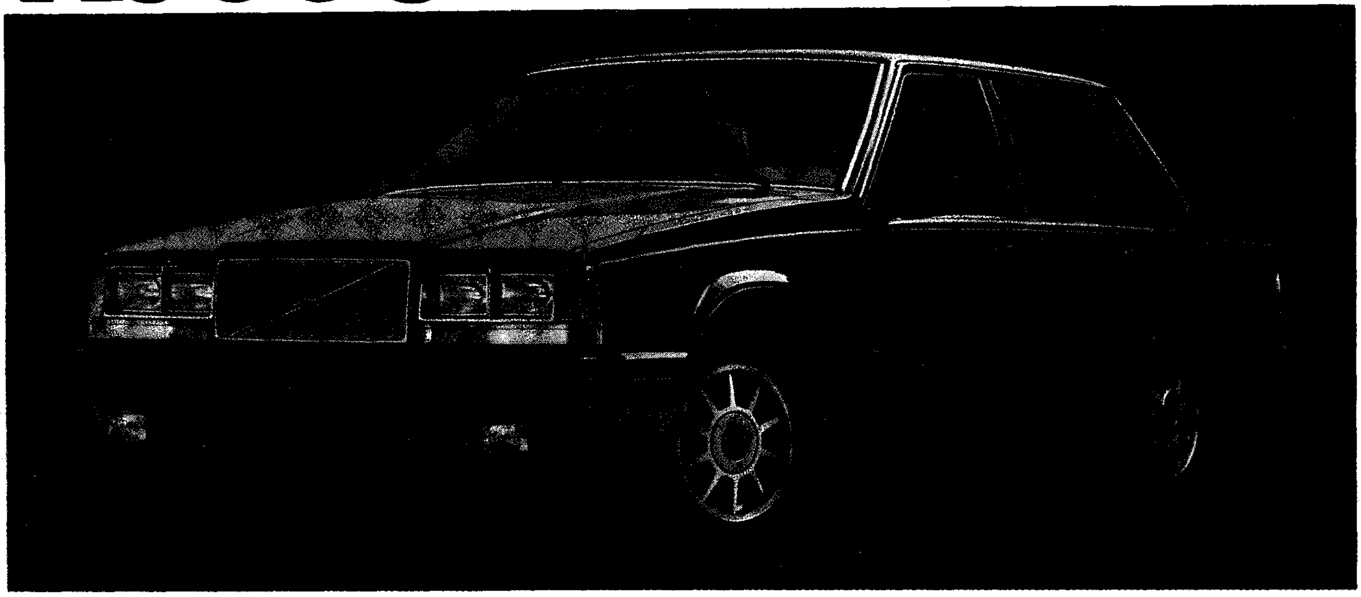

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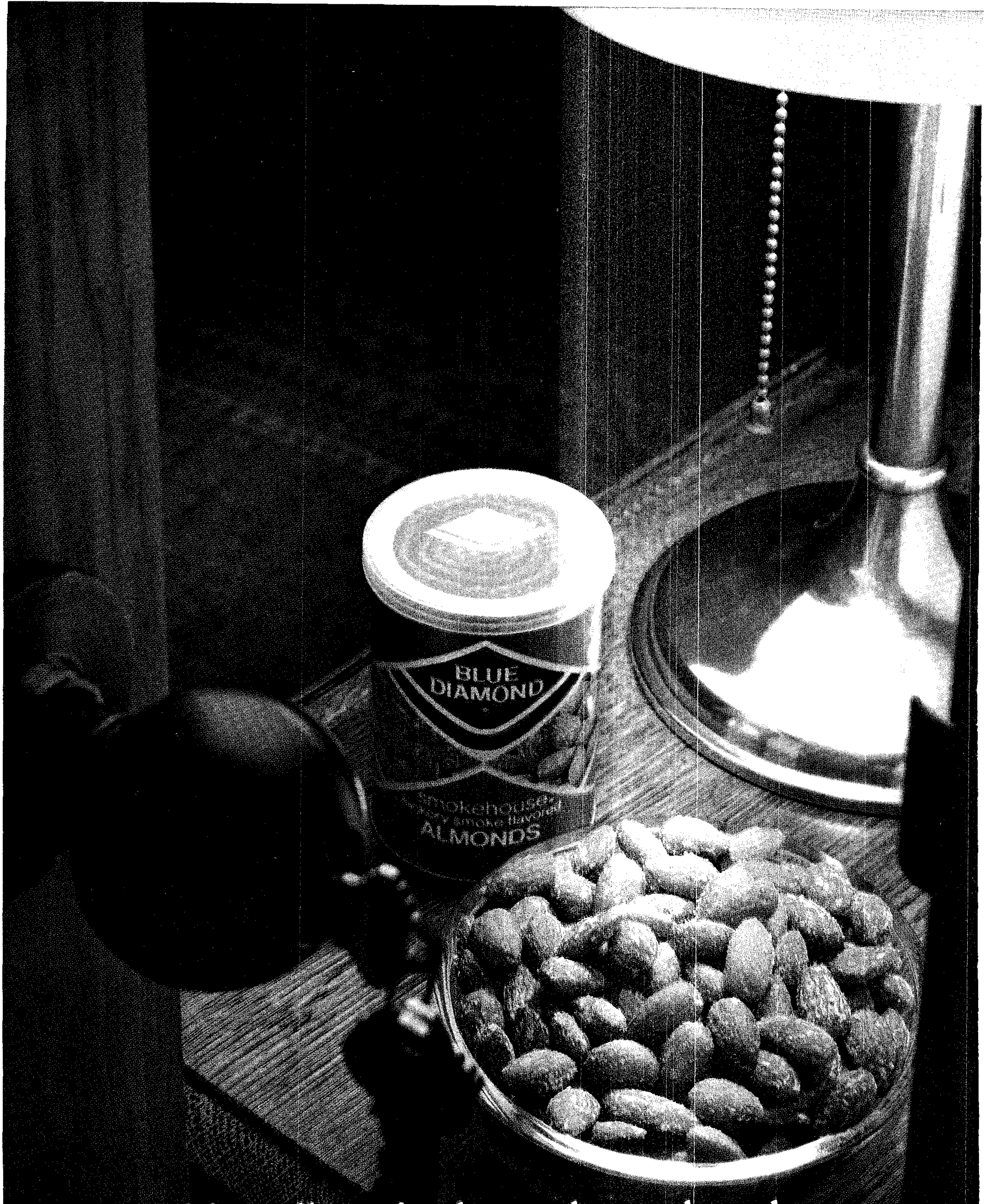
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nance whom Louis XIV destroyed in 1661, when the King began his personal rule. She thinks it possible that Mme. de Sévigné remained celibate, and that her romantic and erotic feelings overflowed as maternal love. However, contemporaries and biographers alike have been mystified that the Marquise chose to give her love to her daughter rather than her son. He was much more likable than the Countess, who, though beautiful, intelligent, and graceful—she starred in court ballets, often dancing with the King himself—was widely detested. Let one of several descriptions Mrs. Mossiker quotes suffice: "That woman has wit, but wit of a bitter kind, and her pride is insufferable. She will make herself as many enemies as her mother has friends and admirers." Mrs. Mossiker thinks that the Marquise's worship of her daughter is proof of Proust's theory that one loves most where one suffers most.

Mrs. Mossiker's translations of the letters pick up their sparkle and originality—a wild humor as unexpected as Sydney Smith's, a feeling for nature as intense as Colette's:

> My daughter-in-law . . . changes her expression a hundred times a day without finding one that is becoming to her.

> He could not even take his worries seriously.

> But where do you get the idea . . . that one hears nightingales on June 13? Alas, they are busy making ready for their little ménages. It is no longer a question of singing or making love; they have more practical things in mind.

> I have managed so well that spring is here in all its beauty! Everything is green. It was no easy task to see to it that all those buds unfurled, that the red all turned to green. When I finished with all those elms, I had to go on to the beeches, then to the oaks. That is what gave me the most trouble, and I still have another week to go before I can claim to have made a perfect job of it. . . . I really think that not only did I not interfere with all that beauty, but—in a pinch—I would know how to manage a springtime, on my own, so carefully did I observe . . .

The Marquise also wrote just like any mother:

> People are talking about your extravagance. Monsieur de Monaco cannot stop talking about it.

> You have a husband who adores you. . . . Just try to work some miracle in your financial affairs . . . I pity those who bring on their own ruin.

> You play in hopelessly bad luck; you always lose. That is a great deal of money you are throwing away.

> There must be some kind of sorcery you practice in connection with the magnificence of your château and the high life you lead . . . Must one have an orchestra? [The Grignans did.] . . . Since I take an interest in your affairs, I am very concerned about them, even more than about my own . . . They come to my mind only too often . . . in the middle of the night.

Besides money, Mme. de Sévigné worried about her daughter's enthusiastic collaboration in her husband's search for a male heir. (The Count, twice widowed, had two daughters.) The Countess's pregnancies elicited such comments as:

> Ah, how I regret seeing you lose your pretty figure.

> Do not dance, do not fall, do not hurt yourself, do not push your strength to the limit . . .

When the daughter's round of miscarriages, premature births, and births agonized the mother, she advised, "Do not be overconfident about sleeping in separate beds. The temptation is still there. Have someone else sleep in the room."

On the Grignans' long visits to Paris and the Marquise's long stays in Provence, the family's face-to-face relations were extremely inharmonious. The Marquise replies to her daughter's recriminations, "I do not like to hear you say . . . that I was like a curtain which concealed you . . . What if I did once overshadow you? You were simply all the more dazzling when the curtain was drawn aside." She accounts for their incompatibility ("It is true that our temperaments are somewhat dissimilar") by exalting her daughter's intelligence—"I will always be attracted to some light reading because I have lowbrow tastes like your brother. Abstract thoughts come naturally to you, but not to me"—and devaluing her own intensity: "Even if my hypersensitivity and the unwarranted accusations I made have sometimes caused friction between us, I implore you to make allowances for these failings of mine." But she will not invariably accept blame:

> I cannot see where I have been at fault.

> I could not bear the injustice you did me.

> I am sometimes hurt by being kept in total ignorance of your sentiments, by being excluded from the circle of your confidence. I know your friends are treated otherwise.

Since few of the Countess's letters survive, it has been easy, Mrs. Mossiker observes, to overlook an adult daughter's legitimate resentment at a mother's interference. Contemporary opinion and posterity sided with the Marquise—even in our time and country, which favor children against

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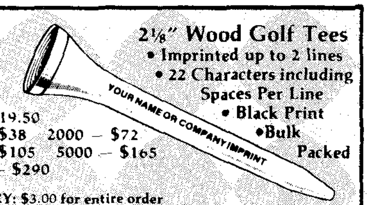
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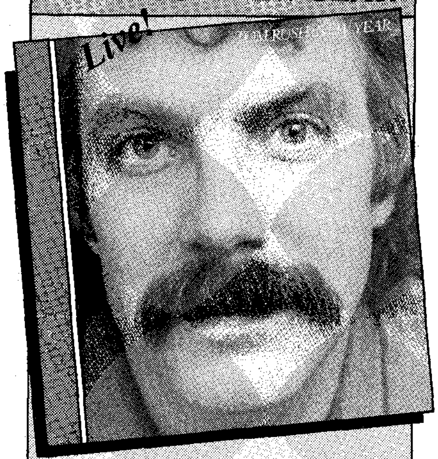

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parents, Thornton Wilder took his inspiration for the Marquesa de Montemayor and her cold daughter, in the novel "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," from Mme. de Sévigné and *her* cold daughter. Mrs. Mossiker thinks we should be fairer to the Countess, and reminds us that it can be difficult to be the child of a brilliant parent. She stresses that the mother did not comprehend her daughter's love for her husband and her devotion to the House of Grignan. The contrast between the two women is striking. When the Marquis de Sévigné began making inroads on his wife's estate, her family stepped in and arranged a legal separation of their property, thus protecting the Marquise and her children. When the Count of Grignan was sued by his daughters' guardian for their inheritance (which he had spent), the Countess made herself legally liable for his debt.

Yet despite Mrs. Mossiker's efforts to do justice to the Countess, the biography demonstrates that the Marquise was right. In all her frantic pleas, counsels, and admonitions—when she lamented that her daughter seemed to "relish self-destruction"—her assessment was accurate. The rate of maternal and infant mortality made motherhood as risky as war. Medical ignorance at this period was so great that no doctor seems to have diagnosed syphilitic symptoms that appeared in the Grignan children; but the Marquise apparently grasped that something was wrong. She described the Grignans' prodigality as "Gothic." Indeed, Grignan extravagance was unsuited to an era in which economic trends were working against the landed nobility—absentee landlords who lived off the rent of their estates, borrowing or mortgaging when they needed extra cash. Mme. de Sévigné is perplexed as she grows steadily poorer. In 1671, she travelled to Brittany with two barouches, seven carriage horses, one packhorse, and three or four outriders; in 1685, she was reduced to one carriage and "only two horses, along with four rented ones from the coach house at Mans." Mrs. Mossiker disbelieves her assertion that "I will not be embarrassed to arrive in that state." The Marquise had generously made over most of her property to enable her children to marry, but she found, as the seventeenth century proceeded, that the properties whose income she had retained—her Rabutin lands in Burgundy—no longer paid enough for her to live on and retire her debts. She

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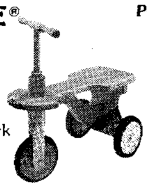

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did not connect royal extravagance—war and building—with noble impoverishment, and she accepted the medieval burdens on land, paying off *lods-et-ventes* (an antique form of transfer tax) in the same irritated but fatalistic spirit in which she accepted poor harvests. She observed the suppression of a peasant revolt in Brittany, and, at the command of a parish priest, fed starving peasants in Burgundy. She repeatedly notes periods of economic contraction: "No one has a penny; it is impossible to borrow; the farmers do not pay." And "Currency is scarce." And "I see only people who owe me money but have no bread, who sleep on straw and weep. What would you have me do about that?"

Though she did not understand these events as an economic historian might have done, and though she may have confused her daughter by preaching economy and then, as loving parents will, making good the child's extravagance, she did appreciate what prudence required. She shut up her Paris town house and lived with her son in Brittany so that the ever-dwindling Burgundy income would clear her indebtedness. The Grignans did nothing of the kind. Their landholdings were vaster than the Sévignés' or the Rabutins', and they borrowed more. Inevitably, they were ruined. The only son who reached manhood died young, and his mother soon followed him to the grave. Mme. de Sévigné, happily, did not live to see the final catastrophe. She died while visiting the Count and Countess, who still held their château—a magnificent fortress that the family had owned since the thirteenth century, and that it lost in the eighteenth. Mrs. Mossiker believes that mother and daughter quarrelled less in later years because the mother accepted the daughter without trying to improve her. I think the Marquise was simply exhausted by her failure to transfer or translate her experience. Thanks to her gallantry and to Mrs. Mossiker's literary judgment, this book is unfailingly diverting. It is also the melancholy narrative of a mistress of language who as a mother could not find the words to deter a child bent on destroying herself. —NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

STONES FOR IBARRA, by Harriet Doerr (Viking; $14.95). Mrs. Doerr is something of a prodigy. She is seventy-three years old (born in

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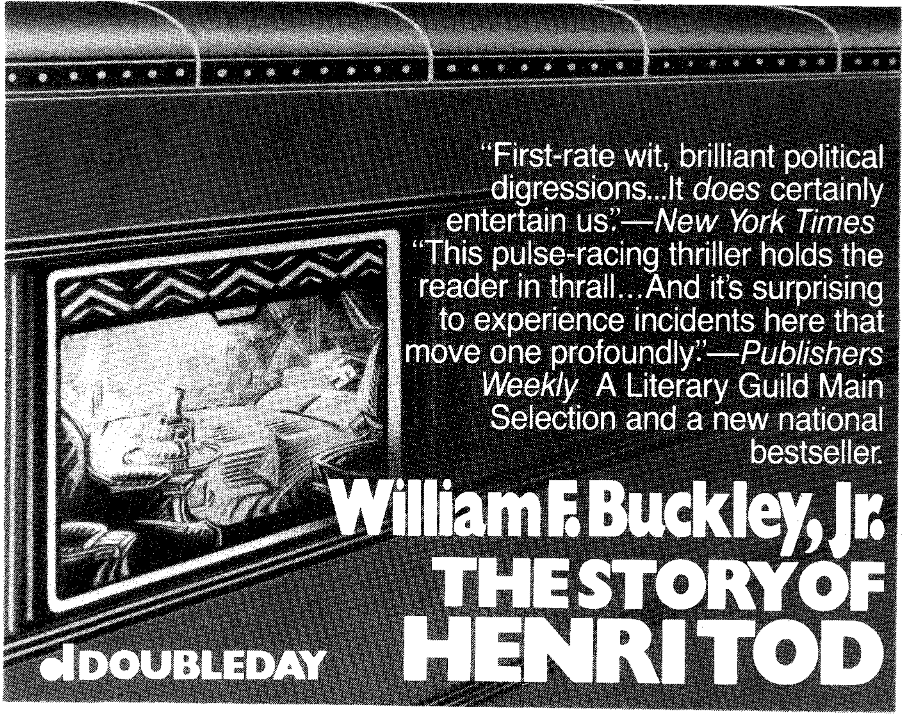

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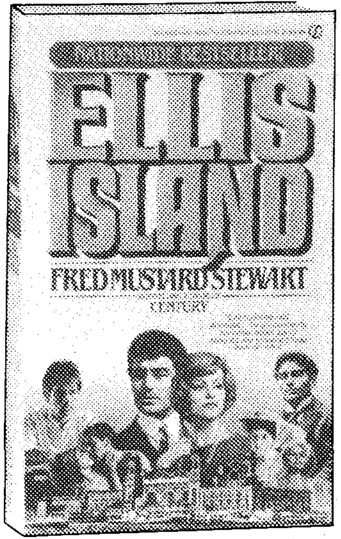

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1910), and this is her first novel—her first book. But, more than that—much more than that—it is a novel of extraordinary beauty, of unusual finish, and, though free of any sort of strutting, of striking originality. It tells of life and death in a Mexican village as experienced by the villagers and by an American couple, Richard and Sara Everton, come to Ibarra to reopen a long-abandoned copper mine established by Richard's grandfather, and of the superstitions with which the villagers embellish their Roman Catholicism and the superstitions with which the Evertons embellish their agnosticism. We know from the beginning that Richard is doomed; it is discovered soon after their arrival that he has leukemia and has six years to live. We live those six years in a series of exquisite scenes. There is not a perfunctory sentence in Mrs. Doerr's depiction, and not a cloudy or a preening one. She turns the smallest details into her own: "These coins rolled across the floor as far as the manager's desk, where they toppled on their sides to expose the faces of patriots." She can illuminate a culture in a line, as when Sara asks the local priest why an old beggarwoman begs when she has three hardworking nephews, and the priest replies, "It is her profession." A chapter in which Sara returns to Ibarra after Richard's death, in San Francisco, is told in the same wry, faintly ironic voice that reported the fiestas and the conversations in the plaza and the matters of garden and mine, kitchen and *sala*, marriage and drunkenness—but it pierces the heart.

THE BEATRICE MYSTERY, by Derek Johns (Secker & Warburg/David & Charles; $13.95). The narrator, a lovelorn young Englishman, has given up the study of architecture to, in his rueful words, "read from the classics of literature to ageing *literati* in Hampstead." One of his clients, a canny old man, asks him to travel to Italy and track down his granddaughter, named Beatrice, who dropped in on her great-aunt, in Tuscany, three months earlier and then vanished. Most readers will solve the mystery of Beatrice before it begins. What remains is a surprisingly satisfactory novel: a comedy, in Dante's sense of the word, that leads the hero from the depths of solipsism to its heavenly opposite. If the young man's narra-

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tive style—full of phrases like "covered in confusion" and "steeled in my resolve"—is slow to relax ("You do tend to speak like a book sometimes," a discreet friend suggests), other characters often offer relief, and their contributions to the story, which involves everyone from Dante and Bacon to Apollo and Daphne, are always apt.

Beyond the Mountain, by Elizabeth Arthur (Harper & Row; $12.95). "It floated like milkweed in the distance," the narrator writes, of the mountain that she, along with eight other intrepid women, has been approaching, in a trek across Nepal, for days. Like the mountain, a recent catastrophe hovers tantalizingly on the horizon of her thoughts: an avalanche in which her brother and her husband were killed. The story of the climb and of the avalanche, and of the days, weeks, months, and years before them, is as stunning—stark and subtle—as the blue-and-white landscape that enchants these people, who love such extremes. Elizabeth Arthur, who, according to the dust jacket, "has had extensive experience in wilderness living," chooses words as carefully as her narrator chooses where to place her foot or to hammer a piton. She makes the reader think afresh about tired words like "happiness" and "guilt," and she makes a foreign world—of Sherpas in Gore-Tex parkas, and of belays below arêtes—seem the only one that matters. When she compares ravens to prayer flags, the image rings true, because of prayer flags elsewhere in her book.

The Proprietor, by Ann Schlee (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $15.95). This is Mrs. Schlee's second novel, and her second mid-Victorian novel. Her subject, as before, is what we today perceive to have been the shaping forces of that period: the fatalistic acceptance of death, the fear of sexual expression, the often comforting straitjacket of religion, and the immutability of caste. These forces are examined over a period of twenty years (1836-1856) in a setting that could be the Channel Islands—a rocky isolation off the south coast of England—and they center on the islands' proprietor (or leaser), a young Englishman named Augustus Walmer, who feels it to be his mission in life to improve the lives of the islanders. There is a girl (a child in

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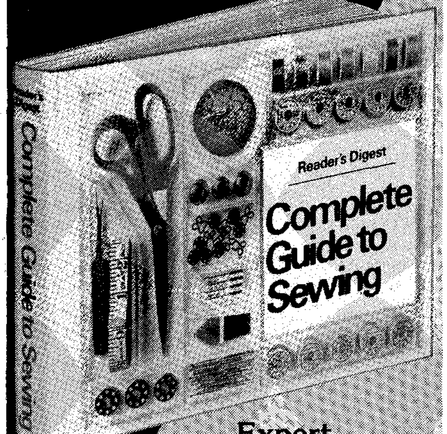

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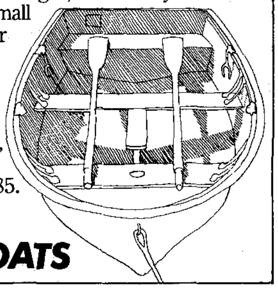

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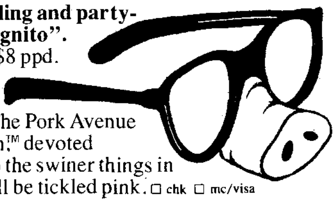

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1836) who came mysteriously to the islands by way of a shipwreck. There are Walmer's close friends: a mainland couple with a young daughter (*and sometime playmate of the island girl*); Walmer's widowed sister-in-law, with her young son and daughter; several islanders. We watch these people grow up or grow older, and we glimpse behind the formal conversation and the exchange of formal letters ("My dear Mrs. Pontefract") their deep and sometimes terrible yearnings and involvements. It is a measure of Mrs. Schlee's vigorous comprehension of the period that even when her characters behave most exasperatingly (by our notions) we accept and respect their reasons. This is a strong and stirring story, beautifully told, and with a sense of time and place that recalls both "Dover Beach" and "The French Lieutenant's Woman."

### GENERAL

LEMON SWAMP AND OTHER PLACES: A CAROLINA MEMOIR, by Mamie Garvin Fields, with Karen Fields (Free Press; $16.75). Homemade okra soup and a tape recorder were essential to this collaboration between a young black professor at Brandeis University and her grandmother, a civic leader in Charleston. "I won't always have my faculties," Mamie Fields warned her granddaughter in 1978, and so they soon got together, first up North and then down South. Three years later, a young and distant cousin telephoned out of the blue, and Mamie Fields' next birthday, her ninety-fourth, became the occasion of a family reunion. In the meantime, she and her granddaughter had almost finished the job of taping, transcribing, and editing (often at a kitchen table) half a century of her memories: memories of glimpsing Harriet Tubman, and of speaking to John F. Kennedy; of sitting, during the Jim Crow era, at the back of a streetcar and at the front (sooty, and therefore reserved for blacks) of a train; of teaching school on an island where rat stew was standard fare, and of coaching (although she was less than five feet tall) her pupils' basketball team; and of working alongside immigrants in a sweatshop in Boston, before setting up her own hairdressing salon, in the twenties, in Charleston. Racial bigotry, in

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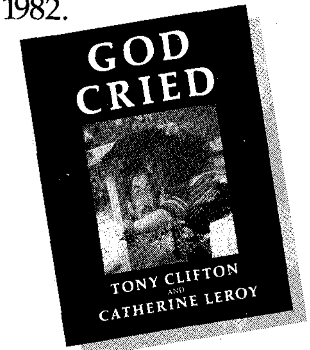

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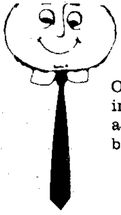

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all its cruel absurdity, is exposed in most of Mamie Fields' recollections, but she does recall one occasion, involving her Model T Ford, a Charleston policeman, a vegetable wagon, and a car with Yankee license plates, when another prejudice took precedence.

THOMAS CARLYLE: A BIOGRAPHY, by Fred Kaplan (Cornell; $35). Carlyle, whose dates are 1795-1881, was wrong about almost every practical issue of his day; he supported the South in the Civil War, for example, and disapproved of the Reform Bills, which extended the franchise in England. But, as Mr. Kaplan demonstrates, he was admired even by those who disagreed with him, including Emerson, because he was a herald of the new Victorian earnestness, whether in rejecting his parents' Christianity or in embracing contemporary German literature. Carlyle seems to have always been favored with more kindness than he expended: he was unsympathetic to the friendly Thackeray, whom he suspected of frivolity, and he cut George Eliot for living with a man out of wedlock, although her lover, George Henry Lewes, had been a close friend of his. Carlyle belongs to a modern tradition of writers who find writing difficult or momentous—very different from the tradition of Shakespeare or of Dickens—and he is also modern in his insistence on forging a style that is deliberately knotty. Mr. Kaplan illumines the Victorian era by bringing us into what we feel is the very presence of one of its idols.

NOTE: "Traveling Light," a collection of accounts by Bill Barich of journeys from Northern California to Long Island, London, Florence, and back, has been published by Viking ($15.95). Nearly all the pieces first appeared in these pages.

•

4 6 13 NCAA FOOTBALL

examines digital sound, asks about teeth chattering in the cold, looks at cooking eggs, and visits a camel.—*TV listing in the Gainesville (Fla.) Sun.*

It's come to this, has it?

•

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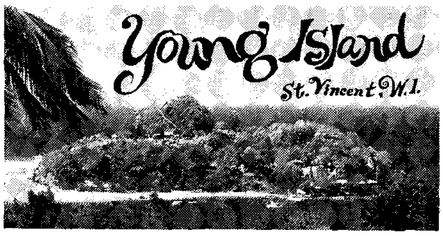

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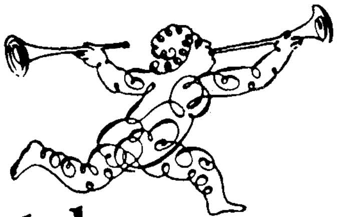

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